THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

APRIL, 1916

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Story of a Picture

THERE is no other writer of modern times whose features are more familiar to the reading public than those of Robert Louis Stevenson. Many photographs were made of him at different periods of his career; he sat, besides, for several artists; and every available picture of him has been published, at one time or another, among the illustrations of the dozens of books and scores of magazine articles that have been written about him since his death. The discovery of a new portrait of R. L. S.—or, at least, a portrait whose existence has been hitherto unknown—is, therefore, as surprising as it is important. The picture that is published herewith, and is now presented for the first time to the readers of THE BOOKMAN, has been reproduced from an original photograph in the collection of Mr. Clayton Hamilton, the author of *On the Trail of Stevenson.*

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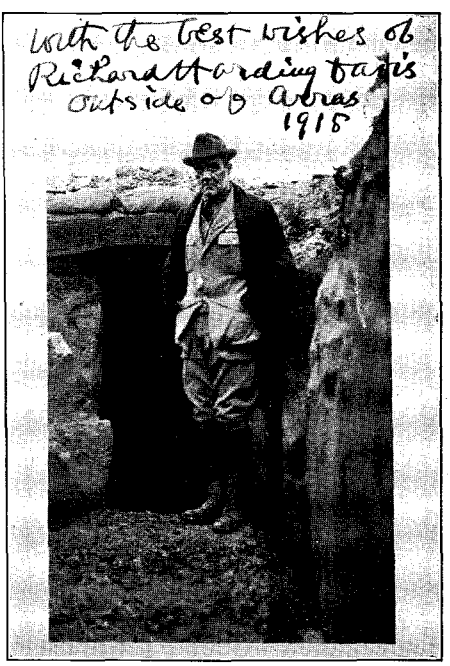
The history of this unique and valuable picture is very interesting. The original photograph was taken at Bournemouth between 1885 and 1887, when Stevenson was in the middle of his thirties. It was given by R. L. S. himself to William Ernest Henley, who at that time was collaborating with him in the composition of *Admiral Guinea* and *Beau Austin.* Henley kept it for some years, and ultimately gave it to Brander Matthews, to serve as a memento of Mr. Matthews's meeting with Stevenson at the Savile Club in London. After a year or two, the photograph began to fade, and Mr. Matthews put it away for safe keeping. During the course of the next twenty-five years—through all of which the photograph was laid away—Mr. Matthews forgot the existence of the picture; until very recently, on mov-



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS AT THE FIGHTING LINE

Vol. XLIII No. 2.

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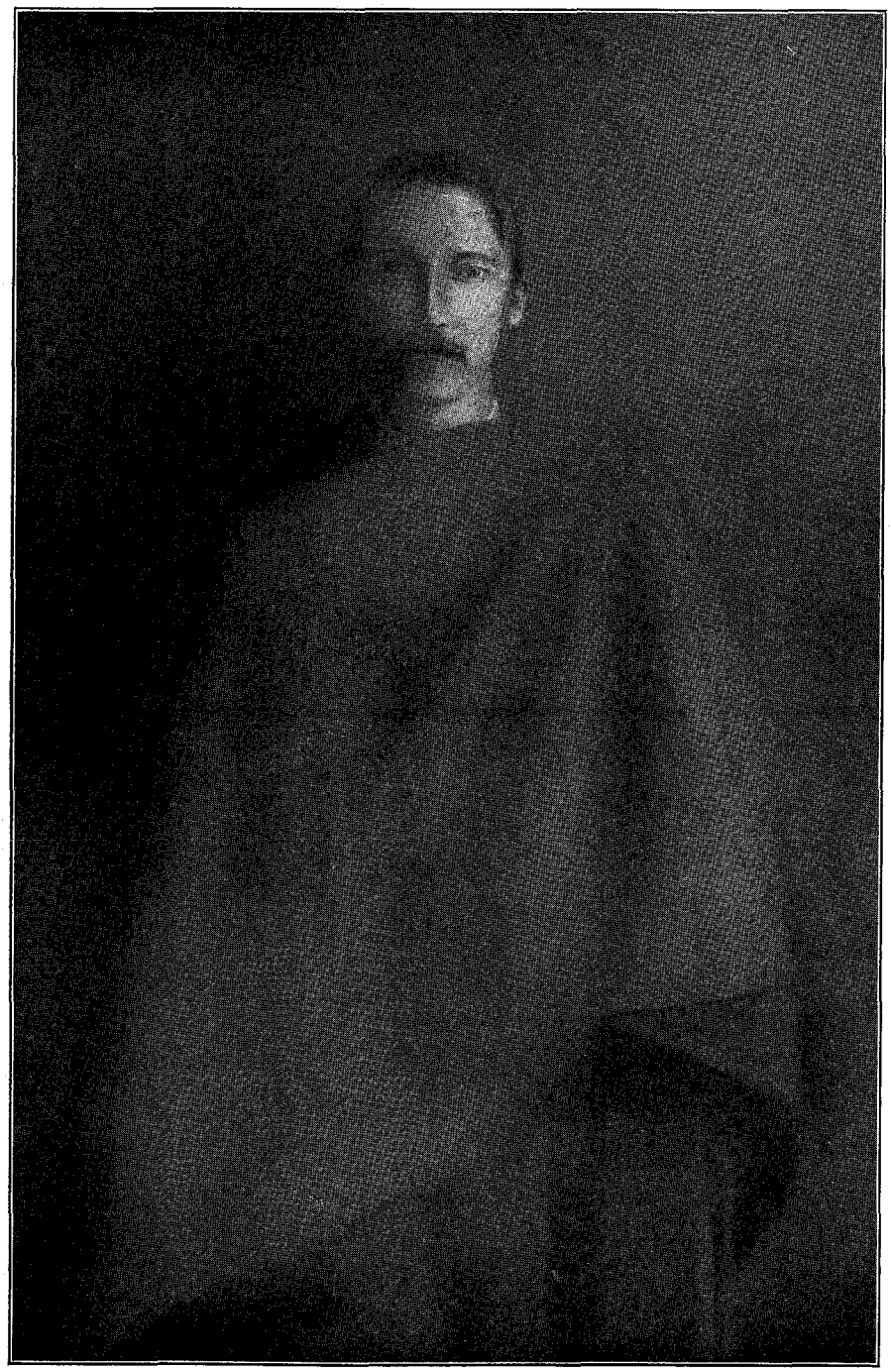

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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ing from one house to another, he rediscovered it, and presented it to Mr. Hamilton. The novelty of the portrait arises from the accident that it was practically lost for a quarter of a century.

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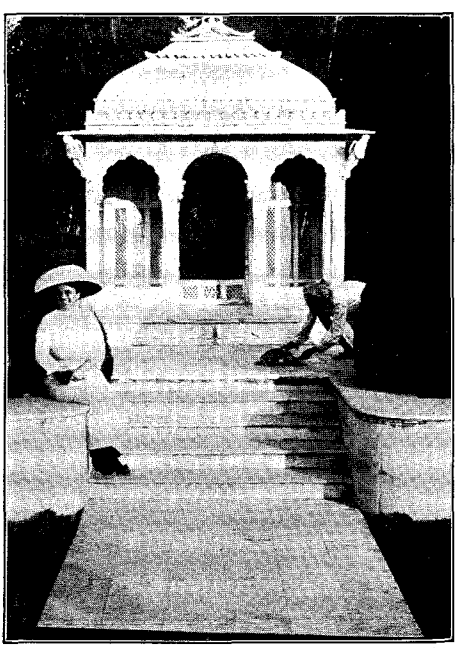
Written on the back of the original photograph are the words "Robert Louis Stevenson, Skerryvore, Bournemouth," in Stevenson's handwriting. The picture is sadly faded; but it still presents a striking portrait,—more remarkable in dignity, in poise, in the quality of almost sculptural serenity, than any of the more familiar photographs of R. L. S. The original edition of *On the Trail of Stevenson* having been exhausted shortly after publication, the publishers persuaded Mr. Hamilton to include this portrait in the new edition of the book. An appendix, containing a detailed chronological outline of the life of Stevenson, has been added to the original text; and this newly discovered photograph of R.L.S. is published as a frontis-



ELIZABETH COOPER (MRS. CLAYTON COOPER), AUTHOR OF "THE HARIM AND THE PURDAH," RECENTLY ISSUED BY THE CENTURY COMPANY.

RUDYARD KIPLING. A PICTURE TAKEN LAST WINTER IN ONE OF THE NORTHERN COUNTRIES OF ENGLAND. COURTESY OF RALPH D. HARRISON

piece to the appendix. The picture is reproduced herewith by the courtesy of Doubleday, Page and Company.

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Delane of the "Times"

It was Bulwer Lytton, we think, who said that if he desired to leave to remote posterity some memorial of British civilisation, he would prefer not England's docks, nor her railways, nor her public buildings, nor even the palace in which she held her sittings; but a file of *The Times*. Perhaps "The Thunderer" of other days thunders less effectively than it once did; perhaps the competition of the new school of British newspaper making has relegated it to a point where it is one of the many instead of being the journal of England. But there is still a great memory and a great tradition, and that memory and tradition centre round no one man more than John Thadeus Delane, who was editor of the paper from 1841 to 1877, and whose story has recently been told by Sir Edward Cook in *Delane of the Times,* in the "Makers of the Nineteenth Century" series, published by Henry Holt and Company. The great days of *The Times* did not begin with Delane. It had been a growing power during the Napoleonic wars. Two years after Waterloo Thomas

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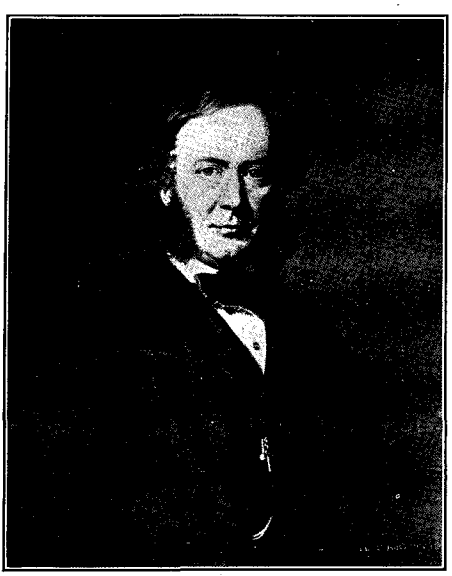
Barnes became its editor, and under his leadership the paper played a great part in the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832. Barnes died in the spring of 1841. The vast power exercised by *The Times* made the question of the appointment of a successor an important one. The choice of Mr. Walter, the chief proprietor, fell upon the junior member of his staff, a young man of twenty-three who had left Oxford only a year before, and had since been employed in various subordinate capacities in the office. This young man, John Thadeus Delane, wielded the thunders of *The Times* for thirty-six years. When asked in later years if he had felt no misgivings on account of his youth Delane replied, "Not a bit. What I dislike about you young men of the present day is that you all shrink from responsibility."



JOHN THADEUS DELANE

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Naturally Delane was the subject of some notice in fiction. Anthony Trollope in *The Warden* introduced, with some particularity of description, "the man who worked *The Times*." George Meredith put Delane into *Diana of the Crossways* as Mr. Tonans. Diana learns a Cabinet secret. She is in desperate need of money. She has herself driven to Printing House Square at midnight; sends up her card, marked *"Imperative—two minutes";* sees Mr. Tonans, who after receiving her news, dictates at a furious rate." She returns home. After a decent interval, Mr. Tonans sends her a letter with an enclosure, which she burns. "How do you get to the secrets?" Diana Warwick has asked Mr. Tonans. "By sticking to the centre of them," he replied. Again George Meredith has written of Mr. Tonans: "The chief interpreter of public opinion caught the way of the wind and headed the gale." It is said that with this intent *The Times* used to employ "a shrewd, idle clergyman, who made it his duty to loiter about in places of common resort and find out what people thought upon the principal subjects of the times; he was not to listen very much to extreme foolishness, and still less was he to harken to clever people. His duty was to wait and wait until he observed that some common and obvious thought was repeated in many places and by numbers of men who had probably never seen one another. That one common thought was the prize he sought for, and he carried it home to his employers."

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"Delane was the best informed man in England," says Sir Edward Cook, "for this reason among others, that he was in close touch with the persons and circles where the best information was to be obtained. He cultivated personal relations with the leading politicians of both parties." What was remarked as distinctive of Delane was the prominent position which he held in general society. When he retired in 1877 Abraham Hayward wrote to him: "To me the manner in which you have combined the editorship with your great social position is simply wonderful." Disraeli, when he heard the names of likely successors to Delane, asked, "Well, but who will undertake the social part of the business?" Disraeli, by the way, openly

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sought his advice and his support. When he was writing the *Life of Lord George Bentinck* he consulted Delane as to the advisability of including the racing side of his hero's career. The editor dissuaded him from the perils of such an adventure. Disraeli also accepted at least one rebuke with humility. Delane was firmly resolved that columns of *The Times* should be free from literary log-rolling. Disraeli begged to be allowed to nominate his own reviewer for the *Life of Lord George Bentinck*. Delane wrote such a letter in reply as caused Disraeli to apologise promptly for his "stupid suggestion."

The Last Years

Perhaps no part of *Julia Ward Howe 1819-1910,* by Laura E. Richards and Maud Howe Elliott (Houghton Mifflin Company), remains more vividly in the memory than that chapter which describes the last two years in the life of the author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." She was entering her tenth decade. But she was still the Grand Old Woman, active in public work, and filled with an undying fire. The days were busy ones, but the relaxation of the evening took the form of reading aloud. She had to have a novel, not a "problem

JULIA WARD HOWE ABOUT THE TIME OF THE WRITING OF "THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC"

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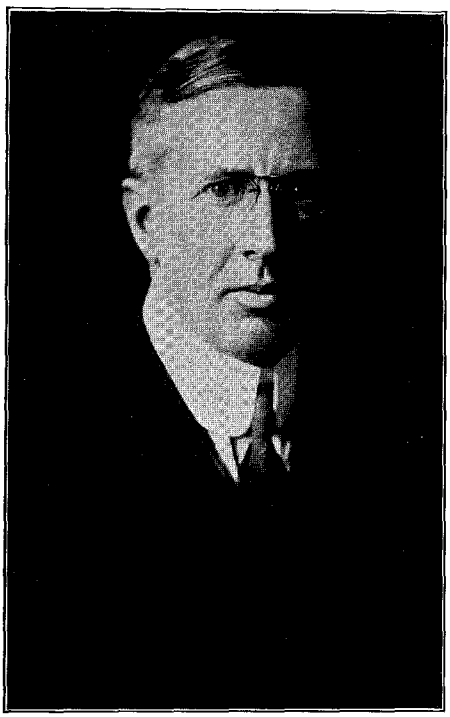

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR OF "COLLIER'S WEEKLY," AND AUTHOR OF "NATIONAL FLOODMARKS"

novel"; those she detested, but a good, stirring tale, with plenty of action in it. She thrilled over Sienkiewicz's *With Fire and Sword,* Kipling's *Kim,* and Stevenson's *The Master of Ballantrae.* Foreign authors visiting Boston made it a point to call upon her. Mrs. Humphrey Ward was one of the last of these visitors; another was William J. Locke, whose *Beloved Vagabond* Mrs. Howe had greatly enjoyed. The news of the death of Marion Crawford in the spring of 1909 was a great shock to her. He had been very dear to her since his boyhood. On account of her great age people were always endeavouring to keep her from physical effort. This she did not quite relish. In the autumn of 1909 she was elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and in December she wrote for its first meeting a poem called "The Capitol." She greatly desired to read this poem before the association and planned to go to Washington. On learning of her intention, three officers of the association, William Dean Howells, Robert Underwood Johnson, and Thomas Nelson Page, sent her a "round-robin" telegram, begging her not to run the risk of the long winter journey. The kindly suggestion was not altogether well taken. "Ha!" she flashed out. "They think I am too old, but there's a little ginger left in the old blue jar." Once she was to be at a reception in Newport. She was late, and a neighbour, Bradford Norman, drove her to her destination in his automobile at a terrific clip. On alighting, "Braddie," she said, "if I were

MARIE CHER WAS BORN IN NEW YORK CITY. HER NEW NOVEL, "THE IMMORTAL GYMNASTS," IS A TALE OF LONDON LIFE WITH A GOLDEN THREAD OF POETIC FANCY RUNNING THROUGH IT. AS A YOUNG GIRL, MISS CHER VISITED LONDON AND SO ATTRACTIVE DID THE LIFE OF THE PLACE PROVE TO HER THAT SHE RETURNED THERE ON FREQUENT VISITS. SHE HAS A WIDE CIRCLE OF ENGLISH FRIENDS. IN THE PAST FIVE OR SIX YEARS SHE HAS BEEN A RESIDENT OF PARIS. AT PRESENT, HOWEVER, OWING TO THE WAR, SHE IS STAYING IN NEW YORK CITY

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ten years younger, I would set up one of these hell wagons myself."

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"Patience Worth"

This, in its simplest form, is the story of *Patience Worth,* a book about which a great deal has already been written, and a book which may prove to be the sensation of the spring. In July, 1913, Mrs. John H. Curran, wife of a former Immigration Commissioner of Missouri, and Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings, wife of the Secretary of the Tower Grove Park Board of St. Louis, were amusing themselves with a ouija board, when out of a clear sky came:

Many moons ago, I lived. Again I come. Patience Worth my name.

There was a pause and then the board continued:

Wait. I would speak with thee. If thou shalt live, then so shall I. I make my bread by the harp. Good friends, let us be merrie. The time for work is past. Let the tabbie drowse and blink her wisdom to the fire log.

MRS. JOHN H. CURRAN, WHO FOR MORE THAN TWO YEARS HAS BEEN IN COMMUNICATION WITH "PATIENCE WORTH"

CASPER S. YOST, WHO HAS TOLD IN BOOK FORM THE STORY OF "PATIENCE WORTH"

Thus began an association with "Patience Worth" that has lasted for more than two years. The story of that association is presented in a book by Caspar S. Yost, editorial director of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* who vouches without reservation for the genuineness of the communications. "Patience," according to her story, lived "across the sea" in the year 1649, but she has made clear the fact that she is not tied to any period. Incidentally, in England, 1649 was the year that witnessed the execution of Charles I. "Patience" tells a story of Charles and makes him stutter. The communications have consisted of conversations, poems, allegories, short plays, a long mediæval drama, and two novels. They come on the ouija board at almost any time Mrs. Curran sits downs to it, in instalments of eight hundred to three thousand words at a sit-

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ting. There is seldom any hesitation in utterance or obstruction in the flow.

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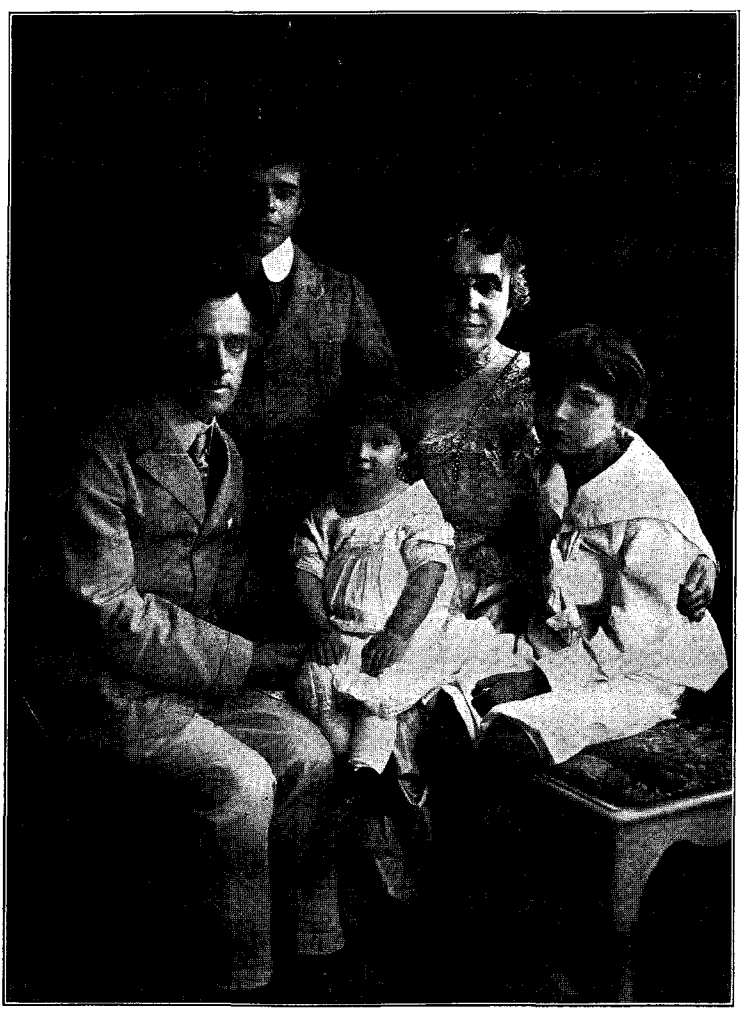
Authors of "Feminism"

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin wrote their new book, *Feminism,* at their camp in the Adirondacks, in the very same house where Maxim Gorky wrote his book *Motherhood,* while he was their guest. This camp was originally established by Mrs. Martin as an imitation of Brook Farm, and for a dozen years the most radical spirits in America were found there during the summer months: Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Rose Pastor Stokes, Anson Phelps Stokes, Morris Hillquit, Mrs. Stanton Blatch, Leonard Abbott, Elbert Hubbard and his wife, Mrs. Raymond Brown, now Second Chairman of the New York State Suffrage Committee, Prof. Herron, before his self-exile to Italy, Florence Kelly, Lillian Wald, and Mrs. Frederick Nathan. Discussion of all sociological subjects, and especially of socialism and the woman movement, was almost continuous. In those days Mr. and Mrs. Martin were



MR. AND MRS. JOHN MARTIN AND THEIR FAMILY IN THEIR STATEN ISLAND HOME

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counted among the supporters of women's most advanced claims. They came to believe, however, that the movement was losing balance and shading rapidly into anarchism. Mrs. Martin's inquiries into human progress in her book, *Is Mankind Advancing,* convinced her that anarchistic freedom for woman, the goal of *Feminism,* means racial deterioration. At the summer Brook Farm the visitors undertook to do two hours manual work each day, and to live coöperatively. Even the weekly washing was done together, with the men wearing aprons assisting in what usually turned out to be a washing day frolic. Wood chopping, bridge building, and path cutting were a wholesome change for brainy radicals with flabby muscles who learned for the first time what manual work meant. Mr. Martin has served five years on the New York State Board of Education, and he lead the opposition to the so-called "Equal Pay Law," and to the demand that women teachers should not be required to resign when they had children. It was from the porch of the Staten Island home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin that H. G. Wells viewed the scene which he describes in his *American Impressions.* He there slept in a room which Charles Dickens before him had occupied.

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Old Familiar Faces

Despite a very distinct literary personality of his own Theodore Watts-Dunton is probably best remembered on account of his intimacy with Algernon Charles Swinburne. The two met first in 1872. Swinburne was then thirty-five and Watts-Dunton thirty-six. In 1879 they went to live together at "The Pines," in Putney, and from that date were never parted until Swinburne's death thirty years later. In no literary friendships has the bond been closer. "Watts-Dunton's first act every morning," we are told in the introduction to *Old Familiar Faces* (E. P. Dutton and Company), "was to visit Swinburne in his own room, where the poet breakfasted alone with the morning newspapers. During the morning the two would take their daily walk together, a practice continued for many years. 'There is no time like the morning for a walk,' Swinburne would say, 'The sparkle, the exhilaration of it. I walk every morning of my life, no matter what the weather, pelting along all the time as fast as I can go.' His perfect health he attributed entirely to this habit. In later years he would take his walks alone."

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The anonymous writer of the introduction quotes Lord Ronald Gower on Swinburne's remarkable powers as a talker. Of a luncheon at "The Pines" in 1879, Gower wrote: "Swinburne's talk after luncheon was wonderful. What, far beyond the wonderful flow of words of the poet, struck me, was his real diffidence and modesty; while fully aware of the divine gifts within him, he is as simple and unaffected as a child." But conversation at "The Pines" was not always of the serious things of life. It very frequently partook of the playful, when the guests would be kept amused with a humour and whimsicality, cauterised now and then with some biting touch of satire which showed that neither Swinburne nor Watts-Dunton had entirely grown up. Reading aloud was also a favoured form of entertainment. Swinburne was a sympathetic reader, possessed of a voice of remarkable quality and power of expression, and he would read for the hour together from Lamb, Dickens, Charles Reade, and Thackeray.

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In *Old Familiar Faces* Theodore Watts-Dunton talks of the Rossettis, Dante Gabriel and Christina Georgina, George Borrow, Tennyson, Dr. Gordon Hake, John Leicester Warren, William Morris, and Francis Hindes Groome. Borrow he remembered as one who as a vigourous old man never had an equal. At seventy years of age, after breakfasting at eight o'clock in Hereford Square, he would walk to Put-

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ney, roam about Wimbledom and Richmond Park, bathe in the Fen Ponds with a northeast wind cutting across the icy waters like a razor, run about the grass afterwards like a boy to shake off some of the water drops, then, after fasting for twelve hours, eat an enormous dinner at Roehampton, and finally walk back to Hereford Square, reaching home late at night. Borrow has always been considered an East Anglian. This, according to Watts-Dunton, is a mistake. "They might as well call Charlotte Brontë a Yorkshirewoman. He was no more an East Anglian than an Irishman born in London is an Englishman. He had at bottom no East Anglian characteristics. The fact of his having been born in East Anglia was the result of accident. Borrow's ancestry was pure Cornish on one side, and on the other mainly French. But such was the sublime egotism of Borrow that the fact of his having been born in East Anglia made him look upon that part of the world as the very hub of the universe.

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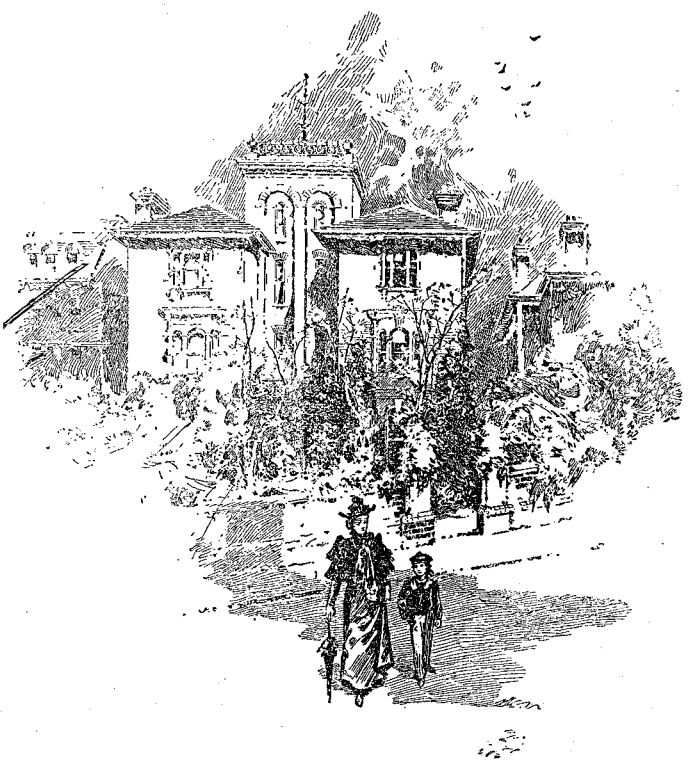
Of Dante Gabriel Rossetti Watts-Dunton records that recluse as Rossetti came to be, he knew more of London life in the true sense of the word than did many of those who were supposed to know it well—diners out like Browning and Richard Doyle. "That the author of *The House of Life* knew London on the side that Dickens knew it better than any other poet of his time will no doubt surprise many a reader. His visits to Jamrach's mart for wild animals led him to explore the wonderful world, that so few people ever dream of, which lies around Ratcliffe High-



THE PINES, PUTNEY, WHERE WATTS-DUNTON AND SWINBURNE LIVED FOR SO MANY YEARS

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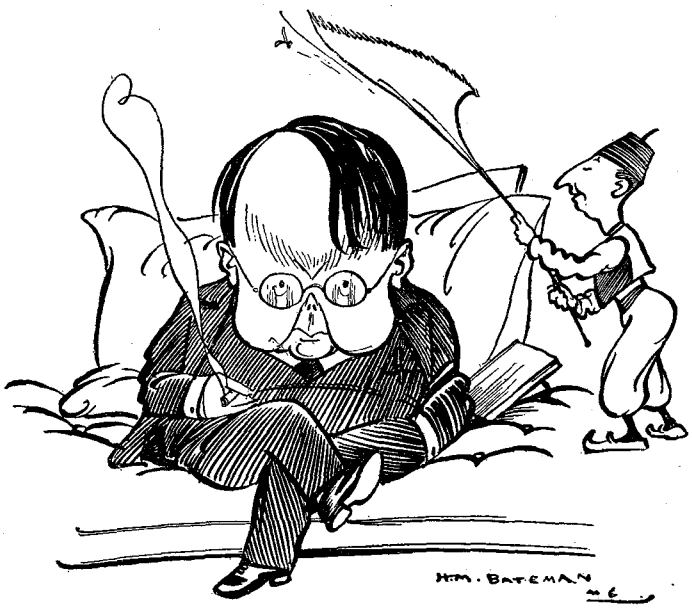
way. He observed with the greatest zest the movements of the East End swarms. Moreover, his passion for picking up "curios" and antique furniture made him familiar with quarters of London that he would otherwise have never known. And not Dickens himself had more of what may be called the "Haroun al Raschid passion" for wandering through a city's streets at night. It was this that kept him in touch on one side with men so unlike him as Brough and Sala.



WILLIAM CAINE, AUTHOR OF "BILDAD THE QUILL-DRIVER," "THE IRRESISTABLE INTRUDER," AND "HE MEANT WELL." A CARICATURE BY H. M. BATEMAN

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A Message to America

Frank Danby (Mrs. Julia Frankau) whose *Twilight* has just been published in this country by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, has dictated from her sick bed the following message to American readers of her book:

Twilight is my swan song. I shall never write another novel. A year ago I fell into a consumption, chiefly treated by morphia. I knew my DeQuincey pretty well, perhaps this gave me this idea of writing my dreams. *Twilight* was written between eleven and one at night, after the second and before the third half-grain injection of morphia. Perhaps it is morbid, perhaps, being a genuine personal experience, it is only interesting? All my life has been happy, successful, the end has come hard and unexpected. Night and day I wish it were over, but it lags.

The only thing that vexes me in dying is the thought that my book was not brought out in time for me to read the notices. The extraordinary fluctuations of the effects of the drug seem to absorb my consciousness. I cannot write them though I had projected an essay called "Drug Dreams." I have twitchings in my hands which prohibit holding a pen or pencil. I am told these are entirely due to morphia and omnipom. I have never been able to dictate essays or stories, thought has always seemed to flow through the pen.

To my dear American people—good-bye.

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Mrs. Frankau's daughter writes her mother's publishers as follows:

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The few lines that my mother has dictated are, alas, too true, and it is heart-breaking to write you more detail. That brave, fine spirit is going out as might have been expected. She has not said a word that could prevent her three sons from serving their country. The eldest has a commission in the Royal Field Artillery, the second in the London Rifles, and the third in the army of Cyclist Corps. Two of them are writers who might have achieved fame by now but for the war. I think she would have bade me commend them to you. America holds so much of her heart. With me, her only daughter, she is almost unvaryingly cheerful and uncomplaining, speaking principally of her happy years.

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These pathetic lines are the farewell of a woman of a high order of talent, a woman who has written in a variety of fields and has always manifested an unusual grasp. Born in 1864, the daughter of an artist, Frank Danby began her literary work with dilettante journalism, and wrote for the *Saturday Review*. Early she fell under the influence of George Moore. He was associated with her first novel, *Dr. Phillips: A Romance of Maida Vale*. Moore took the book to Mr. Vizetelly, the publisher, and after certain alterations had been made the book was issued in England. Later an edition appeared in this country. Of these two editions THE BOOKMAN, more than twenty years ago—in November, 1895, to be exact—told the following story:

Once in a while the newspapers publish an account of some gentleman, respected, wealthy, happy in his domestic life, and with no shadow of a scandal hanging over him, who steps casually out into the street, suddenly disappears from sight, and is never seen again. Something like this occasionally happens also in literature. A book is published which every one reads and which gives promise of a good career for its author. The time arrives when it would naturally be reviewed and spoken of, and take a recognised place among the successful publications of the year, and then suddenly—it disappears. No one reviews it. No one speaks of it. It is seen on the shelves of no great bookseller. So far as any critical recognition is concerned, it is lost to sight and swallowed up in mysterious oblivion. An instance that we have in mind is the very unusual and striking piece of realism entitled *Dr. Phillips*. It was published some six years ago, and it exists to-day in half a dozen cheap reprints that continually sell; but the present writer has never yet seen a review of it, nor has he ever heard one single person mention it. Yet it is a really remarkable piece of work—vivid, acute, intense, and in its later chapters powerfully tragical. Thousands of persons have read it with absorbing interest. Why is it, then, in one sense, non-existent?

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We know why, and we are going to explain, because the explanation is so interesting, smacking as it does of trap-doors and secret passages and unseen forms lurking behind the arras and all the other mysterious things that delight one's sense of the romantic. The novel deals with a certain stratum of Jewish society in London—the ultra-orthodox, commercial narrow-minded, Christian-hating set—and it is writen with a minuteness of knowledge that is fairly startling, reproducing as it does with photographic accuracy the least details of domestic and social life down to the chatter of the parlours and an enumeration of the dishes eaten at the card-parties, until as we read we can almost smell the fried fish and see the grease. It is a marvel of revelation, and it greatly offended the Jewish portion of the community when it appeared. We do not see why it should have done so, as it is less repulsive in its way than George Gissing's treatment of the very similar non-Jewish class of Londoners in his *Year of Jubilee*. But it did; and straightway influences were set to work to involve it in a great impenetrable silence that should blight it at its birth. It is wonderful how effectively this has been done; for while the book has been read by many, it has been noticed by few; and to-day it cannot be purchased save in a cheap, paper-covered edition on the stands of the second-hand dealers. There is something really uncanny

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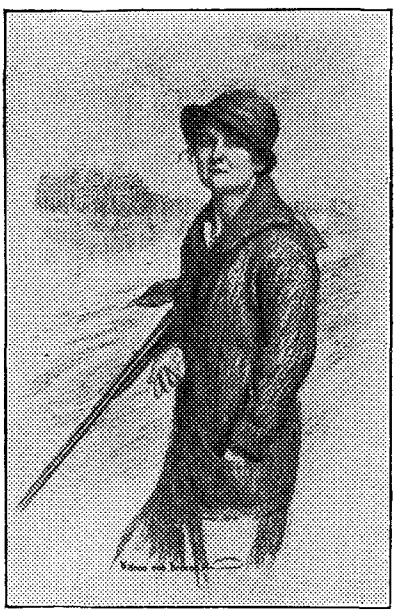
about this, and even in writing of it we feel much as Bluebeard's wife must have felt when she thrust the rusty key into the lock and opened the creaking door of the forbidden chamber. Yet the very weirdness of the incident is fascinating, and it all goes to show that in these days it is not Isaac of York who is hurried off to Torquilstone to be plunged into a noisome cell; but it is rather Isaac himself who waylays Front de Bœuf and entertains him with the pincers and the thumb-screw.

Soon after the appearance of *Dr. Phillips* Frank Danby and George Moore quarreled. They attacked each other in print, both, as a medium, using the columns of the *Saturday Review*. There was probably eventually a reconciliation, for in a short autobiography which she wrote many years later she made no allusion to the quarrel, but gave Moore generously credit for his share in *Dr. Phillips*. She also told the story of the book, which was written to amuse her husband. He had broken his leg and was suffering from the tedium of a long convalescence. She wrote the chapters in the afternoon when he was resting, and read them to him in the evening when they were alone. All the characters were drawn from life. It was her amusement to see him recognise them under their different aspects and in the new circumstances that she invented for them. About this time George Moore was in the habit of visiting the Frankaus occasionally. He was then engaged in writing *A Drama in Muslin*. He is a very conscientious worker, keen for the "human document." One of his heroines had to write a letter to a friend with a certain confession in it. The words she would use, and the exact way she would express herself, puzzled and escaped him. Mrs. Frankau wrote such a letter as she thought he wanted and sent it to him. In his enthusiastic acknowledgment he added a postscript: "I am sure you could write a novel; why don't you?" This led her to show him the first few chapters of *Dr. Phillips*.

Dr. Phillips was followed by a second novel, *A Babe in Bohemia*. Then for years she abandoned writing to study engraving. Taking up the pen again she wrote *Eighteenth Century Colour Prints* in 1900, and two years later produced



JASMINE STONE VAN DRESSER, THE AUTHOR OF "GIBBY OF CLAMSHELL ALLEY." THERE IS A STORY CONNECTED WITH THE ILLUSTRATIONS MADE BY MR. WILLIAM VAN DRESSER FOR MRS. VAN DRESSER'S BOOK. THE HERO IS A BOY OF A NEW ENGLAND SALT WATER TOWN, AND AS MODEL THE ARTIST USED HIS SON, CLEVELAND. THE BOY WAS NOT ALLOWED TO HAVE HIS HAIR CUT WHILE HE WAS POSING AND IT GREW INTO AN UNMANAGEABLE MOP THAT WAS THE TORMENT OF HIS LIFE

what is perhaps the most remarkable of all her novels, *Pigs in Clover*. Louis Althaus, the "veneered cad in a golden frame" of that book, has been characterised as the nearest English equivalent of Maupassant's "Bel-Ami." In her autobiography Mrs. Frankau told something of the original of the character. It was after she had lost interest in the "Independent Theatre," the first of all London society's form for the improvement of the drama, that she made the acquaintance of a brilliant violinist, and wasted

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a year or two trying to discover the secret of his curious existence. He was quite an extraordinary personality. To use Mrs. Frankau's words, "he had, so to speak, the finest ear and the crudest eye of any one I ever met. He lived supremely happy and self-content in quite impossible surroundings, spending innumerable hours before a looking-glass playing upon his little wood and catgut instrument, letting the pageant of life pass unheeded. The good and evil in him, his superficial amiability and difficult, strange temper, his constantly asseverated love of money and passionate belief in its desirability, combined with his utter carelessness as to making or keeping it, made him psychologically the most interesting human study. I subsequently used him for Louis in *Pigs in Clover,* although he was quite incapable of Louis's crime and is really generous and completely honest. He sat, as it were, for the head; the figure was obtained elsewhere. But from the time I met him I supposed another novel was inevitable. Following quite consciously in George Moore's footsteps, I, too, have always felt the necessity for a human model from which to paint."

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After *Pigs in Clover* came *Baccarat,* an exceedingly strong book, which we hope very few persons have read. Then *The Sphinx's Lawyer, A Coquette in Crape* and, in 1908, *The Heart of a Child,* one of the brightest and best of all her romances. There was a story too about that book. Owen Hall, the author of *The Geisha, The Gaiety Girl, The Little Cherub, Floradora, The Silver Slipper, The Girl from Kay's,* and many other popular musical comedies, was Mrs. Frankau's brother. In the early part of 1907 he fell in poor health, and although the illness was not regarded as serious Mrs. Frankau suggested that he should accompany her to Nauheim. They decided on three weeks at Harrowgate, where the Nauheim treatment is carried on, as a preliminary, and in the first few days there planned to write a book together that should deal with the life of the Gaiety girl from the inside. In three days the plan of the story had been sketched out, and Mrs. Frankau credited her brother with doing the main part of this work. On the evening of the fifth day, in their rooms at Harrowgate, the two discussed with some little vehemence what should be the end of the heroine. Upon this point they differed entirely. Mr. Owen Hall thought that the Gaiety girl who married a peer, however virtuous and self-respecting she had been up to that point, would infallibly fall morally when she was exposed to the far greater temptations of a society life. Mrs. Frankau, on the other hand, argued that individual character and temperament would tell. They discussed the matter until midnight, when Mr. Owen Hall retired, and Mrs. Frankau sat up and wrote a short synopsis of the end of the story as she saw it. In the morning Mr. Owen Hall was discovered by his valet dead in bed. An aneurism, unsuspected and undiagnosed, had burst.

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In the first spasm of shock and grief Mrs. Frankau abandoned the projected book. When, three months later, she was persuaded to take it up again, to use her own words, "she found it would not come in the way her brother had arranged it." It was not only that the end about which they had debated, was difficult to arrive at, but the whole character and development of the story assumed a different aspect. As was the case with *Dr. Phillips* and *Pigs in Clover,* many of the characters of *The Heart of a Child* were drawn from life. Lady Dorothea, for example, was a well known figure in London society ten or twelve years ago. If she were not guilty actually of the crime attributed to her in the book, she was guilty of so many social misdemeanors that she deserved the fate that was meted out to her in the story. Colonel Forbes and the case in which he figured prominently revived an unforgotten scandal.

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WRITING IN HASTE AND REPENTING AT LEISURE

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

In the January number of The Bookman one of its contributors wished a Happy New Year to American story-tellers on condition that they should abjure sack and live cleanly, that they should reform altogether and at once, that they should modify their methods and their morals, that they should completely change their vocabulary, their grammar and their style. The article was entitled "Speeding-up the Author," and it sped him down to death, to destruction, and to ultimate damnation. It was an article to arrest attention, and to arouse contradiction. In fact, one reader was moved to re-read it; and during this second perusal he discovered that there was scarcely a single paragraph in the paper to which he could give his assent; and the more positive the assertions in the article the more forcibly was this reader moved to record his protest.

The dominating characteristic of this diatribe against the American writers of fiction is dogmatism—an unflinching and unfounded belief that certain things are wrong for certain reasons. One novelist is held up to scorn for writing "none of the children *were* present"; and we are solemnly informed that "there is not a word in the dictionary more emphatically and distinctively of the singular number" than *none,* and that therefore it is carelessly criminal to use *none* with a plural verb. To this belligerent pronouncement a sufficient answer will be found in the proverb, which reminds us that "None *are* so blind as those who will not see."

Dogmatism in matters of English usage is as dangerous as it is enticing. Dogmatism in the discussion of the contemporary condition of any art in any country is almost equally alluring and almost equally perilous. The dogmatism which gives vehemence and violence to the artistic judgments handed down in "Speeding-up the Author" may be condensed into three bold assertions, implicit in the paper, even if not explicit. The first is that at this moment American fiction is in a very bad way indeed, disgraced by careless, slipshod, shambling writing. The second is that American fiction is as weak as it is because our story-tellers write too much. The third is that this fiction is enfeebled by the fact that our novelists write too fast. And no one of these three bold assertions ought to be allowed to pass unchallenged.

As to the justice of the first of these dogmatic implications—that American fiction is just now at a low ebb—no one is qualified to express a valuable opinion. Quite possibly the facts are what the writer of "Speeding-up the Author" assumed them to be—and quite possibly they are not. Contemporary criticism about contemporary literature is very rarely important or significant. We cannot see the forest for the trees; we lack the perspective of time; we are unable to anticipate the ultimate result of the slow but sure process of selection which separates the chaff from the wheat and which results in casting aside a host of writers often of a salient prominence in the eyes of their immediate contemporaries. We may, every one of us, have our individual opinion as to the probable

An article which created very wide attention was Mrs. Florence Finch Kelly's "Speeding-up the Author" in the January issue. Here is a reply to it from Professor Brander Matthews. Then here follows another paper by Mrs. Kelly further elaborating her theory.

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permanence of present-day reputations; but we can, no one of us, feel any certainty that this individual opinion is going to be justified by the communal decision of the next generation. The writers whom we acclaim loudly may be lost to sight beneath the wave of oblivion half a century from now; and the writers to whom we do not deign to give a thought may then have proved themselves to be possessed of the one thing necessary for survival. *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Pilgrim's Progress* won instant popularity, yet they were altogether ignored by the self-appointed dispensers of critical approval.

Sir Philip Sidney thought that the English drama was beneath contempt; and it was just about to flower out exuberantly. Guy Patin thought that the French drama was in a very lamentable condition; and it had just been illumined by the masterpieces of Corneille, Molière and Racine. In the late Professor Lounsbury's posthumous history of *The Life and Times of Tennyson,* recently published by the Yale University Press, there is this quotation from Macaulay's diary, under date of March 9, 1850: "It is odd that the last twenty-five years which have witnessed the greatest progress ever made in physical science — the greatest victories ever achieved by mind over matter—should have produced hardly a volume that will be remembered in 1900." And Lounsbury follows this with another quotation from a letter of Macaulay's written a few months later, in which the writer declares that Sir Henry Taylor's *Philip Van Artevelde* "is still, in my opinion, the best poem that the last thirty years have produced." Then Professor Lounsbury asked—"Could a more suggestive illustration be furnished of the worthlessness of contemporary criticism of the productions of the imagination? The quarter of a century, whose intellectual poverty was so strongly pointed out by Macaulay, had witnessed the production of much of the best work of both Tennyson and Browning in poetry; of Dickens and Thackeray and Carlyle in prose; not to speak of no small number of writers like Bulwer, Disraeli, Kingsley and others who still continue to be remembered and read."

When men of the acumen and authority of Sidney, Guy Patin ,and Macaulay have thus revealed their inability to see what was before their eyes, modesty suggests that those of us who are less amply endowed with vision should be cautious in expressing confidence in our own insight in regard to our immediate contemporaries. Especially ought we to be careful not to let our keen perception of the manifest and manifold defects in the average novel blind us to the probability that there are also not a few novels above the average and free from the more glaring of these deficiencies. There is no need to deny that the average American novel of to-day is a poor thing; so is the average British novel; so is the average French novel; and so was the average American and British and French novel of the last generation and of the generation before the last. The immense majority of contemporary novels in any language and in any epoch are for immediate consumption only. They serve their temporary purpose, well or ill; and then they are forgotten, as their places are taken by other novels, no better and no worse.

It is quite possible that at the present moment American fiction is in the trough of the waves and that we do not happen to possess just now any writer of fiction whose work will be cherished fifty years hence. And on the other hand it is also possible, indeed it is highly probable, that more than one of the novels produced here in the United States in the first fifteen years of this twentieth century will emerge triumphant from out of the watery waste of the average novel of this decade and a half. As it happens, I have not chanced to read any one of the works of fiction which are held up to scorn by the writer of "Speeding-up the Author" and they may deserve all that is said in their dispraise. But, as it happens again, I have chanced to read within the past few months three studies of American

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life, which seemed to me characteristic of the existing condition of American fiction.

That fiction cannot be altogether negligible, it cannot be held to be beneath contempt, when it includes as the product of a single half-year work as varied, and as valuable as the *High Priestess* of Mr. Robert Grant, the *Clipped Wings* of Mr. Rupert Hughes, and the *Bent Twig* of Miss Dorothy Canfield. Here are three stories of our own life, well planned, well written, rich in observation and reflection and understanding, and peopled with characters at once vital and significant. Technically, in invention and construction and style, all three of these stories are worthy of high praise. What is more important is that all three of them attain to the ultimate purpose of fiction, whether narrative or dramatic—they enlarge our knowledge of human nature; they make us better acquainted with our fellow man; they enrich our memories with figures not soon to be forgotten.

The writer of "Speeding-up the Author" not only holds that the present condition of American fiction is most intolerable and not to be endured but believes also that the reasons for this unsatisfactory state of affairs are plain for all men to see. Our story-tellers are accused of writing too much and of writing too fast. They are blamed because they write in haste and because they do not repent at leisure. Perhaps we have here not two reasons but only one; our novelists have to write too fast because they persist in writing too much. Underlying this explanation is the unexpressed conviction that the best work is possible only to those who labour slowly and to those who do not produce abundantly. This is an opinion cherished by many critics, who find justification for their faith in the fact that the most prolific authors are frequently also the most slovenly in style and the most happy-go-lucky in structure. No doubt, there are many works of fiction which would be better than they are if the author had taken more pains—and he might have taken more pains if he had taken more time.

Yet the more familiar we are with the history of literature and with the biography of authors, the less inclined we are to accept this view unreservedly. It is true that Time is jealous and is likely to destroy that which is done with his aid. It is true also that there is today as always a superabundance of hasty work turned out by writers who are rushing through the story they have in hand so that they can start as soon as possible on the story they have in mind. But it is not true that all the masters have written slowly and that they have produced only after a long and labourious gestation. Whatever categorical dogmatism may say to the contrary, it is a matter of common knowledge that fecundity of production and swiftness of execution are often characteristics of genius—and even of talent.

Ben Jonson boasted that he had given two years to a single play; and two years was also the time which Ibsen devoted to each of his later social dramas. But Jonson and Ibsen, important as they are, do not rank with the supreme masters of the drama, Sophocles, Shakespeare and Molière. "The dramatic activity of Sophocles extended over sixty-two years," so the late Professor Butcher recorded; and the greatest of Greek dramatists is believed to have composed one hundred and thirteen plays—very nearly two a year, a productivity four times that of Ibsen and Jonson. The dramatic activity of Shakespeare extended over twenty years; and he wrote thirty-nine or forty plays—again about two a year. The dramatic activity of Molière extended over fifteen years, and he wrote about thirty plays—once more about two a year. The only deduction from these figures is obvious enough. Ben Jonson and Ibsen were right in taking two years to a play, because by so doing they were able to put forth their utmost strength; and Sophocles, Shakespeare and Molière were also right in turning out two plays a year, because by so doing they were able to reveal more amply

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their more copious fecundity and their swifter certainty of execution.

The most popular play of the younger Dumas, the *Dame aux Camélias,* was dramatised from his own story, in a single week; and the most popular play of Victor Hugo, *Hernani,* with its sonorous and resplendent verse was actually written—it had previously been plotted in a complete scenario—in exactly four weeks. Would either of these plays have been any better if it had cost its author the protracted labour of two years? It is current gossip that a prominent British novelist of our day writes her stories seven times before she is satisfied to let them leave her hands. She might rewrite them seventy times seven without breathing the breath of life into her graven images; and the suggestion may be ventured that if she had dared to publish the first draft of any one of her devitalised revisions, perhaps it might have been found to disclose a spontaneity sadly lacking in her novels as we have been permitted to peruse them.

The writer of "Speeding-up the Author" soars into a dithyrambic rhapsody over the thirty years which Flaubert gave to *Madame Bovary;* and there is no denying that *Madame Bovary* is one of the many masterpieces of the art of fiction. But it is a masterpiece not solely or even chiefly because of its finish and its polish. No masterpiece has ever been achieved by the external accessories of finish and polish. Books cannot live by style alone. *Madame Bovary* is great primarily because of its content, of its author's inquest upon human nature, of his insight into character. Moreover, when all is said, *Madame Bovary* is not easy reading—in the sense that *Vanity Fair, The Scarlet Letter,* and *The Rise of Silas Lapham* are easy reading. It is a painful pleasure we take in its perusal; and the joyless labour that went to its making oppresses the reader, forced to share the sore travail of the author.

Every artist must obey the law of his own being. He can do his best only in accordance with the self-imposed restrictions which he has found to be most helpful. Only by infinite toil could Flaubert achieve the austere simplicity of *Madame Bovary,* and therefore he was compelled to infinite toil. Because this meticulous method suited him, he sought to impose it upon Maupassant to whose exuberant temperament it was entirely uncongenial. What the pupil retained from the master's teaching was an abiding respect for art, for the art of construction and for the art of writing. The personal method of the master, the pupil rejected, fortunately for himself and for his readers. I have read somewhere that Maupassant once came downstairs to the mid-day breakfast with a smile of satisfaction on his face and said to his mother that he had just made three hundred francs, explaining that he had written a short story, "The Necklace." Now, in its own way, "La Parure" is as inexpugnably a masterpiece as *Madame Bovary* itself.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling once told me that his amusing narrative of midnight misadventure, "Brugglesmith," had been conceived, composed and completed on the evening of the day when he had heard from Mr. Oliver Herford the anecdote which suggested it. And Mr. Edwin Lefèvre informs me that he wrote "The Woman and Her Bonds" at a single sitting and before breakfast. Now, "The Woman and Her Bonds" is not only the best of its author's *Wall Street Stories;* it is not only one of the best of American short-stories, ingenious in invention, adroit in construction, swift in movement and clear in style; it is also a most illuminating analysis of the difference between the feminine and the masculine mind. It is a parable to be read and pondered by all men who think that they are in favour of Votes for Women.

It would be easy to heap up illustrations from the other arts to show that speed is not necessarily a danger. Mr. Sargent painted "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose" in one long English twilight and then scraped it off the next morning only to paint it again that afternoon and to remove it the following day, until after half a dozen sighting shots he hit the

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bull's eye and rested content with the result of the final evening's work. *The Barber of Seville,* which has survived for now exactly a century, was composed and produced in less than a month, after Rossini had composed and produced in the preceding month an opera which was an immediate and total failure. Verdi wrote *Rigoletto* in six weeks; and Schubert wrote his song, the "Erl König" in one afternoon, and he composed his superb symphony in C, in addition to an oratorio, in a single month, March, 1828.

But there is no need to multiply illustrations. Fecundity and celerity of execution may be elements of strength. Many men of genius have produced abundantly, incessantly and swiftly. On the other hand, it does not follow that a man who produces abundantly, incessantly and swiftly is necessarily a man of genius. There are now, there always have been and there always will be, men who write too fast and who write too much, because they are writing chiefly with a desire to make money. These men write themselves out and they write themselves down; and there is no need to waste words over what they write or to reprove them for what they do and for how they do it. They are beneath criticism, not because they write too much and too fast or chiefly for money, but because they are what they are. Their failure is not due to a defective method; it is due to a deficient character.

After all, there are nine and forty ways of writing tribal lays and every single one of them is right. Balzac drafted and amplified and amended and was forever revising his proofs; and so best, since that was the process most profitable to him. Scott wrote at white heat, not knowing when he began where he was going to end; and so best again, since he was an improviser of genius, incapable of inexorable self-criticism. Scott wrote his tribal lays in one way and Balzac wrote his in another; and both ways were right. Either of these novelists would have been wrong if he had tried to compel himself to work in accord with the method of the other.

So long as the barrel is full it does not matter whether the water is allowed to drip drop by drop from the spigot or whether it is permitted to gush generously from the bung-hole. And so long as the barrel is able to replenish itself unceasingly from the spring, it does not matter how frequently the water is drawn off.

MORE ABOUT SPEEDING-UP

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

A Captious Critic, after reading my article on "Speeding-up the Author" in the February Bookman, gibed at me in this wise: "Well, what do you want, anyway? Isn't that kind of writing characteristic of the American mental make-up and manner of doing things? You think literary style ought to express national traits; and what could be more characteristic of us Americans than this careless, sloppy, happy-go-lucky style about which you are protesting?"

The obvious reply was that, even granting the premise, it takes more than the reflection of a single national fault to make a style characteristic. But the contention seemed worth thinking about. For it is surely true that precise thinking and clean, crisp, accurate expression are conspicuously absent from so much of our writing and talking that one must, however regretfully, admit that slovenliness is a characteristic of American literary style.

I do not forget that I contended some months ago in these pages that we are developing, especially in American fiction, a style expressive of American character, a national mode distinctive and original, for which we deserve recogni-

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tion and respect. That, however, is something entirely different from this inability, or unwillingness, to use English with correctness and clarity. The unlikeness between the two shows how much we need a new word in English, a word that would differentiate between style as an informing spirit and style as a body of words and sentences. It is the body, the crippled, awkward, loose-jointed, slouching body, in which we Americans insist upon incarnating our literary spirit with which I am now concerned. We are not always alone in this curious preference, for it is shared, in more or less degree, by a goodly number of British writers. It would be difficult to imagine anybody who knows how to think writing worse English than does, for instance, Mr. H. G. Wells.

Do we thus misuse our mother tongue through lack of training or because slovenly traits of national character inevitably compel expression in slovenly speech? We do have a sweeping way of doing material things that cares much for achieving the result and little for the cost. When it comes to a big, sudden crisis we meet and dominate it with a sublime but appalling disregard of what we must pay for success. Frequently not a little of that brand of inefficiency known as "muddling through" is involved. But we win through to success, and that is really all we care for. And of course we have always treated our national possessions with the recklessness of a royal spendthrift. But all this does not imply slovenly mental habits or mental deficiencies. It comes rather from a serene consciousness of being able to pay the price, whatever it may be, and from what is, after all, a lack of that very regard for money with which people across the ocean are always twitting us.

It must be granted, I think, that our slovenly, loose-jointed style-body is merely a national habit into which we have drifted. We must recognise also that it is a pernicious habit and that it is insidiously penetrating our methods of expression. But habits, mental as well as physical, exert a powerful influence upon character. We all know how incorrectly and inaccurately and with what slovenliness of expression most of us, both educated and uneducated, carry on our daily speech. And we all know what deplorably careless, ineffective, muddled writing is to be found in appalling measure in our newspapers, magazines and books. The samples from the books of some of our best known and most esteemed authors that I quoted in a former article were merely a few illustrations, taken at random, and might be paralleled with others equally bad a hundred times a day.

Is all this going to have, presently, some effect upon our national character? Can either a nation or an individual persist in a vicious habit without paying a penalty? It seems to me self-evident that if we habitually muddle the expression of thought we shall lose the ability to think with clarity and precision. And I believe that we are likely to lose, also, something more, by reason of that subtle reciprocal influence with which habit and character act and react upon each other. How much, for instance, of the artificiality of the eighteenth century was due to the strengthening of the tendency, once the start had been made in that direction, by exaggerated and artificial speech?

The subject is a fascinating one, but I have space only for the evidence presented by Mrs. Edith Wharton as to a single instance in the present time. It is in that interesting discussion and analysis of the French people facing their crisis with which she ends her recent book, *Fighting France*. Everybody knows that one of the great surprises of the war has been the magnificent spirit with which France has risen to her needs and with amazing faith, unity, and devotion has set herself to the one task of driving out the invading enemy. But nobody except Mrs. Wharton has tried to find out why France is capable of rising to such heights of being and achievement as no outsider previously thought possible. She has been in France

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ever since the beginning of the war and her work for its victims has brought her into intimate touch with men, women and children of literally all classes. Her habits of close observation and analytical study of life and her previous acquaintance with the French language, literature and people ensure the value of her conclusions.

It is her conviction that the French nation has met so superbly its present crisis merely by the keying up of certain national traits. And she answers the question, "which of all their multiple gifts most help the French to-day to be what they are in just the way they are?" by singling out three characteristics which they possess in high degree. One is intelligence, another is courage and the third, which is of particular interest to my subject and my contention, is "expression," the notable ability of the French people, whether of high or low degree, to express thought or feeling in clear, accurate, concise, simple terms. "This gift," she says, "has been an inestimable strength to France." Here is her account of how it works for the national advantage in this time of severest stress:

> It is not too much to say that the French are at this moment drawing a part of their national strength from their language. The piety with which they have cherished and cultivated it has made it a precious instrument in their hands. It can say so beautifully what they feel that they find strength and renovation in using it; and the word once uttered is passed on, and carries the same help to others. Countless instances of such happy expression could be cited by any one who has lived the last year in France. On the bodies of young soldiers have been found letters of farewell to their parents that made one think of some heroic Elizabethan verse; and the mothers robbed of these sons have sent them an answering cry of courage.

And her conclusion is that in France at this moment "expression and conduct supplement and reflect each other." Surely, this is a most wonderful and valuable result. However, I am not about to adopt the shibboleth of the day and advise a different attitude toward the English language as a matter of "preparedness." That broadbacked word has already been loaded with enough pleas, from development of the national parks to the building of battleships. Setting aside all question of its possible usefulness in such a crisis, we may at least credit Mrs. Wharton's testimony as to the influence upon character of this ability to express thought and feeling simply, clearly, and impellingly. That ability is a possession of rare and sterling worth for its own sake alone. And if in addition it brings in its hands this gift of priceless value it is surely worth while to try to find out whence the ability comes.

One finds the belief cropping up now and then among English speaking people that the French have this gift for expression by a sort of divine right. One will find it said that the ability which, for instance, enables a poor working girl to write such a book as *Marie-Claire* and young soldiers to pen such letters as Mrs. Wharton speaks of, comes to them out of the genius of their language. For my part, I do not believe that anybody, anywhere, ever got anything quite so well worth having without working hard for it. And I have been confirmed in this belief by an interesting, if somewhat pedagogical, book by Rollo Walter Brown, professor of rhetoric and composition in Wabash College, in which he sets forth *How the French Boy Learns to Write*. Knowing that not only do French men and women write better than do Americans, but that even French boys and girls excel American in their ability to use their mother tongue, Professor Brown spent a year of observation and study in France trying to get down to the basic reasons for this excellence in their nation that contrasts so strongly with its lack in our own.

He tells something, though merely in outline, of how the French schools have been made to foster and inculcate in the whole nation the ideal of the French

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language as a powerful force making possible the exerting of influence through speech and writing. "To-day," he says, "despite the many distractions in educational life, the French schools stand as a deeply established safe-guard to the better use of the mother tongue." He shows that a course was deliberately entered upon, first by the literary classes and later by the whole nation through the medium of its schools, to conserve the language for the definite and practical purpose of making it increase the powers of the French people individually and as a whole. One result is evidenced in the quotation above from Mrs. Wharton and another is to be found in the world-wide influence of the French language and French literature. The French flag may not be wide-flung over the earth but the sun hardly sets upon French books and French speech. And it is the training of the young people of France in their mother tongue that has fostered and developed the ideal and helped to produce the mighty result.

So, if we want to get down to the roots of our own language weakness, our inability to use with correctness and precision and clarity the one birthright tool with which we ought to have perfect familiarity, without any doubt the trail will be found to lead straight back to—and beyond—our own schools and their methods of teaching English. A rather appalling account of the status of that branch of study in American schools and colleges is to be found in a report made by a committee, of which Prof. E. M. Hopkins, of the University of Kansas, is the chairman. From this it appears that less money is spent, in secondary schools, comparing the average annual cost per pupil, in teaching English than in teaching any other branch. Nearly fifty per cent. more is spent, individually, in teaching American pupils German than in teaching them to speak and write properly and read with appreciation their mother tongue. Per pupil, thirty-five per cent. more money goes into drilling Latin into the brains of boys and girls who, when they leave high school, cannot write an ordinary letter which will be correct in grammar, spelling and punctuation. Even after they have been graduated from ecollege they will pen sentences a yard long, with flagrantly incompatible subjects and predicates. Under present conditions of inadequate equipment and overburdened teachers, whose classes contain two and a half times as many pupils as they can teach with efficiency, Prof. Hopkins declares that it is a "physical impossibility" to teach English as it should be taught in any average American school or college.

The schools and the teachers, doubtless, are doing the best they can. The well of English defiled, while it may be situated in the school, gets its contamination from beyond the schools, among the people who support them. The great majority of Americans know so little about the English language and care so little about it that they look with distrust and amusement upon any one who speaks with careful and elegant diction. They consider such a one a "highbrow." And with that word we come, I am inclined to think, to the fundamental cause of the whole difficulty. For that term, which swept so rapidly over the country, gathered up and vocalised in one expressive word the distrust of ideas and the amused contempt for intellectuality which characterise the American people. The same attitude is to be detected in popular feeling about a correct and distinguished use of English. The Congressman fears his constituents will consider him a "highbrow" if he does not commit mayhem upon his mother tongue. The cartoonist mangles the English he puts into the mouths of his pictured characters who are average Americans—"lowbrows." The man-in-the-street, even if he knows how to speak properly, fills his conversation with slang, colloquialisms, bad grammar, because he does not want the reputation of being a "highbrow."

Henry Seidel Canby, from his vantage point as a member of the English faculty at Yale University, for years has been

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studying the attitude of undergraduates toward ideas, language, and literature and glimpsing the homes from which they come. His discussion of these matters in his charming and suggestive book, *College Sons and College Fathers,* is so true and so apt that it deserves some quotation. Bear in mind the thousands of young men who have passed under his observation and remember that they come from environments as representative of the culture of this country as any within its borders. He tells, with the utmost good feeling, tolerance, and sympathy, of the "bleak ignorance" of the underclass men, their "poverty in intellectual interests," the "bare and barren hinterland" of their minds. The undergraduate, he says, "is predisposed to regard matter more important than mind." He finds, and the truth of his contention is fairly self-evident, that the homes, the communities, are the primary culprits. Young people cannot be expected to feel interest in ideas and intellectual matters when nobody in their immediate environment cares about them. "You can," says Professor Canby, "sojourn for days in smoking cars, hotel corridors, or cafés without encountering an idea that descends to the naïve ignorance of the peasant or lifts above mediocrity." It is his belief also that we have not developed a more important literature just because of this lack of interest in intellectual matters, this distrust of ideas.

A side light upon Professor Canby's argument is furnished by some statistics I lately saw concerning the freshman class of a big Western university. Of these five hundred or more young people nearly half set down their favourite author as Harold Bell Wright. It is an eloquent fact. But, if its first effect is to make one feel like saying, "What's the use?" its second is to make one turn enviously to the account in Professor Brown's book of how the French child is made familiar with the classics of his language from the time he begins to read, drilled in the use of his mother tongue and made appreciative of its qualities until he loves it and can use it, as a mechanic loves and can use a favourite tool with which he can always work his will.

But these much-to-be-desired results are not for us Americans so long as the policy, poisonous to our mother tongue, of speeding-up authors is persisted in by publishing houses; so long as we consider any one a "highbrow" who thinks clearly and talks with precision; so long as we are not offended by the muddled style and mangled grammar which meet us in so many printed pages; so long as we spend more money on having our children taught Latin and German than English; and, finally and most importantly, so long as we are uninterested in ideas and contemptuous of intellectual interests.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Few poets ever wrote sixteen finer consecutive lines than those which begin:

Out of the night that covers me
Black as the pit from Pole to Pole
I thank whatever Gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

"Invictis" is one of the great poems of our language. It came from a man who had been pruned, and pruned again, by the surgeon's knife, is the way Conan Doyle has expressed it, and it was not what Lady Byron called "the mimic woe" of the poet, but rather the grand defiance of the Indian warrior at the stake, whose proud soul can hold in hand his quivering body. William Ernest Henley was a remarkable man, a magnetic and stimulating personality. We have felt that BOOKMAN *readers should know the human side of him better, and we believe that he could have no more sympathetic and distinguished interpreter than Alfred Noyes, who will write about him in the May* BOOKMAN.

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ON THE ROAD WITH DON QUIXOTE

BY RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

Note—Acknowledgment is made of courtesies shown the author by the Hispanic American Society.

WHAT romance a time-table may hold is contained in the *Guia de Ferrocarriles* which foretells the arrival of trains at Criptana and Argamasilla, Valdepeñas, Venta de Cardenas, Cortes and Barcelona. For him who knows well his *Don Quixote* such names do so enchant the blurry page that despatchers' signs turn to halberds and lances; brigands, knights and goatherds people the ruled column, and adventure lurks in the foot-notes.

At Alcazar de San Juan, going south from Madrid, the *expreso* draws a sighing breath, and rests. Through the car window a hoarse Manchegan offers a "knife to kill." A bargain is made, and we buy. We are travelling with bull-fighters, labourers, market-women and priests in a carriage of the third class, where our purchase is the object of immediate and pressing curiosity. It is inspected . . . disapproved. A *torero* aroused from a nap, removes his high-crowned hat, pulls a hair from the fallen wisp that denotes his trade, tests the blade, returns it with a single phrase. "A tourist's knife," he calls it, and with an air resumes his long-limbed sprawl on the wooden bench. So then everyone shows the knife in his own sash or pocket. A father with a child on either knee displays a product of Albacete, a *navaja* with a wicked hinge. On the palm of an extended hand lies a *puñale*. A carrier from across the mountains throws a hunting-knife in our lap, and at once all are eager to examine its Moorish handle and pass their fingers lingeringly down its tempered edge.

"A good *cuchillo*," ventures one.

"Brave as the blade of Quixote," vows another, thrusting the air.

"At what do you strike?" jeers the bull-fighter. "A mill or a wine-skin?"

At this there are murmurs and understanding nods. The Spaniard loves wit and classic allusions, even as he hangs on stories of chivalry and magic. It is a coincidence pleasing to us all that the guard should at this moment announce the Argamasilla station. An old man takes his pipe from his wrinkled lips and smiles into the bowl, the father says to his children something of Miguel de Cervantes, and when a stout Teresa gets down,—a basket emptied of cheese on either arm, and crosses to the diligence which is to convey her ten miles to the village, someone calls a message to Sancho Panza that establishes on an even surer basis the conviviality engendered among us by the show of knives. When it is known that with our cameras and bulging satchels we ourselves are to de-

The Tercentenary of the death of William Shakespeare has been celebrated and discussed to a point where we are inclined to think that many people are rather weary of it. But April, 1916, marks the three hundredth anniversary of the death of another great literary figure who has been comparatively ignored. Shakespeare died April 23, 1616. On the same day died Miguel de Cervantes, the author of "Don Quixote," that immortal book which "laughed Spain's chivalry away." In connection with this article by Ruth Kedzie Wood we may be pardoned for recalling that the first part of "Don Quixote" did not appear until its author was fifty-eight years of age. In 1614 a spurious continuation of the adventures of the "Knight of the Mournful Countenance" was published, which had the effect of spurring Cervantes on to the completion of the true continuation.

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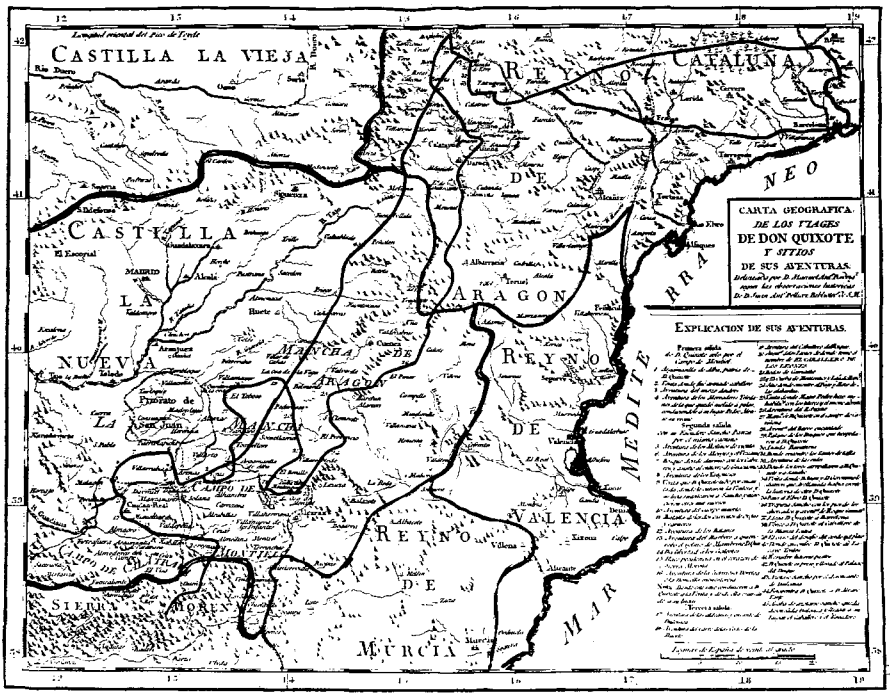

THIS MAP, DRAWN BY DON MANUEL ANTONIO RODRIQUEZ TO SHOW THE TRAVELS OF THE KNIGHT AND THE SCENES OF HIS ADVENTURES, APPEARED IN AN EDITION OF "DON QUIXOTE" PUBLISHED IN 1798 AT LEIPSIC, AFTER PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS BY DON JUAN ANTONIO PELLICER, LIBRARIAN TO THE KING AND MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF HISTORY AT MADRID. THE NUMBERED LINES INDICATE THE ROUTE. OTHER LINES SHOW THE BOUNDARIES OF DISTRICTS AND PROVINCES

scend at Manzanares to take the road with Don Quixote, there is an instant play of hands and an animated flow of Spanish to tell us what we shall find in the town whose square towers are already in sight across the bare fields, and how best to reach from there the places celebrated by the Knight of Mournful Mien.

Four leagues from Argamasilla amid a commotion of final directions, we alight. A red-girded *caballero* finds for us the porter of the Fonda Bascuñana, who we suspect bestows *centimos* as pay for three guests and a boxed terrier. Manzanares is reputed for its hares. Also it is recommended as the least fatiguing centre for brief tours in the country of Don Quixote. As La Mancha towns go it is alive; it has eleven thousand inhabitants compared with Argamasilla's eight hundred souls, and it has hotels not too uncomfortably picturesque.

In the morning we rumble between the high twin wheels of a two-seated cart a dozen miles to Argamasilla the White. The "unenclosed and swelling plains," the saffron steppes, the desolated villages and dwindled streams are as Cervantes saw them three centuries and more ago, except that their present aspect is to a still greater degree savage and forbidding. In Cervantes's time there were merchants' caravans on the highroad to Toledo and Seville, and bands of monks and courtly robbers. These use the railway now, leaving the lonely places lonelier still. A forlorn and ugly plateau relieved by flattened

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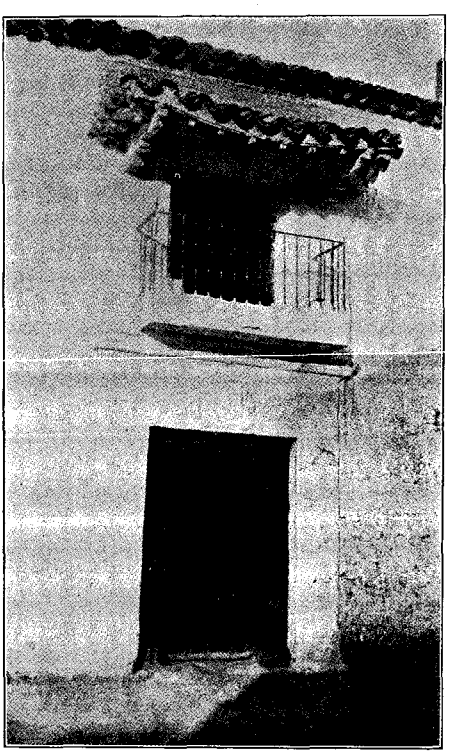
mounds spotted with bushy olive trees and traced by rambling roads and mule-paths spreads to the horizon. The Moors when they possessed this land called it a *mauxa,* a dry desert. Its porous earth yields some grain, a few olives, and plenty of excellent material for wine



ARGAMASILLA. THE GATE THROUGH WHICH DON QUIXOTE IS BELIEVED TO HAVE RIDDEN OUT OF HIS BACKYARD INTO THE FIELD OF HIS ADVENTURES. PROPRIEDAD DE BLANCO Y NEGRO, MADRID

and oil jars, chiefly fabricated at Toboso. La Mancha is the poorest district of all Spain in soil and population, though the richest in legend. A land of uncanny waters, chill winds, merciless sun, its inhabitants are ironic, bullying, quick with the fists, labourious, romantic and sober. As they have scant news from the world beyond, their tell their own tales. They like, above all, narratives of sorcery and grievances redressed, of prisoners, paladins, chateaux and tourneys. Just as their forefathers revelled in "that countless throng of famous knights, with so many Emperors of Trapizond, so many Felixmartes of Hircania, so many palfreys, errant damsels, serpents, dragons, giants and strange adventures, so many kinds of enchantment, battles and encounters, sighing princesses, with dwarfs, billets doux and the rest."

Except to recall the preposterous concepts of the wittiest of all books no traveller would to-day dare the melancholy of these loveless plains, void of any excuse for whimsical dreaming and cursed with hideousness. Yet endowed with an imagination Quixotic, and abetted by the punctilious map of Pellicer, the king's librarian, one crosses tawny barrens whose shifting soil gives slight foothold to sad-coloured buildings and dusty furze and heather, and says to himself, this is adventure. For down this road came the Ingenious One in search of abuses to reform and wrongs to rectify. Beyond the "Eyes of the Guadiana," those strange little pools that signal the rise of the stream from a thirty-mile passage under the ground, Don Quixote charged the windmills on his second sally. We are on the edge of the great Plain of Montiel, known to history as the place of the last battle between Pedro the Cruel and his traitorous brother, Henry. But Spanish history is of less interest to us now than a caricature of Spanish romance. We experience keen disappointment in finding no longer "thirty or forty windmills" together in that plain. Those we do discover are listless on a windless day. We look in vain for one to brandish its canvas-covered arms like a monstrous giant. Indeed they are not monstrous at all, but little mills twice the height of a man, and therefore more easily to have been mistaken for something of human shape. A little way on we come to the inn beneath whose notched turrets Alonzo Quixano was dubbed by landlord and cobbler's daughter a knight of old Spain. Here is a well called now for Cervantes, perhaps the same near

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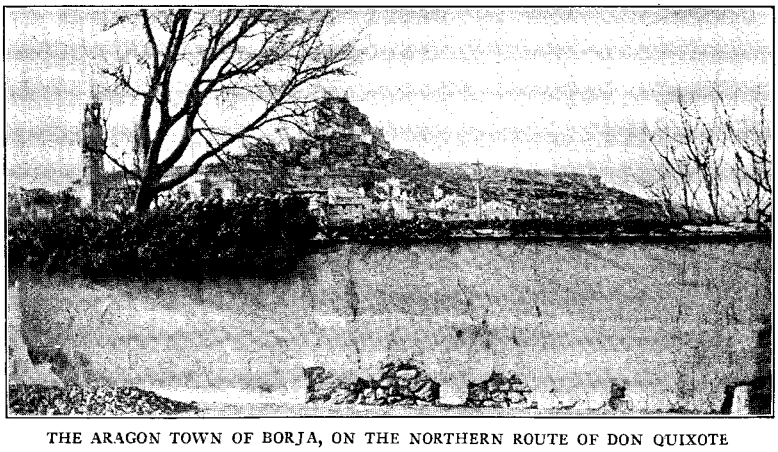
which the chevalier-elect kept the armour-watch.

If to this "so diverting a madman" things appeared what they were not, they were nevertheless very definitely where the novelist placed them. The geographical accuracy of Cervantes as demonstrated in the *History of Don Quixote* is expounded in an essay published at Madrid in 1840 by Fermin Caballero, who declares the phrenological formation of the master's head *"muy acomodada para la ciencia geografico."*

Inglis says no English novel is so intimately concerned with the manners and scenery of a country, and another writer remarks that Cervantes's descriptions of localities and people are as true to facts as if what he wrote "were the journal of a traveller rather than the creations of a novelist."

Born at Alcala de Henares in 1547, Cervantes had reached middle age without literary achievement beyond casual verses to queens and cardinals, a pastoral romance called *Galatea,* a few stage pieces and some short tales. He had travelled in many parts of Spain, had visited Portugal and the Azores, had journeyed to France, Italy, the Levant, and, as a captive, unwillingly, to Algiers. He had fought well for his king in battles against the Turks, had married a lady of his heart, and under the press of their poverty had become a collector of debts for a merchant in Seville. Sent into La Mancha on affairs of his employer, he was detained several months at Argamasilla because of certain financial complications, concerning which matter he is held blameless by his numerous biographers. "Long days and short nights have I suffered in

A TOWN IN THE DISTRICT OF YANGUAS FROM WHICH CAME THE YANGUESIAN CARRIERS WHO SET UPON ROSINANTE BEYOND THE PLAIN OF MONTIEL



THE ARAGON TOWN OF BORJA, ON THE NORTHERN ROUTE OF DON QUIXOTE

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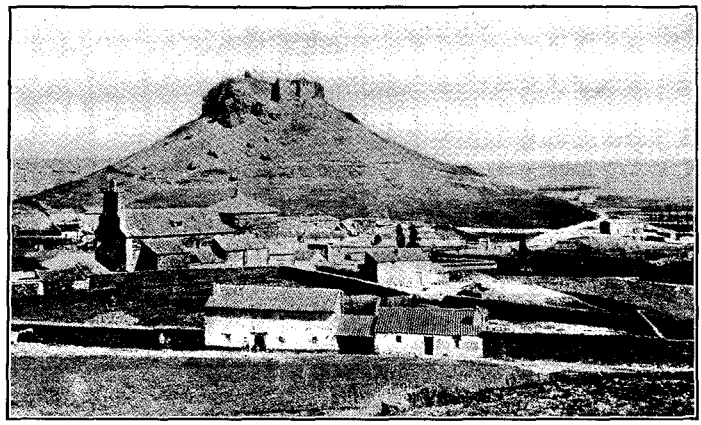

ON THE PLAIN OF MONTIEL. PROPRIEDAD DE BLANCO Y NEGRO, MADRID

this prison," he complained to an uncle in Alcazar de San Juan from the mediæval village on the Guadiana. The house of his confinement, the Casa de Medrano, was the ancient assembly-place of commissioners sent to adjudge the ten per cent. tax on neighbouring saltpetre lands. Dissensions frequently arising before the tribunal, the cellar had been set apart for the chastising of recalcitrants.

Argamasilla de Alba counted among its residents a number of nobles, poor, imaginative and high-strung, to whom volumes of improbable gests were daily food. In Criptana there lived a band of veteran warriors who each August on a certain fête day made a sortie astride white horses, fully armoured and with trumpets and tambourines. In that day, as in this, La Mancha gave itself to all manner of inventions involving combat and honour, fair ladies and omnipotent protectors. Shut within a "dismal prison where wretchedness keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation," Cervantes conceived a burlesque of the extravagant fables which for two centuries had infatuated the Latin countries with feats of knaves and cavaliers. It was his purpose "to diminish the authority and acceptance that Books of Chivalry have in the world," and especially did he design to parody *Amadis de Gaul,* "the very best contrived book of all those of that kind."

The chronicler of Don Quixote disavows knowledge of the exact village, or as one translator puts it, he had no desire to recollect the name of the particular place in La Mancha wherein a *hidalgo* "spare-bodied, of a meagre visage, a very early riser and a lover of the chase," adorned himself on week-days in homespun, on Sundays in velvet, and where he guarded at all times "a lance upon a rack, an old buckler, a lean stallion, and a coursing greyhound." The locality was, however, sufficiently defined by references to the prison in which the history had its inception, and to highways, *ventas,* well-known fields and hilly passes to justify the assertion of one who called himself Fernandez de Avallaneda (the shameless inventor in 1614 of a spurious Don Quixote) that Argamasilla was the natal town and sallying-base of our adorable adventurer "of ill-matched armour and measured pace,"—of "the staunch, the famous, the valiant, the wise, the loving Don Quixote de la Mancha."

By Avallaneda and Pellicer, Davillier, Jaccaci and Azorin, Argamasilla is recognised as the rightful claimant among all the places that have desired the honour of fathering him. A few travellers lean to Miguel Estevan, a village two leagues from Toboso; others

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THE MOUTH OF THE "PROFOUND ABYSS" OF MONTESINO. PROPRIEDAD DE BLANCO Y NEGRO, MADRID

put forth the claims of Quintana, Quero, El Probencio and Pedernoso. Cervantes foresaw this strife and desired it. At the close of the History he says the birthplace of the extraordinary gentleman of La Mancha has purposely been concealed that "all the towns and villages of that province might contend for the honour of having produced him, as did the seven cities of Greece for the glory of giving Homer to the world."

Argamasillans remind you that the messenger who in Book Two brought Sancho's letter to his wife, Teresa, mentioned on his return north to the ducal mansion that he had seen women washing in a stream in the village. Streams are not common in La Manchan villages, but in the middle of Argamasilla runs a fork of the Guadiana. The letter Teresa returns to the duchess makes reference to acorns, of which she sends half a peck. The hillocks of that region yield ilex-nuts counted a delicacy by all Manchegans. Then, too, was not a cheese sent to "my lady duchess, of I know not where" that was "better than those of Tronchon?" And are not the cheeses of Argamasilla still superior to those of Tronchon? The house cherished as the prison of Cervantes can no longer be shown as a sixteenth-century evidence in stone, for flames consumed it some years back.

It is customary for visitors to the haughty little village to look up the priest and the barber, even to discover some relationship between the latter and that Master Nicholas with whom our sallow *señor* used to contend as to who was the best knight, Palmerin of England or the Knight of the Sun. But it being a Sunday, the barber was busy with customers, the priest with his prayers. We went to look at the place from which Argamasilla's paladin is supposed to have ridden forth, and were led by a bare-legged guide to the house of the Carrascos, and to the church to see the portrait of the very Don who the villagers believe was the original of Quixote. At the inn we supped on stewed hare and peas, badly cooked, but consoled with guitars and a song about something old and romantic. For the sake of Sancho we commanded the dustiest, headiest bottle of Valdepeñas in the inn-keeper's store, and invited the singers to share it. And so the evening passed, and early the next day we saw to our wallets, paid a modest reckoning, and were off behind our willing Rozinante for the Lakes of Ruidera, "so famous in La Mancha," and the Cave of Montesinos. This is, of course, not the road the Knight and his squire travelled on the third sally. They came to Ruidera after they had visited Toboso, some

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"WE ARE COME TO THE CHURCH, SANCHO." THE CHURCH AT TOBOSO.
PROPRIEDAD DE BLANCO Y NEGRO, MADRID

leagues to the north of the Campo de Montiel.

The long marshy tract which resolves itself into thirteen shallow lakes is the source of the "weeping Guadiana," and the resort of ducks, grebe, heron and osprey, which high-born sportsmen, including Don Alfonso XIII himself, come at stated seasons to shoot. Above Lake Colgada is the Castle of Rocafria, where lived the beautiful Rosa Florida, who had already refused six French counts and three Lombardy dukes when she conceived a passion for a mighty hunter called Montesinos, a nephew of Charles Martel refuged in Spain. Hearing that he was beloved by the lady of the castle he left off his hunting and chivalrous exploits, hurried to Rocafria, and married her. Later they returned to France, where he was created one of Charlemagne's twelve body-guards. A mile or so east of Rosa's castle is the pit of an abandoned mine which in the age of the lovers was already old, having been dug by the Romans. Forty yards wide and sixty yards deep with a cistern at the bottom, the haunt of bats and birds and of shepherds in bad weather, Don Quixote discovered in this "dungeon" exactly the setting needed for a mystical venture with "Montesinos himself, from whom the cave derives its name."

Ruidera, the town "two leagues from the cave" where the errant one and his companions stayed the night, lies on a flat plain which is surrounded by hills and refreshed by tall trees. The meadows about Villaroblede witnessed the dancing and outrageous trickery at the Festival of Camacho, where it will be remembered the Don and the Squire were present, following the former's fortunate encounters with the Knight of the Mirrors and the lackadaisical lions, on the way from Toboso to the cave. Proceeding from Ruidera they came upon Gines de Passamonte disguised as Master Peter, the wandering player, whose scenery Moors Don Quixote assailed so gallantly. It was beyond there, near Cuenca, that Sancho Panza brought disaster on the twain by his skill at braying like an ass.

Neither time nor fortitude are ours to follow them the weary leagues past Albarracin and Daroca to the pleasant fields of Cariñena. Some other places near which adventure found them in Book the Second we shall see later from a train in Aragon. Now an April moon

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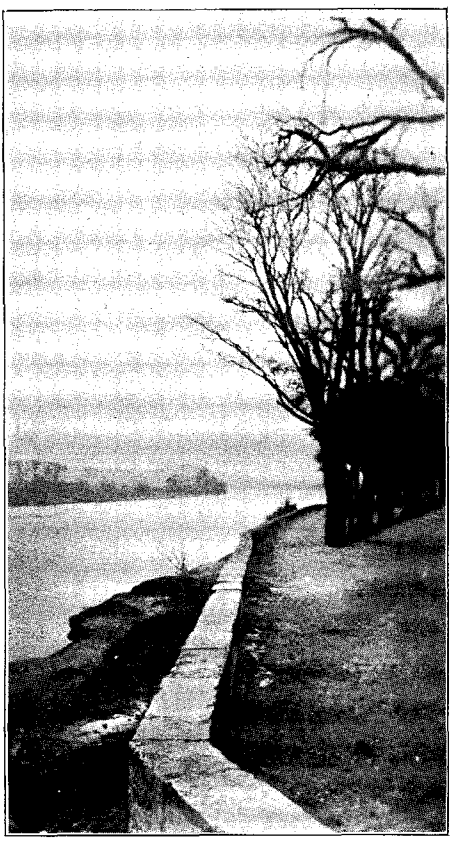
lights us back to Manzanares and to surcease from jolting wheels and evil meals. But in three days we set out again by a roundabout road for Ciudad Real. The railway is a more direct route, but we go as the Knight went on his second sally, by the Pass of Lapiche. Along this road he met the Benedictines and the Biscayan travellers, and spent the night eating acorns, discoursing on the Golden Age and nursing his injured ear, "near the huts of some goatherds," which were probably among a clump of ilex and cork trees west of the Pass, thinks Inglis. The following noon the ill-contrasted pair found shelter among scattered olive-trees, and in the defence of Rozinante fell a victim to the staves of the Yanguas carriers, who had journeyed hither from a district beyond Segovia.

Where the highroad crosses the Guadiana, in the midst of a scantily populated plain, there appeared to Don Quixote the Enchanted Inn, whose gate and low wall and "beggarly beds" are still as Cervantes described them. Much happened in this inn, as all will remember who have followed the tale. Here Sancho was tossed in the blanket and lost his wallets. Here he paused on his mission to Dulcinea, and met the curate and the barber, who concocted with him a remedy for their friend's malady. On the return from the Sierra Morena, Don Quixote stabbed the Giant Pandafilando in the attic of this inn that was to him a castle, and here a good half dozen romances were enacted which consume seven chapters in the telling.

The Battle with the Sheep, which of all Cervantes's fantasies makes "the boldest experiment on our sympathies," took place among the rolling hills to the north of the capital of La Mancha. Ciudad Real, the royal city, was the seat of the Knights of Calatrava, who contended for its possession with its citizens. Out of its dentate portals Philip III expelled the Moors. On the road to the "Valley of Stones" occurred the incidents of the Fulling Mills and the Barber's Basin, the latter likened by the author to the invulnerable headpiece of King Mambrino, whose deeds are celebrated by Orlando Furioso.

At Valdepeñas we are in the heart of far renowned vineyards in the foothills of the Brown Mountains, and here find



THE BANKS OF THE EBRO. THE KNIGHT "EXPERIENCED MUCH PLEASURE WHILE HE CONTEMPLATED THE VERDURE OF ITS MARGIN, THE SMOOTHNESS OF ITS CURRENT"

ourselves comfortable at a hotel situated within sound of trains which pass daily between the north and the south. We make an excursion into the Sierra by rail far less picturesquely, but also far more securely than early travellers passed over this highway through craggèd defiles, beset with brigands and by perils of precipice and gorge. Probably somewhere near Santa Cruz de Mudela, a manufacturing town reputed for

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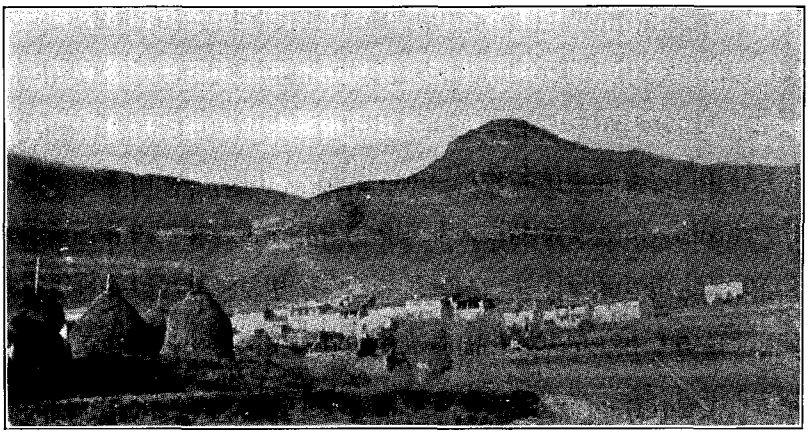
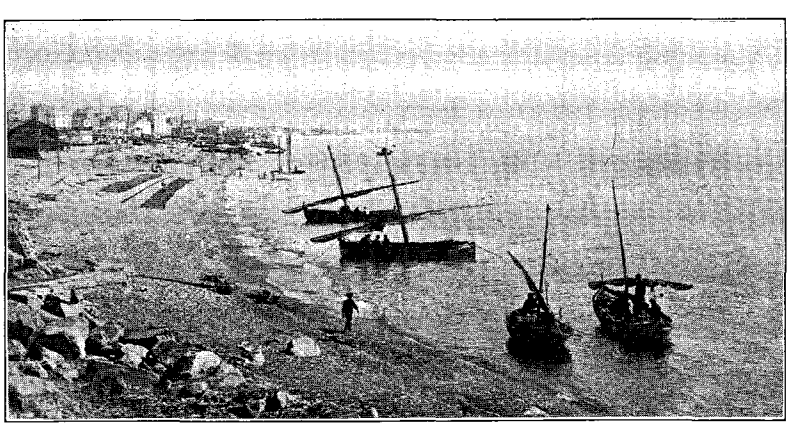


ON THE ROAD TO BARCELONA. IN THIS HILLY REGION NEAR THE TOWN OF RIPOLLI FOR "THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS DON QUIXOTE SOJOURNED WITH THE GREAT ROQUE"

its cutlery and for its ornamental garters with mottoed buckles, much liked in La Mancha, the galley slaves were liberated. Among them was Gines de Passamonte, a hero *picaresque* of the class that trusted to "finesse rather than violence for the attainment of its ends." For long, these grim creviced mountains which barricade Andalusia from the winds of Castile were considered the most dangerous repair of bandits in all Spain. Jocosely named the Hermits of the Sierra, they attacked wayfarers and government convoys of silver, and kidnapped rich merchants for ransom.

Through frightening gullies and on the verge of dizzy cliffs overhung by Spanish oak and chaparro the engine creeps to the Pass of Despeñaperros, remarkable for its narrowness and height and called the Gateway to Andalusia. The horse trail, confined by rounded scarps, ascends to the Inn of Cardenas, which before steam trains rivalled caravans, lay on the main road to Seville—a *venta* spacious and typical of old-time Spain, and like the groves, vales and rills of this part of the range, associated with Don Quixote's journey to the place of his penance. The very rocks which Sancho warned him not to "dash his head against" have been determined by



THE STRAND AT BARCELONA WHERE THE KNIGHT FELL IN HIS FINAL COMBAT

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careful pilgrims, and the ash trees where sat Dorothea and bathed her feet, and let her snowy fingers serve her for a comb.

On the second day of September, according to a chronological plan included in an edition of the History composed in 1801 for the Spanish Academy, he of the sorrowful countenance returned to his house in the ox-cart, having been gone with Sancho seventeen days, or since the sixteenth of August. He remained at Argamasilla a full month, during which there were wrangles with his family and would-be advisers, and "pleasant conversations" with the bachelor, Sampson Carrasco. On the evening of October third he again issues forth, having been admonished to go "straight to the kingdom of Arragon and Zaragoza" to join the knightly jousts known in Spanish annals as *las Justas del Arnés*. But first a visit is paid to "the great city of Toboso" which anyone who digresses twenty miles from the railroad at Alcazar de San Juan will find a drear village of three hundred inhabitants, drab as pumice and all but falling into the weedy pond which reflects the crumbling houses and the tower of the "huge dark pile" which the ardent wanderer mistook for the house of his mistress. From the *toba* or chalky soil of the ground thereabouts are fashioned the *tinajas* which throughout Spain have a high reputation as containers for oil, water, wine and vinegar. At the house of the Gentleman in Green, the sighing chevalier saw several such jars "which being of the ware of Toboso recalled to his memory his enchanted and metamorphosed Dulcinea."

Travelling from San Sebastian to Zaragoza, the rails follow all the way from Medina the River Ebro, the ancient Iberus which gave its name to the Peninsula. An hour's ride east of Tudela, in the neighbourhood of Cortes, one may picture "the wayworn knight" arriving on the banks of the yellow river and there, to the distress of Sancho, casting off in the enchanted bark in fine imitation of the magic boat adventure of Amadis de Gaul. Quitting the Ebro "buried in amorous meditations," he on Rozinante and Sancho on his re-found Dapple, overtake the duke and the duchess. The castle at which they were entertained at length, and where they also entertained, was most likely the palace of the Dukes of Villahermosa near the town of Pedrola, on the Borja road. The Isle of Barataria, temporary kingdom of the squire whose "wit and waggery" so much amused the duchess and her household, is supposedly Alcala de Ebro, which not precisely an island, is almost surrounded by the river.

On a late November day the reunited friends progressed toward Zaragoza, but at an inn a few miles from its gates learned that the hero of Avallaneda's vulgar volume, which purported to continue the Adventures from the end of the First Part, had already been entered at the tilting match. The genuine Don Quixote therefore scorned to include Zaragoza on his route to Barcelona, but swerved to the south, crossed the Ebro and laid his path through the forests west of Ripoll. In this rugged haunt occurred the meeting with Roque Guinart, more properly known as Pedra Rocha Guinarda, "a Spanish Rob Roy," who as the captain of a famous crew, Los Nicerros, levied a toll on travel in the Catalonian mountains at about the period that *Don Quixote* was written. The inhabitants of Ripoll had occasion to protest to Philip III that a noble resident of the town "favoured and fomented boldness of criminals and often received Rocha Guinarda, a famous robber and infester of the king's highway." He even risked attending fairs, where he was secretly admired for his defiance, and also for his liberality, for it was a rule with him never to take but half what a victim had. He was second only in fame to José Maria, another "generous bandit," and when executed in the year Cervantes died, three centuries ago this April, was frankly regretted by amateurs of reckless deeds.

At Barcelona we seek the shore

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where the gentle lunatic and his squire first beheld the Mediterranean "on the Eve of St. John," and try to discern the spot where "having sallied forth to take the air on the strand, armed at all points—his favourite costume, for arms he said, were his ornament, and fighting his recreation—he observed a knight advancing toward him, armed also like himself, and bearing a shield on which was portrayed a resplendent moon." Ominous symbol! The career of our melancholy champion was about to set Vanquished in ensuing combat, he continues stoutly to declare for the illustrious Dulcinea. Bound by his oath not to exercise arms for a year, he makes ready to leave the city of his evil destiny, "his glory forever extinguished, and his hopes of greatness scattered like smoke to the wind." Once more, and now for the last time, he returns to his village, where through long-suffering and disillusionment the "follies of chivalry" fall away and he dies, not as the Knight of La Mancha, but as the never-enough-to-be-mourned Alonzo the Good.

AFTER

BY STEPHEN HENRY THAYER

THE joys that rose to winged delight
In other days;
That filled the senses,—put to flight
With blithe delays
The formless menacing of fears,
Dispelling dreads of callow years
With song and laughter;
O tell me, thou so wined and fed
On gladness,—after?
When bitterness of soul was wed;
When Sorrow's field was harvested;
When Time had spent
Its heritage, and Memory, clear,
Had garnered up the wreckage, dear,
Of Time's intent,—
O tell me, out of this array
Of mirth and dearth thou didst belay,
Which served thee true?
Exultant laughter,—Joy's relays,—
Their tricksy, debonair estrays,
Or Grief's hushed rue?
Did not the wine
That fumed, elated, in the soul
As days their merry hours would bowl,
Waste and decline?
Did not the quiver armed with ills
That maim the breast with tragic thrills,
Bring Peace, at last, to thine?

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THEODORE BOTREL: LAUREATE OF THE TRENCHES

BY EDWIN L. MATTERN

In THE BOOKMAN *for last November Mr. Edwin L. Mattern, in his article on "Yann Nibor, Laureate of the Fleet," told us of the Breton sailor man whose simple songs of the sea had aroused such enthusiasm that the French government sent him from ship to ship to stimulate patriotism. In the hour of struggle, the fighting men of the French fleet turned for inspiration, not so much to the "Marseilles" of Rouget de Lisle as to the humble ballads of Yann Nibor. In the following article Mr. Mattern tells us of another Breton. In the latter part of August, 1914, M. Millerand, the French Minister of War, appointed Théodore Botrel "Singer of the Armies." A general order authorised M. Botrel to visit all the Depots, Camps, and Hospitals to sing his patriotic verses. The military authorities were requested to give him all the assistance possible, and he was authorised to make use of any train. Here is Mr. Mattern's story of "Théodore Botrel—Laureate of the Trenches."*

WHEN, in the early stages of the present conflict, M. Millerand, the French War-Minister, appointed Théodore Botrel "Chansonnier des Armées," it was probably the first time in the history of the world that the inspirational value of song to men engaged in a clash of arms has been officially recognised. His commission was of this broad and generous character:

REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE
Ministère de la Guerre
Cabinet du Ministre.

Paris, le 30 Août 1914.

M. Théodore Botrel est autorisé à se rendre dans *tous* les Dépôts, Camps et Hôpitaux pour y dire et chanter ses poèmes patriotiques.

Toutes les autorités militaires sont priées de lui réserver bon accueil et de lui faciliter l'accomplissement de sa mission.

Il est autorisé à prendre *tous* les trains.

Pour M. Millerand,
Ministre, et par son ordre.
Le Lieutenant-Colonel s. Chef du Cabinet,
Signé: Duval.

It is doubtful if any maker of rhymes ever had such auspicious circumstances for a hearing. The Government practically guaranteed his audiences, for martial law could be invoked to ensure them. So, he has since gone about among the troops, in the cantonments, on the trains, even into the very trenches, singing his songs and reciting his verses, making melodic appeals to the duty, heroism and sacrifice of the soldiers. Is it any wonder then, that, to-day in France, Théodore Botrel is the favourite poet of the men in arms, and, for most of them, the only poet? The vast majority of these fighters likely do not know what constitutes poetry, and consequently their judgment in this instance may be worthless. Nevertheless, the stubborn fact of Botrel's prominence stares us in the face and seems to warrant some inquiry regarding him and his literary activities.

Théodore Jean Marie Botrel was born at Dinan, Côtes-du-Nord, on September 14, 1868. He is therefore not a *Breton bretonnant* by birth, as the Breton language has long since ceased to be spoken to any extent in that section. His family originally belonged to neighbouring Broons, celebrated as the birthplace of the hero, Duguesclin. His

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father followed the trade of blacksmith, just as his ancestors had done for centuries. Botrel is by no means ashamed of this plebeian origin, as witness these lines:

Les forgerons sont mes ancêtres,
Je suis fier d'être votre fils.

And in the dedication of his volume, *Contes du Lit-Clos,* to the memory of his father, he speaks thus touchingly:

Vingt ans et plus, au joug des Villes,
Courbant docilement ton front,
Tu connus les labeurs serviles,
Toi, l'ancien maître-forgeron!

Further along in this threnody he says:

Tu n'eus pas le bonheur sur terre.

This is no hyperbole, induced by poignant grief, for the family circumstances were always exceedingly straitened, even though the mother also worked early and late with her needle in order to meet the needs of the household budget. Notwithstanding the combined efforts of the parents conditions came to such a pass that their burdens must be lightened, and so Théodore was sent to live with relatives. Most of his boyhood days were spent with his grandmother at St. Méen, a little village about midway between Dinan and Ploërmel, and with some uncles at Rennes and in the Morbihan. Years afterwards, following a visit to his grandmother's cottage, he penned these lines:

Upon the threshold I have graven these words:

It is here that lies the best
Of my youth forever dead,
It is here that lies the best,
The purest fragments of my heart.

His sojourns in the Morbihan put him in touch with the real Brittany—the Brittany whose peculiar charm and individuality were not yet overwhelmed and obliterated by French customs and influences. The Breton language still persisted there, and the costumes and manners of the people, their traditions, their superstitions, their simple faith and naïve beliefs remained intact and unpolluted. All were as unchanged as its dolmens and menhirs. Besides, some of his relatives had been fishermen, and the tales told by the fireside in the winter evenings made indelible impressions upon the lad. These days, as it were, photographed the whole panorama of Breton life, its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, its pleasures and its hardships, its loves and hatreds, its virtues and its vices, upon the film of his soul, and there they lay until the irresistible call of after-years made their development a matter of pious duty.

When scarcely more than eleven years of age, he found his first regular employment as a locksmith's apprentice. Before mastering this trade, he abandoned it and engaged himself to learn gem-cutting. This occupation likewise was exchanged after a while for that of lawyer's clerk. Fortunately for the cause of letters, his connection with the law was broken, and, as it eventually proved, forever, by the attainment of his enlistment age. So, at eighteen, he went to Rennes with the Forty-first Regiment of the line, getting his military training largely in the barracks of that city. Although this service involved no real fighting, it stood him in good stead as it inoculated him with a deeper and more genuine love for France, and gave him that close and intimate acquaintance with army-life which later made possible his patriotic songs and furnished the key-note for their popularity. When he was mustered out, he was still quite young. His ideas were in the chaos that precedes crystallisation. His Muse had not as yet even whispered in his ear, and his thoughts were upon sterner facts than poetry. He must live, and to live one must work. At length he found a place, a very minor one, with a railroad company in Paris. Here he performed the monotonous duties of a clerk for nine years. Then in 1895, or thereabouts, something happened, something so revolutionary and convulsive, that before long it will divert the stream

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of his life from what seemed to be its natural course. The soul of Botrel threw off its torpor suddenly, and as often occurs with men of mark, through a seemingly commonplace circumstance. This is the story:

The time for his summer vacation is approaching. Perhaps other places may be considered, but with him one place alone looms uppermost in his mind. It is Brittany, his home-land,

> Un pays nostalgique où croît le
> Fleur du Rêve,

as Hippolyte Durand, one of its poets, calls it. An exile in Paris, the air of the great city weighs upon Botrel. He has all the symptoms of that dreadful nostalgia to which Bretons especially are subject, and from which they suffer so acutely. A little fishing village on the Trégorroise coast is at last chosen as the objective point of this veritable pilgrimage. The joy in his heart at the prospect of being once again in his native country converts the departure from Paris into a real hegira. The journey is long, interminably long, and the train seems purposely slow. Finally Guingamp is reached, and his spirits revive, for the little branch line from here exacts but a brief spell of time to put one on the Trégorroise coast. Soon his Mecca, with its rude, white houses clinging to the granite cliffs, and the distant isle of St. Gildas glowing like a gem in the blue sea, absorb the view. Botrel is again in the home-land—and yet it is different, since this is the country of Tréguier and Botrel is a Dinanais. It is even different from that Morbihan which had impressed his boyhood days so profoundly. The war of the ocean's battle against the rocky ramparts of the shore thundered in his ears, but each fresh assault of the waves was a titanic melody to his soul, almost dessicated by the narrowing constraints of his inland exile. His horizon was no longer near, but immeasurably distant. There were no raucous noises of the city, no soot or grime of industry; nothing but the pure sounds and air of Nature. He was in almost primæval surroundings. True, about him were those old sea-dogs who had escaped their contribution to the terrible toll which the Newfoundland and Icelandic fisheries extort, the sombre widows of the many whose lives had been taken in payment of that toll, and the wives of the absent ones, who daily went to the quay and apprehensively scanned the limitless expanse in the hope of discerning some hope of their husbands' safe return. The tragic existence of these folk stirred him. Their primitive struggle with the elements, their intense anxieties, their calm resignation to poverty and misfortune, their grim, grey lives, sad and hopeless beyond expression, touched him to the depths. They needed happiness, inspiration; they needed something to turn them from the continual contemplation of their woes and troubles, something to stimulate their dreams and imagination toward the bright and cheerful. And Botrel, then and there had a vision. These people needed the uplift of song and music. He had experimented with rhymes, like almost everyone else, and possessed no small knowledge of music, in addition to a fairly pleasing voice. He recalled that Brittany was once the land of ballads. Here Merlin had flourished. The conditions demanded a return to the old ways. He would be the apostle of a new era, in which ballad-making and ballad-singing would be revived. So he wrote *La Paimpolaise,* and then sang it. In the dining-room of the little inn of a Trégorroise fishing-hamlet, after the supper dishes had been cleared away, and with uncouth, ill-clad and unlettered fishermen, their wives and children for audience, it had its first presentation. In Paris, it would have been an exotic, appreciated on account of its strangeness; in the Tréguier country it was indigenous, charming, because it squared with familiar truth and everyday experience. Its success was instantaneous and exuberant, and Botrel was hailed by them as a new bard, come from Brocéliande to minister to them. Thus it was that he made his début as a *chansonnier.*

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But *La Paimpolaise* was destined to have a much wider vogue. He sang it in Paris. The popular fancy willingly became its captive, and even to-day, after twenty years, it still holds no mean place in the public esteem.

This is the way it runs:

Quittant ses genêts et sa lande,
Quand le Breton se fait marin,
En allant aux pêches d'Islande
Voici quel est le doux refrain
Que le pauvre gâs
Fredonne tout bas:
J'aime Paimpol et sa falaise,
Son Eglise et son grand Pardon;
J'aime surtout la Paimpolaise
Qui m'attend au pays breton!

Then, literally translated, it proceeds:

When their boats leave our shores,
The curate tells them: "My good lads,
Pray often to our good St. Yves,
Who watches us, from heavens ever blue."
And the poor tar
Hums very low:
"Heaven is less blue, with due regard
To our old patron, St. Yves,
Than the eyes of the Paimpol lass
Who waits for me in the Breton land!"

Guided by the little Star,
The old captain, with manner fine,
Oft says that his white sail
Seems like a seraph's wing. . . .
And the poor tar
Hums very low:
"Your canvas, my old Jean-Blaise,
At the mizzen is less white
Than the coif of the Paimpol lass,
Who waits for me in the Breton land."

The brave Icelander without complaint
Throws the line and the harpoon,
Then, in musty odour of brine,
He seeks his bunk between-decks. . . .
And the poor tar
Hums very low:
"I would be much more at ease,
Before a pretty fire of furze
Beside the Paimpol lass
Who waits for me in the Breton land."

But, often, the Ocean that he tames
Rouses itself, mean and cruel;
And then, at even, one can count,
Many names at roll-call missing. . . .
And the poor tar
Hums very low:
"As it takes more than one little cabin-boy
To fight the English fleet,
I will tell it to my Paimpol lass
On returning to the Breton land!"

Then, when the wave chooses him,
Calling him with its loud voice,
The brave Icelander resigns himself
By making a sign of the cross. . . .
And the poor tar,
When the end comes,
Clasping the medal that he kisses
Slips into the depthless Ocean
Dreaming of the Paimpol lass . . .
Who waits for him in the Breton land..."

The faults of this song, as verse, are too obvious to warrant discussion, but its weaknesses were either not apparent to his enraptured listeners, or were charitably overlooked by them. The sentiment appealed to them and they applauded. Besides, the inanimate words were vivified by the gestures and the sympathetic voice of the author. The result was so gratifying that it focussed Botrel's ambition toward a new goal. In odd hours, not devoted to breadwinning, he composed other songs, all Breton in tone and spirit. In 1898, they were collected and published under the title: *Chansons de Chez Nous*. This book has passed the sixty thousand mark, an almost unheard-of performance for a volume of verse. The French Academy promptly crowned it and awarded him the Prix Montyon. Its enthusiastic reception determined his career. The railway service was forsaken and henceforth his Muse is to be his sole employer.

In a rhymed *Avant-propos* to this first work, he groups the objects for which his pen is enlisted. He writes for "pious Armor, that immense, sad land of granite, the dear little corner of the earth which starts from Ille-et-Vilaine and ends with Finistère, and whose soil is blessed by the glorious Saints come from Ireland; for its sons, dreamers with grey

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eyes, and its rugged, pretty daughters; for its hardy sailors, who from the main-top will sing them at evening to the moon, while dreaming of the loved ones at home; for the customs-officers to charm away the tedium of their monotonous night-watch; for the knitters of stockings and the women who spin to hum while rocking their little ones to sleep; for the labourer in his field to say from dawn to dusk by way of rhythm to his cutting of the sheaves; and finally, for all those, oppressed by the heavy air of crowded cities, who in murmuring them at home will come to breathe more at ease." In other words, he writes for his own people. The rich and prosperous are barred. The poor and the masses who toil are singled out as the special beneficiaries of his poetic bounty.

All of these songs are *genre* pictures of Brittany. Some are merely thumb-box sketches, while many are upon larger canvases. Some are finished with patient care. Others bear all the marks of a hasty impressionism. His work is decidedly uneven, but, casting aside its literary defects, it has unusual value because it bares the soul of an interesting people. Any one who wishes to know Brittany at its heart will eventually choose Botrel as one of his teachers.

La Fanchette illustrates the peculiar fluctuation so noticeable in the Breton character:

The sailor has just returned from service in Tonquin. He has found that his beloved Fanchette, who had promised to await his return, had left Brittany with a "Monsieur" of Paris, and that she has gained great notoriety among the *demi-monde* of the metropolis. He storms and rages. "If I find the faithless one, some day in the City of Hell, I would know how to avenge myself upon her for the humiliation that I have suffered. I would break her teeth of ivory, I would crush her under my heel." In the vehemence of his passion with what fiendish joy he pictures the savage brutality with which he will measure out punishment to her. Then his variable nature asserts itself. The pendulum swings wholly the other way. "Even if, upon the first day we meet, she gets angry and chases me out like a dog, I love her so much, and I am such a coward—I will not reproach her at all; in kissing her silken gown I will crave her pardon!"

In seven stanzas of eight lines Botrel achieves this clever bit of psychological analysis. Nothing could more aptly set in relief the sentimental instability of this type of his countrymen. Fickle and vacillating, their wills swing almost instantaneously from the zenith of frenzied rage to the nadir of calm subservience.

There is another song in this collection that must be mentioned: *Voeu à Saint Yves*. It begins:

Un jour, sur un gros navire,
Vire au vent, vire, vire,
La veuve embarqua son gas...
Le marin ne revint pas!...

Fit voeu un navire,
Vire au vent, vire, vire,
De l'offrir à Saint Yvon,
Patron de 'Ceux qui s'en vont'!

So the poor old woman, as a last extreme, for the hull of the ship took her wooden sabot, for the masts, three branches of furze, and for the yards she quickly broke her knitting-needles. To make the sails she cut the pretty apron in which she had been married, and for the rigging, the stays and shrouds, she clipped her beautiful white hair. To finish the ship she baptized it with her tears and from it unfurled the tricolour. To bring it good-luck she affixed to the prow her little silver cross, and at last, barefoot, she carried it to St. Yves of Tréguier.

For the sake of the Widow and the Ship,
Tack to the wind, tack, tack,
St. Yvon prayed God so long . . .
That He brought back her son to her.

To know how to interpret Brittany, Botrel soon realised that he must maintain more direct and intimate relations with her. He must be not only of its

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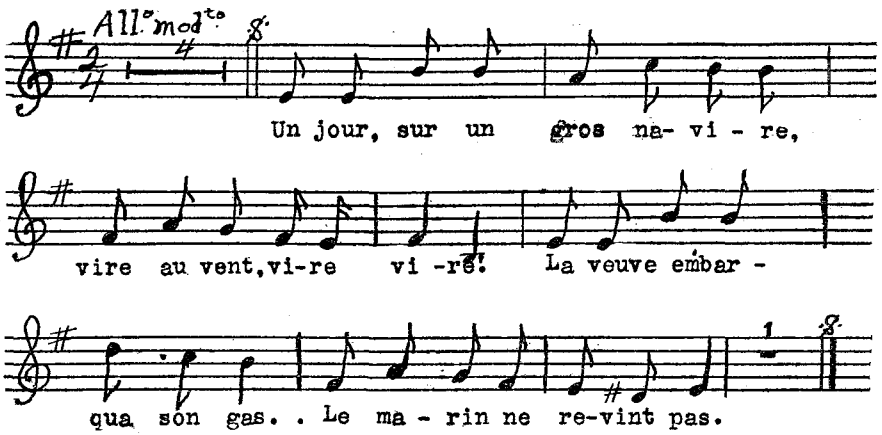

people but among them. So he turned his face westward, seeking some out-of-the-way spot, where the spirit of this unique land had not been spoiled or suffocated by the French language and customs. Far afield he wandered, going from place to place, and matching the peculiar charm of each against the other. Finally, little Port-Blanc, almost too insignificant to be known except by curious travellers who take delight in steering clear of the beaten path, won his affections. From this time on, each June and September finds him there, installed in his villa, which he has appropriately named in Breton, *Ti Chansonniou (the House of Songs)*. That he keeps open-house at all times for the villagers is indicated by the device displayed where all can see it: *Entreet hardi (enter without fear)*. But Port-Blanc is in Haute-Bretagne, and Basse-Bretagne is something very much apart from it. The dialects are different, the costumes, so important and distinctive a matter in Brittany, and the customs are quite dissimilar. In many respects, the inhabitants seem of diverse races, and probably were in origin. The troubadour must lose the localism of Port-Blanc if Basse-Bretagne is to be annexed permanently to his constituency.

So Botrel set out with scrip and staff. His heart was happy and his songs were on his lips. He sang them everywhere —in the primitive inns that still know no touch of modern convenience; in the one room of farm-houses, with its barricade of cupboards and *lits-clos* to prevent the live-stock from trespassing upon the family quarters; and at the fairs, which, in Brittany are popular because they are never allowed to become uninteresting or stale. All along the line he was received with joy. To these humble Bretons he chanted new psalms and proclaimed a new evangel. They hailed him as the bard incarnate for whom they had long waited. Thus we account for his establishment at Pont-Aven in Finistère. In this quaint village of mills, discovered by Robert Wylie, an American painter, in the late sixties and since become one of the most frequented resorts for artists in France, Botrel set up another roof-tree. Here, to the charming villa which he has named *Chez Nous,* in token of the book that launched him on the highway to prosperity and fame, he brings his Lares and Penates for the months of July, August, October and November of each year.

In his first book, *Chansons de chez Nous,* and in *Les Chansons de Jean-qui-Chante* (1907), we find the apparent high-water marks of his skill. He comes closer in some of these poems to realising that Breton minstrelsy which he has essayed to revive. Practically all are written in French. Only in one or two instances has he ventured, to employ his acquired Breton tongue. Of course this

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BOTREL'S VILLA AT PONT-AVÉN

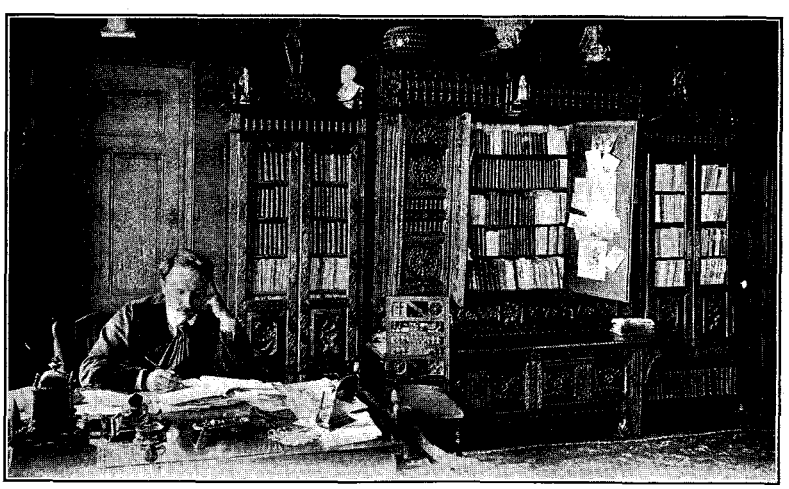
has stood in the way of his acceptance as a bard by that large group of Pan-Celticists who insist that a ballad is not Breton unless it is in the Breton language. But French is merely the vehicle to convey his sentiments. In the end, it is spirit that counts, and Botrel has succeeded by crystallising the Breton spirit into forms of beauty of which only the exterior is French.

The *Chants du Bivouac* (1915) represents his latest effusions. Apparently they have been composed in response to the demands of his laureateship —*La Kaisérole* thus ridicules its namesake:

Le Kaiser s' était bien promis
D'être en sept, huit jours à Paris;
Mais il ne l'a pas pu
Grâce au Belge têtu!

* * * *

Il devait faire prisonnier,
Dans Bruxell's même, Albert premier,
Et voilà que son fils
N'a pris que l'Mann-ken-pis!



THÉODORE BOTREL AT HIS WRITING TABLE

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In *Les Goths,* he describes an actual incident of the war. The Marquise de Biencourt returns to her chateau in Champagne, only to find it sacked and fouled by the Germans. To her guests of a week, pointing to the outrageous treatment of her property—

Elle dit—jupon haut troussé
Et le nez gentiment pincé—:

La France a subi les ravages,
Messieurs, de trois hordes sauvages,
Goths, Ostrogoths et Visigoths:
Il lui manquait les Saligoths!

Rather a fine piece of sarcasm for a Marquise, but puns are scarcely respectable in poetry.

When the war is over he will hardly be proud of an aberration like this:

Voilà les "Kakis,"
Qui nous ont conquis,
Tant ils sont exquis.
(Aoh! Yes! Very well!)

Lorsque, bravement,
Flegmatiquement,
Ils cogn'nt sur l'All'mand.
(Aoh! Yes! Very well!)

The ancient enmity of Breton for English has evidently given up the ghost, and this change of sentiment will cause Botrel to find many embarrassing lines in his older songs, for, prior to the present alliance, the Breton was constantly aching, at least in his literature, for a chance to destroy English supremacy upon the seas. Botrel may be carrying friendship, hope and courage to the warriors in the trenches by his martial songs, but his reputation as a poet, in the last analysis, must rest upon his purely Breton ballads. His voice may serve the battle-line, but his pen is hopelessly shy and uncontrollable within the sound of the guns. He is happier in singing about the strawberries of Plougastel or "the little end of the little rose nail of the little finger of thy little hand." His *biniou* is sure only when it plays according to the Breton scale. It wheezes and squeaks dreadfully if forced to render the airs of other lands. Botrel is, perhaps, not a great poet, unless greatness is measured solely by service. He is not always a master of the technique of verse, nor is he extraordinarily skilful in invention, or profound in thought. But, for ability to write songs that grip the heart of a people, and inspire them with love of their native land, with faith in religion, with undying affection for their dear ones, with fortitude to meet sorrow, suffering, even death, calmly and without complaint, Botrel occupies a niche peculiarly his own. Edmond Rostand has called him "la Chanson en marche," while Francois Coppée gives him the title of "Le Semeur d'Espoir." Each is apt and well-deserved. And the secret of his power lies in this, his simple little creed:

J'aime, je chante et je crois...
Et je suis heureux sur terre.

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"MARGARET SCHILLER"—ACT I

"The heroine, Margaret Schiller, is an enemy alien who lives in a little nest of German spies in Soho Square. . . . The Prime Minister is about to engage, as governess for his little daughter, a Swiss girl whom he has never seen. This Swiss girl is a friend of Margaret's. Margaret, therefore, assumes the name of the Swiss girl, and goes to get the job."

SOMETHING TO SAY IN THE THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE least pretentious of reviewers would fain agree with Matthew Arnold that criticism is an art; but it is at best a secondary art,—an art at two removes from nature. The critic is not permitted to make his own selection of material from life; he must accept the material that has been selected by the author of the work before him, and must do with it the best that he can do. Criticism at its highest is the record of "a soul's adventures among masterpieces": but what is the soul to do if there are no masterpieces among which to go adventuring? Anatole France, who coined this golden phrase, has confined his own criticism to works so noble that they have called forth noble commentaries; but what would he have done if he had been called upon to criticise volume after volume of mere trash? The critic is dependent on his subject-matter. Any critic who has learned the alphabet of his art can write something worth reading about Keats; but could even Walter Bagehot have written anything worth reading about a novel by Laura Jean Libbey?

One reason why there is so little good dramatic criticism in America is that there is so little good drama to criticise. It is easy enough for any critic to write an eloquent interpretation of a new play by Maeterlinck or Barrie; but it is scarcely possible for any critic to write anything at all about a new play by Mr. George V. Hobart. In literature, as in physics, the axiom pertains that it is impossible to make something out of nothing.

It is not within the province of the critic to complain, or to seek relief from boredom in mere ridicule. Criticism, in

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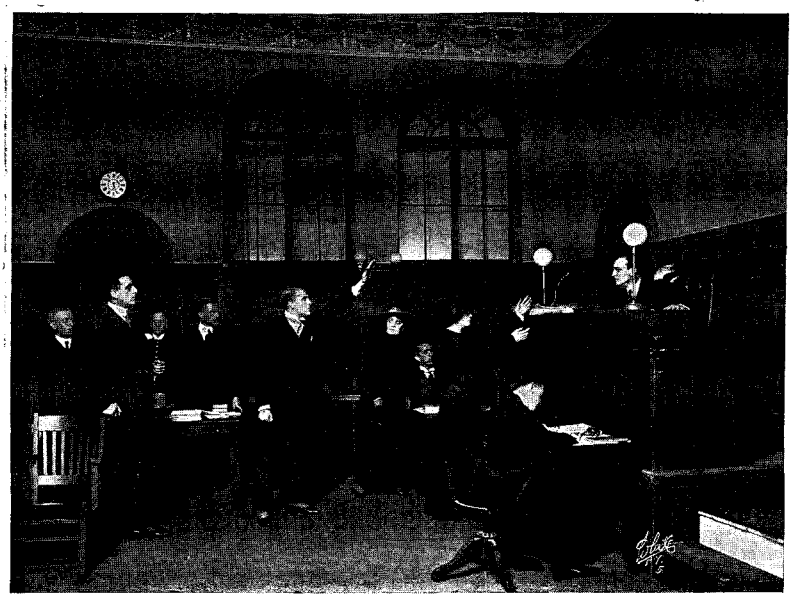

"JUST A WOMAN"—ACT III

"The wife swears that she has, indeed, been unfaithful to her marriage vows, and that her little son is not the child of her husband. The judge now perceives that she is lying; and consequently orders the arrest of her husband and his lawyers and his witnesses for conspiracy."

intention, is not destructive but constructive. Despite the popular fallacy that the critic is always eager to find fault, the truth of the matter is that the critic is always eager to find merit. What the critic really seeks is masterpieces, among which to send his soul adventuring; and in the search for a single masterpiece, he is willing, through months and years of waiting, to maintain an heroical endeavour to keep his spirit forever fresh, forever unfatigued, forever ready for a quick and keen impression. The true critic may be said to watch and pray for masterpieces; but sometimes, for years, the watching is unrewarded and the prayers are unanswered.

To the periodical reviewer of the drama, the current season has been especially discouraging. It has been a successful season from the commercial point of view; but very few plays have been revealed which were worthy of a second thought. Even if a man should have a soul (and Browning has pointedly reminded us that it is by no means always that "a soul can be discovered"), it may be doubted that his soul could find adventures, at the present moment, in many of the theatres of New York. Without renouncing the duty to maintain a steadfast optimism, it must be admitted that most of our theatres, at the present time, are given over to mere twaddle.

When a person of intelligence and taste has spent four dollars of his money and three hours of his time to attend a performance of *Moonlight Mary* or *The Greatest Nation* or *The Pride of Race,* he has a right to feel disgusted with the theatre. With that same four dollars of money, he might have bought a dozen volumes of *Everyman's Library,* any one of which would have been a hundred times more interesting than the play that he has seen. With that same three hours of time [and time is *not* money, because it is immeasurably more precious], he might have walked the streets and noted the faces of the people as they passed, or

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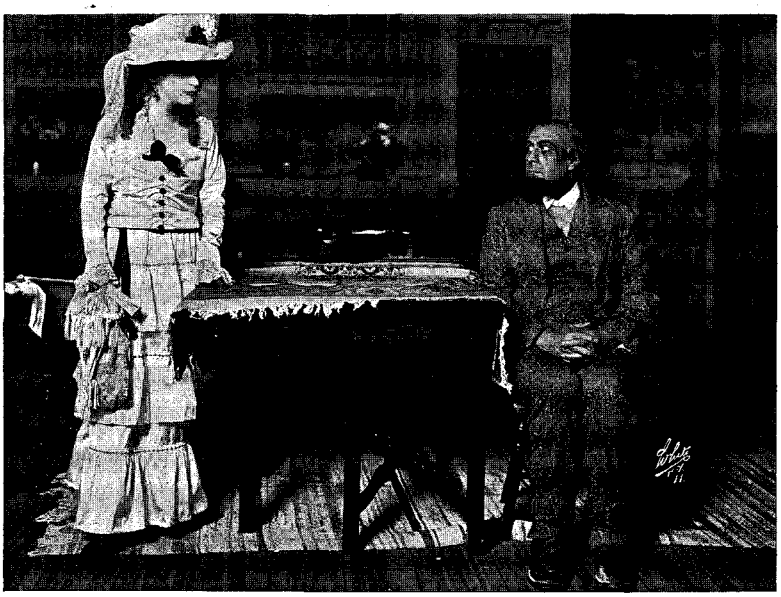

"ERSTWHILE SUSAN"—ACT I

"The hero, Barnaby Dreary, has already killed off two wives by overworking them; and, in order to save money, has now advertised for a third. His advertisement is answered by an elocution teacher from Iowa, who, many years before, had been disappointed in love."

he might have sat at home before a fire and sent his spirit winging through illimitable regions of imagination. Considering the great waste of time and money that is necessitated by attendance at a bad play, and considering the overwhelming chance that a new play will be bad, it may indeed be wondered why people of intelligence and taste, still following the *ignus fatuus* of the footlights, are willing to repeat the perilous adventure of going to the theatre.

For, after all, why do people go to the theatre, when there are so many other things in life to do? They go to the theatre to be interested by some presentation of the subject-matter of the theatre, which is human nature. The purpose of the theatre, therefore, is to interest the public in humanity. This interest may be effected in either of two ways,—first, by setting forth a commentary which is new, or, second, by setting forth a commentary which is eternal. A play is good if it is novel; a play is good if it is real; but unless its commentary upon life either assures a new thought or reassures an old thought, it is not worth the expenditure of four dollars of money and an evening of time.

If a dramatist can tell a person of intelligence and taste something about life which he has never known before, his play will be worthy of serious consideration. And if a dramatist can remind a person of intelligence and taste of something about life which he had always known subconsciously but had never articulately formulated for himself, his play will be worthy of a long life in the theatre and of a niche of remembrance in the temple of dramatic literature. Mr. Bernard Shaw is worthy of serious consideration because he tells us many things about life which we had never thought before; and Sir James Barrie is worthy of more high consideration because he reminds us of many things about life which we had always known but

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"THE HEART OF WETONA"—ACT I, SCENE 2

"Wetona flees to seek advice of an Indian agent named John Hardin. Her father follows her to Hardin's house, and surmises at once that Hardin is the guilty man. Hardin in reality is innocent; but he loves Wetona, and, in order to protect her, he marries her forthwith."

seemed to have forgotten. But any dramatist worth listening to must rank himself in either of these two classes,—the class of the great informers, or the class of the great reminders.

Unless a dramatist can make us recall and realise what we have always known, or can tell us something that we have never known before, he will fail to interest us in life itself, which is the subject-matter of the theatre. Yet, how many of the dramatists whose works are current in America can fulfill either of these prime requirements? The answer is a matter of fact, and may be computed mathematically.

Every season, in New York, the professional reviewer is required to attend not less than one hundred and fifty new productions in the theatre. Of these, according to the variation of the seasons, from five to ten may be of interest to people of intelligence and taste, on either of the two grounds which have been defined above. To strike a common average, one play in every twenty-three is worth some after-thought.

To the critic of the drama, the one play which is really good means more (to speak in terms of a familiar parable) than the ninety and nine which are of no account; but, to the casual theatre-goer, the proportion of twenty-two to one on the wrong side of the gamble must seem indeed discouraging. A person of intelligence and taste who casually takes a chance on going to a play is likely, twenty-two times out of twenty-three, to have his intelligence insulted and his taste offended. He goes to the theatre with a fresh desire to be interested in life itself by something new or something true in the counterfeit presentment; and he slinks home with an uncomfortable sense that, all along, he has known much more about life than the author could presume to tell him.

The trouble is that, in America, our best plays are not written by the men who are best equipped to tell the public

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"THE MELODY OF YOUTH"—ACT II

"The hero, a young Irishman who has been studying in Rome with the intention of becoming a priest, is heavily embarrassed by the fact that he has been appointed guardian of the belle of Dublin. . . . He takes her to a little house on the top of a hill; and there, beneath the apple-blossoms, he complicates the situation by falling in love with her himself."

something new or something eternal about life itself. Our wise men do not write for the theatre; and our practised playwrights are not wise. If a man wants to know the truth about his liver, he goes to a physician; if a man wants to know the truth about the legal status of his business, he goes to a lawyer; and, similarly, if a man should want to know the truth about life, he should be able to go to a dramatist. Suppose that Mr. X has had a quarrel with his wife and desires to adjust the difference for the advantage of their children. Obviously, it would be well for him to seek advice from such a dramatist as Shakespeare, or Molière, or Ibsen; but would it particularly help him to seek advice from such a dramatist as Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue?

The selection of Mr. Megrue's name in the present context is utterly impersonal and not at all invidious. He has been chosen merely to indicate the most successful type of American playwright at the present hour. As part-author of *It Pays to Advertise* and *Abe and Mawruss,* and as sole author of *Under Cover* and *Under Fire,* Mr. Megrue has achieved four great successes in the last two years. It seems likely that the theatre-going public will pay him at least a quarter of a million dollars for the privilege of seeing these four plays. But will the public, having seen these skilful and entertaining pieces, be any wiser than before? Will the public learn as much about life from the experience of seeing them as might have been learned by spending four evenings at home and reading *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel?* This is the sort of disconcerting question which makes the dramatic critic often doubt the value of his own profession as a commentator on the current theatre. Our native playwrights are often clever and frequently ingenious in exploiting the merely technical devices of the drama; but very, very rarely do they re-

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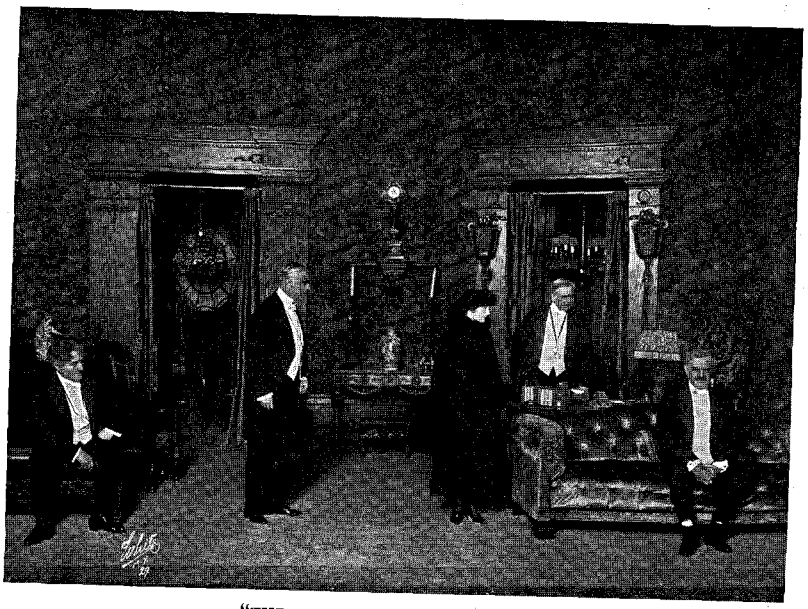
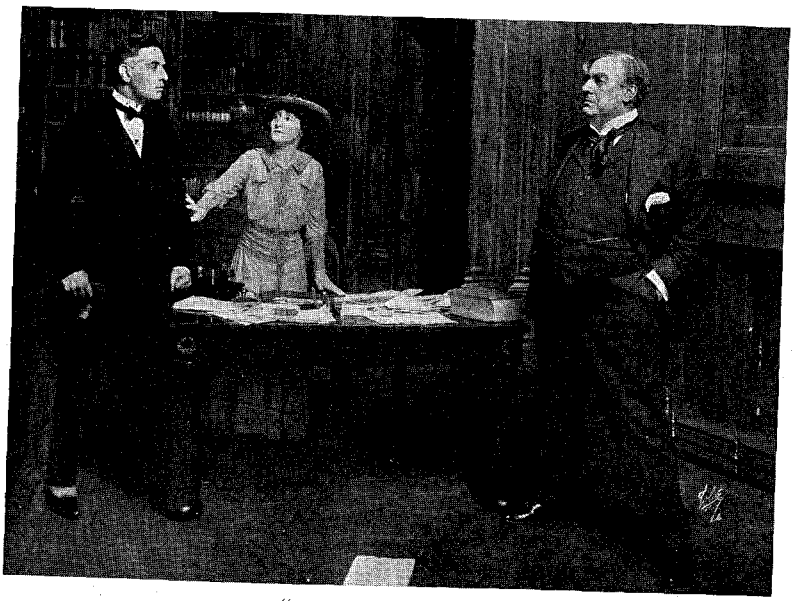


"THE CINDERELLA MAN"—ACT I

"The heroine is a poor little rich girl who, after the death of her mother in Europe, returns to the house of a wealthy father in New York who is incapable of understanding her."



"THE EARTH"—ACT IV

"The Countess of Killone comes forward to insist that the Wages Bill must be put through at any cost. She beards the lion in his den, and tells Sir Felix Janion that, if he dares to attack her reputation, she will in turn expose him as a master of the methods of blackmail."

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ward the public with something real to say.

"MARGARET SCHILLER"

A sort of holiday adventure for the critic's soul is afforded by *Margaret Schiller,* by Hall Caine; for this play is a masterpiece of the ridiculous. If the Manx novelist knows anything whatever about life, he has succeeded in concealing the fact from the people who attend this hilariously entertaining tragedy.

According to the testimony of Mr. Hall Caine, the government of the world-engirdling empire of Great Britain is conducted, in war time, by a little group of imbeciles and idiots. The hero of the drama is Sir Robert Temple, who is described as "Prime Minister, First Lord of the Treasury, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs." With the routine of these three offices upon his hands, he must be a rather busy man; yet he allows his infant daughter to live in his executive offices in Downing Street and to interrupt an important cabinet-meeting with her innocent and childish prattle. Furthermore, when Christmas comes, he erects a decorated Christmas tree, for the delectation of the child, on a table immediately adjoining his own desk in his office as Prime Minister. The truth has been laid bare at last; for now we understand why England has a little muddled up the present war. Our understanding deepens when Mr. Hall Caine tells us in his prologue, that the Prime Minister does not even know that there is any difference in time between Berlin and London: he has never had occasion to inform himself upon this little point during the exercise of his duties as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Nevertheless, when the Great War is declared, this imbecile is permitted to retain the three great offices he holds.

The heroine, Margaret Schiller, is an enemy alien who lives in a little nest of German spies in Soho Square. Her father had been convicted of forging passports, and, because his health had been infirm, had died in jail. Therefore Margaret has decided that it is her duty to murder the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister is about to engage, as governess for his little daughter, a Swiss girl whom he has never seen. The Swiss girl is a friend of Margaret's. Margaret, therefore, assumes the name of the Swiss girl, and goes to get the job.

She has scarcely been installed as governess when in comes the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, to tell the Prime Minister her real name and her real purpose. Margaret breaks down and confesses all. Does the Prime Minister have her arrested and sent to jail? . . . Not he: for we must always remember that this Prime Minister is an idiot. He merely tells her to make herself at home in Downing Street, but asks her to be so very kind as not to betray to her accomplices in Soho Square any of the secrets of state which will inevitably be brought to her attention.

Thereafter, in Soho Square, the other German spies hold daily meetings under the very eye of the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, who, being also an idiot, does nothing to interrupt their machinations. At one of these meetings, they select the younger brother of the heroine to finish forthwith the little task of assassinating the Prime Minister; and they make him swear to kill himself if he fails to kill Sir Robert Temple.

But meanwhile [between the acts, and off the stage] Margaret has fallen in love with Sir Robert. His abysmal imbecility has made a deep appeal to her noble-hearted womanhood. She does not, any longer, want him to be killed; but neither does she want her little brother to commit suicide. What is she to do? If Margaret had any sense at all, she would have her little brother arrested and detained in safety until the end of the war; but, unfortunately, she has no more sense than the Prime Minister himself. So she lets her brother into the offices in Downing Street, plants him behind a screen, turns out the lights, and tells him to shoot the first person who enters through a door across the room.

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Then she goes out by another door, and reënters through the fatal door that she has indicated to her brother. A shot rings out. She falls. Her brother, without pausing to find out whether or not the person he has shot happens to be the Prime Minister, runs away through the opened window. The Prime Minister returns unharmed, and Margaret dies in his arms. The next morning, of course, when her little brother reads the papers, he will be obliged to kill himself. She has, therefore, died in vain. But, poor thing!, she had no sense; and, after all, she *had* to die, or else this masterpiece of Mr. Hall Caine's would not have been a tragedy.

Such twaddle as this is fairly entertaining in the theatre to all who have a sense of humour; but is it, after all, worth while for any person of intelligence and taste to spend four dollars and an evening of time to find out for himself that Mr. Hall Caine has nothing whatsoever to say? The real tragedy of such a play as this is the discouragement which it inflicts upon the general adventure of going to the theatre.

"JUST A WOMAN"

Mr. Eugene Walter started out with minds the auditor of life; but the rest of both *Paid in Full* and *The Easiest Way* were worthy of serious attention. In recent years, however, he has relied upon his talent for theatrical effect to "get away with" stories that are trite and meaningless.

The first act of *Just a Woman* reminds the auditor of life; but the rest of the play reminds the auditor of nothing but the theatre. The hero begins as a workman in the steel-mills near Pittsburgh, and his wife as the keeper of a workmen's boarding-house. By strict economy through many years, they have saved nearly ten thousand dollars; and, at the end of the first act, the wife persuades her husband to invest this money in a new invention which is destined to revolutionise the method of manufacturing steel.

In the second act, six years later, they are rich. The hero is now president of the steel trust; but he has taken to drink and to loose living among women, and is about to be discarded by his own directors. He desires to divorce his wife, in order to marry a blonde and buxom adventuress from the demi-monde; but his wife refuses to be set aside without a struggle.

The third act is set in a divorce court. The husband produces several perjurers who accuse his wife of flagrant infidelity. The wife interposes no defense. The judge, therefore, is required to return a verdict in accordance with the evidence. He is about to grant the husband an absolute divorce, together with the legal custody of his child—when the wife impetuously takes the stand and embarks on a career of perjury. She swears that she has, indeed, been unfaithful to her marriage vows, and that her little son is not the child of her husband. The judge now perceives that she is lying; and consequently orders the arrest of her husband and his lawyers and his witnesses for conspiracy.

The husband is sent to jail; and in an epilogue, ten years later, he returns to his wife, is received with open arms, and settles down with her to live happily forever after. It would be superfluous to point out that the material of this epilogue is utter nonsense. Mr. Walter knows that it is nonsense; the public knows that it is nonsense; and yet the play succeeds. Apparently, there are thousands of people in New York who can afford to spend three hours and four dollars to be told something about life which they know to be untrue.

"ERSTWHILE SUSAN"

Erstwhile Susan was dramatised by Miss Marian de Forest from a novel by Mrs. Helen R. Martin. From the technical standpoint, it is an inefficient play; but it affords interesting information concerning the character of those provincial people who are commonly called "Pennsylvania Dutch." According to the authors of this play, these German colonists, although they have been living in

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this country for more than a century, still retain the customs of their fatherland. Among the amiable habits which they have inherited from their ancestors is the custom which permits the male members of the family to bully and to beat their women-folk in order to remind them that they are nothing more than cattle.

The hero, Barnaby Dreary, has already killed off two wives by overworking them; and, in order to save money, has now advertised for a third. His advertisement is answered by an elocution teacher from Iowa, who, many years before, had been disappointed in love. These two are married, and the comedy details the struggle for supremacy between antagonists so different in race and in ideals. When Barnaby seizes a horsewhip to thrash his innocent and cringing daughter, his new wife snatches it from his hands and flings it crashing through a window. This American behaviour is incomprehensible to the German-minded Barnaby; and the two stand at a deadlock when the curtain falls.

Unfortunately, the structure of this play is weak and wabbly; but the characters are interesting, and the dialogue rings true. It would appear that a novelist with something to say about the Pennsylvania Dutch has been betrayed into inefficiency by a playwright imperfectly acquainted with the technique of the theatre.

"THE HEART OF WETONA"

The scene of *The Heart of Wetona,* by Mr. George Scarborough, is now set in Oklahoma; but, when the piece was originally projected, the scene was set in a New England town. It is therefore a little difficult to accept this play as a faithful commentary on the life of our largest Indian reservation.

The Heart of Wetona, however, is an interesting melodrama. Wetona, an Indian princess, has been seduced by a white man; and, when the fact of her seduction is discovered, she is disowned by her father and drummed out of her tribe. She flees to seek advice of an Indian agent named John Hardin. Her father follows her to Hardin's house, and surmises at once that Hardin is the guilty man. Hardin in reality is innocent; but he loves Wetona, and, in order to protect her, he marries her forthwith.

Having discovered that it was really Tony Wells who had seduced Wetona, Hardin lays a trap for him, in order that Wetona may discover that Tony does not really love her. Thereby the heroine is cured of her infatuation for a man who is not worthy of her. Tony, seeking desperately to escape, is shot down by the Indians who have surrounded Hardin's house; and Hardin and Wetona settle down to live happily forever after.

This play is fairly interesting in the theatre; and there are one or two points in Hardin's psychology of sex which are worthy of serious consideration. But on the whole, however, the play says very little about life which is either new or true.

"THE CINDERELLA MAN"

The Cinderella Man, by Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter, is an unusually pleasing play. It is rooted deeply in reality; for it merely retells, in the quaint terms of contemporary life, a thoroughly established fairy-story.

The heroine is a poor little rich girl who, after the death of her mother in Europe, returns to the house of a wealthy father in New York who is incapable of understanding her. From one of her father's friends, who is a celebrated musical composer, she learns that, in the cheap boarding-house next door, there is a poor poet, starving in a garret, who is trying to write a libretto for a ten thousand dollar prize. So she climbs over the snow-covered roofs, and enters the window of the poet's garret, and proceeds to give him food and drink and inspiration. He becomes a Cinderella Man, and she his Fairy Princess; and they are disturbed only by the terrible intrusion of the Great She-Bear, who

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keeps the boarding-house and disapproves of young gentlemen who informally receive young ladies in their rooms. Ultimately, of course, the poet wins the prize, and marries the princess, and the two live happily forever after.

In actuality, it might be difficult to concede that a very cheap and shoddy boarding-house should be situated next door to the pompous palace of a multi-millionaire; and there are other points in this play which might be questioned by a critic with an eye to facts. But such little inconsistencies may be regarded lightly in a fairy-story that smilingly replies to the eternal aspirations and desires of all who have retained the hearts of little children.

"THE MELODY OF YOUTH"

The Melody of Youth, by Mr. Brandon Tynan, is another pleasant piece of make-believe. It carries us back to the old imaginary Ireland of Dion Boucicault. The action is set in 1830. The hero, a young Irishman who has been studying in Rome with the intention of becoming a priest, is heavily embarrassed by the fact that he has been appointed guardian to the belle of Dublin,—a coquettish maiden who is sought by many suitors and has a habit of embroiling them against each other. Seeking peace, he takes her to a little house on the top of a hill; and there, beneath the apple blossoms, he complicates the situation by falling in love with her himself. Eventually, of course, he renounces his ambition to become a priest, and decides instead to become the husband of his tantalising ward.

This traditional comedy says nothing novel about life; but it repeats many interesting things which are always worth remembering.

"THE EARTH"

The subject of *The Earth,* by Mr. James Bernard Fagan, is yellow journalism; and there are many things which might be said upon this topic which the theatre-going public does not know. The piece, however, is only mildly interesting, because the author has not made the most of the opportunities afforded him by his material.

Sir Felix Janion is the proprietor of no less than eighty publications in the British Isles, and is a mighty moulder of public opinion. He chooses to oppose the Wages Bill, which is about to be introduced by the Right Honorable Denzil Trevena, M.P. By underhand means, he discovers that Trevena is the accepted lover of the Countess of Killone. He induces Trevena to withdraw the Wages Bill, by threatening, as an alternative, to destroy the reputation of the Countess. But thereupon the Countess of Killone comes forward to insist that the Wages Bill must be put through at any cost. She beards the lion in his den, and tells Sir Felix Janion that, if he dares to attack her reputation, she will in turn expose him as a master of the methods of blackmail. Thereupon the mighty journalist withdraws his opposition to the Wages Bill, and the drama is concluded.

This play is ineffective, because none of the issues which it introduces is fought through to an absolute conclusion. It exhibits merely an equipoise of threat and counter-threat; and the three leading characters do not really get anywhere along the lines of action which they have chosen to pursue. The dialogue is admirably written, and presents an interesting commentary on the *status quo;* but the author has not invented enough dramatic action to keep the play alive and moving.

The Outline of the next installment of Professor Phelps's "Advance of the English Novel" is as follows: The triple combination in Joseph Conrad—his lack of popularity—not a refractor, but a reflector—his tales of the sea—his silent women—ethical value of his work—John Galsworthy—a satirist—his hatred of British hypocrisy—his mistake in "The Dark Flower"—J. M. Barrie—the contrast between "Sentimental Tommy" and "Tommy and Grizel"—May Sinclair—Mary Willcocks.

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THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART VII

George Meredith—his long career—his German education—false starts—spirit and body—his hatred of asceticism—his original force—his bad style—born in the wrong age—naturally adapted to poetic drama—his combination of paganism and optimism—his belief in the individual—the vagueness of his teaching—his hatred of discipline—his chivalry—Rhoda Fleming—normality of Meredith's characters—Clara Middleton—Meredith's impatient dislike of Tennyson—his criticism of himself in Beauchamp's Career—a fantastic genius—fluctuations of his reputation—his superb tribute to America—a footnote on Thomas Hardy.

A GIGANTIC and unique figure in modern fiction demands separate and serious attention. George Meredith died on the eighteenth of May, 1909, and "the air seems bright with his past presence yet." Although in his ideas and mental attitudes he was emphatically a man of the twentieth century, it is interesting and pleasant to remember that he published fiction before the earliest work of George Eliot appeared. None of his books ever had a large sale; but during the last twenty-five years of his life his name commanded immense respect, his home was a Mecca for literary men, and his death seemed like the falling of a pillar of literature. No modern writer has come before the public with higher "recommendations"; the much-abused word "master" is here fitly applied; and the verse tribute of Thomas Hardy and the prose poem of J. M. Barrie were beautiful flowers on his grave.

His birthday was the day of Darwin and Lincoln; his birth-year the year of Tolstoy and Ibsen; and even if his work cannot rank in importance with the work of these four, his personality shines with real splendour.

Although Meredith was born in Hampshire, England, and spent most of his life in the southern part of the island, his education and his temperament were decidedly un-English. He went neither to Oxford nor to Cambridge, but to Germany; did he unconsciously acquire there his cumbersome, involved and unmanageable style? For the only English author with whom his prose style has anything in common is Thomas Carlyle, who was also inspired by Germany; and we know that Meredith had a towering admiration for Carlyle. Of course he did not really write like him; he wrote like no one. But the manner of his thinking, however unpalatable this may be just now, was German. He was more interested in the metaphysics of passion than in passion; and his novels are fully as much the product of speculative thought as of accurate observation. He spun all his books out of himself, as a spider spins his delicate and intricate web; this too is quite German; it is exactly the way Kant built the fabric of the *Kritik of Pure Reason.*

Whatever may be Meredith's place in the history of the novel, none can deny to him the title of original and powerful thinker.

Meredith's first essays at the profession of law and the business of marriage were alike unhappy and unsuccessful; he was by nature an absolutely free spirit. His soul's dark cottage let in new light as he approached the grave; no one who saw him in his later years went away unimpressed. His noble and beautiful head, adorned with hair and beard of

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snow, made a presence of inexpressible dignity.

His chief recreation, apart from the foolish one of throwing and catching again a heavy hammer, which probably weakened his spine, was reading French literature. It is rather strange that he learned nothing from French style—the clear, precise, short sentences in that language ought to have affected him, and did not. But his attitude toward the French was wonderfully sympathetic; wonderfully so, because until the days of the *Entente* most Englishmen have signally failed to understand the French point of view. Look at the narrowness of Tennyson! But there was nothing insular about Meredith.

Like so many novelists, Meredith began his career as a poet, his first volume of poems appearing in 1851. He would rather have spent his life writing poetry than prose; but he had no money. Fiction was his kitchen wench, he always used to say; poetry was his Muse. His poems have received hysterical and rhapsodical praise, but he is not really among the English poets, and even if he were, it is none of our business here.

As Browning has observed, the bird wings and sings at the same time; spirit and body help each other; and just as a life of sensuality will surely deaden the spirit, so a life of asceticism in many cases has an effect somewhat similar. Meredith's genius was profoundly spiritual, but he believed the spirit expressed itself through the body. In a letter written in 1888, he said, "I have written always with the perception that there is no life but of the spirit; that the concrete is really the shadowy; yet that the way to spiritual life lies in the complete unfolding of the creature, not in the nipping of his passions. An outrage to Nature helps to extinguish his light. To the flourishing of the spirit, then, through the healthy exercise of the senses."

The intense and acrimonious difference of opinion about the value of Meredith's novels is an indication of the force of his personality, and of his unconventionality of expression. Browning, Wagner, Ibsen, aroused a tempest which has left a clear sky of fame; clouds and darkness are still around Walt Whitman. Meredith and Whitman are authors that it is best to treat pragmatically, if we wish their work to bear fruit in our souls; if you think they are respectively the greatest novelist and the greatest poet of modern times, why, then they are, to you.

To me George Meredith is neither God nor Devil. He is not my Teacher, as Browning is; not my Artist, as Hardy is; not my Refuge, as Stevenson is. But he was a genial giant, and I have for his manhood and his genius profound reverence. I know of no better illustration of the phrase Arnold applied to Emerson. George Meredith was not a great novelist; he was a great man who wrote novels. He was one of the greatest men of our time.

No criticism of him has pleased me more than that by the late Henry James. "The lyrical element is not great, is in fact not present at all in Balzac, in Scott . . . nor in Thackeray, nor in Dickens—which is precisely why they are so essentially novelists, so almost exclusively lovers of the image of life. . . . It is considerable in that bright particular genius of our own day, George Meredith, who so strikes us as hitching winged horses to the chariot of his prose—steeds who prance and dance and caracole, who strain the traces, attempt to quit the ground, and yearn for the upper air."

Meredith wrote with the utmost difficulty; he toiled, slaved, sweated over his manuscript; his style is not in the least spontaneous, but rather the result of elaborate ingenuity, with more than a dash of downright perversity. It is contagious, too, as is shown in some of the estimates written of him by his admirers. His style is not only bad for a novel, it is bad anyway, it contains passages that perplex and torture, rather than interest or inspire. Take this sentence from *Lord Ormont and His Aminta:*

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Was she not colour the sight of men?

Meredith was a Master-Mind, but not a Master of English Prose; a master is like a fine man on a fine horse, you admire both the controller and the controlled. But Meredith is a bull in a china shop. A splendid bull, no doubt; but he needs more room, and it is not agreeable to hear the dishes smash.

Meredith's true vein might have been poetic drama. He was born at the wrong time. If he had only been an Elizabethan, or had belonged to the latter half of the twentieth century! He had great dramatic qualities, wonderful idyllic powers, was full of blood, and always a poet at heart. His splendid intellectual endowments would have made him a worthy contemporary of Marlowe and Chapman, and in that open-air age he would probably have written masterpieces for the stage. He is not quite a great lyric poet, nor a great novelist; poetic drama would have allowed his genius to become more articulate. It is highly significant of the domination of the Novel that this man should have elected to write in that form; also a great compliment to the Novel.

George Meredith was not so complete a Pagan as Thomas Hardy, but he was essentially Pagan; his real emphasis is on this life and on this present world; he speaks vaguely of God, but the Divine Power has no important rôle in his books, either as an immanent force or as our Father in Heaven. His men and women get along somehow without religion, and fight their own battles without looking up. Yet Hardy is an avowed pessimist, and Meredith's novels always give the impression of optimism. With no premises but the external world and its history to work from, Hardy reaches pessimism and Meredith optimism. This latter conclusion is perhaps owing to two factors.

First, Meredith was hearty, robust, genial, buoyant; his men and women delight in violent exercise, eat copious meals, and rejoice in old wine; they find the world jovial, and add to its joviality. Hardy, on the other hand, while tenderly sympathetic, and delicately responsive, has little geniality. He watches people feasting, but cannot feast himself; he is sorry for them, feeling sure that tears will follow laughter. If he ultimately reaches heaven, as through his sincerity and tenderness he ought to, his occupation will be gone, for there both sympathy and lamentation should be superfluous.

Second, Meredith believed (at least artistically) that men and women are not passive instruments of Fate; he thought that men and women can conquer heredity, environment, yes, fate itself; his stout-hearted heroes and heroines are at all times masters of their own destiny. The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings. In Hardy's eyes, we are mere bits of the vast machine; we have no more influence than the spoke of a fly-wheel; we do not have to wait until we are dead before we are rolled round with rocks, and stones, and trees.

Thomas Hardy's superiority as a novelist over Meredith consists mainly in three things; the perfection of constructive power (no novelist was ever a better architect), the beautiful stately march of his style (first chapter of *Return of the Native,* or Gabriel Oak telling time by the stars), and the universal character of his *dramatis personæ*. For, after all, Meredith deals merely with interesting groups of people, only occasionally, as in Clara Middleton, showing the type; while all Hardy's folk have the touch of nature. They interest us not because of their individuality, but because they are so poignantly human.

On the second of July, 1905, Meredith wrote in a letter to a friend, "Hardy was here some days back. I am always glad to see him, and have regrets at his going; for the double reason, that I like him, and am afflicted by his twilight view of life." And one can hardly conceive of Mr. Hardy writing so jovial a letter as this, written when Meredith was about forty years old. "I am every morning on the top of Box Hill—as its flower, its bird, its prophet.

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I drop down the moon on one side, I draw up the sun on t'other. I breathe fine air. I shout ha ha to the gates of the world. Then I descend and know myself a donkey for doing it." The last sentence betrays the Englishman.

Meredith had the modern contempt for asceticism. In a letter to the Rev. Dr. Jessopp, he said, "can I morally admire, or reverence, or see positive virtue in St. Simeon? Was he a hero, of his kind? Does the contemplation of him bring us nearer to God? To what a God! I turn aching in all my flesh to adore the Pagan, in preference. . . . Don't you see that it is not adoration moves the stinking Saint, but, basest of prostrations, Terror. . . . Be not misled by this dirty piece of picturesque Religiosity, animated: my gorge rises! I hold my nostrils. I cry for a Southwest wind to arise."

As a final word on Meredith's religion, it is well to cite what he wrote about prayer, in a long letter to his son. "Look for the truth in everything, and follow it, and you will then be living justly before God. Let nothing flout your sense of a Supreme Being, and be certain that your understanding wavers whenever you chance to doubt that he leads to good. We grow to good as surely as the plant grows to the light. The school has only to look through history for a scientific assurance of it. And do not lose the habit of praying to the unseen Divinity. Prayer for worldly goods is worse than fruitless, but prayer for strength of soul is that passion of the soul which catches the gift it seeks."

Over and over again he points out the eternal consequences of acts. In *Rhoda Fleming,* he says that we are immortal not in what we are, but in what we do; our acts go on forever, and it is only fools who think they can do anything and somehow avoid consequences.

We feel certain that Meredith was a Theorist, a Philosopher, a Moralist, and a Teacher. But it is impossible to say exactly what his theory of life was, whither his philosophy led him, on what his system of ethics was founded, and precisely what it is he teaches. Dickens represents Sin as something repulsive and malignant, and sinners as malicious; look at Quilp. Meredith represents sin as Folly, and sinners as Fools. Sir Willoughby is an ass; the two young men in *Rhoda Fleming* are fools; the one who repents seems simply to become sane; the other remains a fool, a fool positive. When the husband of her friend tries to put his arm around Diana's waist, he is represented as not so criminal as silly, and he is forgiven. To be sure, the attempt is the only kind of compliment some men know how to pay a woman.

Meredith's hatred of asceticism and conventional standards led him in his later work near the borders of the rather dangerous doctrine that the instincts of the heart are superior to the statute-book. We must trust nature, he seems to say, which is, of course, pagan rather than Christian doctrine. Meredith did not believe with Jeremiah and Browning in the deceitfulness and corruption of man's heart. Clara is absolutely right in breaking the engagement; Diana was right in cultivating an intimacy with an outsider; and in *Lord Ormont,* the final step is taken: Aminta leaves her husband, simply because she loves another man.

A contemporary reviewer (1894) said of this book that the exposition and the story were easily detachable. The story is very pretty and almost to the end, natural. The exposition is worthless. One hardened critic said he felt very uncomfortable in reading the book because "Aminta had no case that could be granted in a Sioux City divorce court." Now do we admire Thackeray less, or more, because he refused to yield to his passion for Mrs. Brookfield?

Not only did Meredith glorify the instincts of the heart at the expense of law and order, he glorified the liberty of the individual above all discipline. He himself had an undisciplined mind, and hated system; what would he have thought of Germany to-day? Consider his attitude toward the boy Crossjay in

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the *Egoist,* and think what the "system" did to Richard Feverel. In attempting to create our sympathy for Diana after her crooked transaction, he made not only a moral but an artistic error, and was partially aware of it, for in a letter written in 1884, he said, "Diana of the Crossways keeps me still on her sad last way to wedlock. I could have killed her merrily, with my compliments to the public; and that was my intention."

Meredith is the most chivalrous of novelists, and women ought to be fond of him. He loved Diana, even though he made her sell the news; and he will not forgive her fiancé because the latter will not forgive her. Redworth is the real lover; he loves Diana, not her attributes. After all, we don't love people for their qualities, but for themselves. Meredith believed ardently in woman suffrage, and though he counselled the militants against violence, it was clear that he sympathised with them. He said they must have patience and not think that John Bull will move for a solitary kick. His attitude toward Diana, Lucy, Rhoda and Aminta affords sufficient illustration of his chivalrous love of women.

Akin to this feeling—and as un-English as his love of France—was his appreciation and glorification of the Irish. He loved the Celtic race with all his heart. His Irish characters illuminate his pages; they shine in strong and intentional contrast with the stolid Englishmen. I think he loved them mainly for their chivalrous lack of prudence, for their dash and recklessness. In *Diana,* we find the following observation: "English women and men feel towards the quickwitted of their species as to aliens, having the demerits of aliens —wordiness, vanity, obscurity, shallowness, an empty glitter, the sin of posturing."

Those who have never read anything of Meredith, which includes the vast majority of the earth's inhabitants, ought to begin with *Rhoda Fleming.* It is not only the most normal in style of all his compositions, it is in many ways the most powerfully dramatic. The conflict here is between natures that do not and cannot understand one another; natures whose hearts break, but will not bend. Besides the leading actors, an indelible impression is left on the reader's mind by the farmhand Gammon. In a house black with awful tragedy, this clod eats prodigious meals with undiminished appetite, and thus exerts a wholesome influence on all the inmates; unconsciously he is a philosopher, showing both the importunate necessity, and the healing power, of food and sleep. It is plain that Meredith is in hearty sympathy with him.

The characters in Meredith's novels are not as a rule abnormal or indeed unusual; they are presented to the reader in an abnormal and unusual manner. He dresses them up in astonishing motley; could we strip their souls bare, they would be just like other folks. It is the same with his incidents; he uses an extraordinary style to describe ordinary events.

In the *Egoist,* what kind of a girl was Clara? Simply a "very nice girl." Her chief claim to our admiration is her personal beauty. There is nothing remarkable about her mind or temperament, and she might easily be found in a novel by Robert W. Chambers. The distance between Mr. Chambers and Meredith appears in the expense of energy. Clara is normal, like the young girls in our popular American writer; but Meredith uses all the artillery of his mind in bombarding the reader with presentations, introductions, comments, so that we finally take in Clara from every conceivable angle.

Like most thoughtful men, Meredith was impressed with the devouring selfishness of the ordinary male. This is brought out in one of the earliest and perhaps the greatest of his novels, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel,* where the heroine is illogically killed in order to emphasise the text. In the *Egoist,* of course, we have a powerful, minute, and prolonged analysis of the one unpardonable sin. Sir Willoughby is a blighting

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and ubiquitous curse; and the most cruel moment for him is when at last there crosses his brain the shadow of a doubt of his own perfection.

I remember Meredith for certain scenes rather than for certain books; it may be a damaging admission, but I have never wished a single one of his novels to be longer, and am usually heartily glad when I come to the end. For all his display of fireworks, I find myself forgetting his plots, forgetting his characters; I remember the horsewhip in *Beauchamp's Career* more vividly than any of the men or women, and I should dislike to humiliate any of my friends by asking them pointblank to give an accurate resumé of the story. The idyllic river scene in *Richard Feverel,* the parting of Richard and Lucy—these stay bright in the memory.

I am certain that Meredith's style gets between the reader and the characters like a hedge; at times it is completely opaque. He was too much in love with his phrases, and must have thought them better than they really are. For although it is blasphemous to say so, I regard the aphorisms in *Richard Feverel* as inferior to the aphorisms in *Pudd'nhead Wilson.*

Meredith himself was a thousand times more interesting than any of his works. The best part of all his stories is where he shows us most of himself. It is vain to classify him, to call him realist or romanticist. The marine duet in *Lord Ormont* is pure romanticism, but the election scenes in *Beauchamp* are pure realism. As a rule, however, Meredith never shows us *our* world, as Tolstoy does; he gives us tantalising, fragmentary glimpses of *his* world.

Meredith and Browning were alike in their tremendous masculinity, in their pre-occupation with the passion of love, and in their capacity for profound introspection. No intelligent reader of literature can fail to notice the points of similarity. Oscar Wilde summed them up ironically by saying, "Meredith is a prose Browning; and so is Browning."

With Tennyson—both in his art and in his viewpoint—Meredith had absolutely nothing in common. The delicacy and conventionality of *The Idylls of the King* infuriated Meredith. "The *Holy Grail* is wonderful, isn't it? The lines are satin lengths, the figures Sèvres china. I have not the courage to offer to review it. I should say such things. To think!—it's in these days that the foremost poet of the country goes on fluting of creatures that have not a breath of vital humanity in them . . . to hear the chorus of praise too! Why, this stuff is not the Muse, it's Musery. . . . I read the successive mannered lines with pain—yards of linen-drapery for the delight of ladies who would be in the fashion."

Shortly before his death, Meredith unwillingly attempted to appraise his novels. In this fashion he spoke: "I have not made any estimate of the value of my books in prose. . . . The *Egoist* comes nearer than the other books to the proper degree of roundness and finish. In *Diana of the Crossways* my critics own that a breathing woman is produced, and I felt that she was in me as I wrote. *Rhoda Fleming* is liked by some, not much by me. *Richard Feverel* was earnestly conceived, and is in some points worthy of thought. *Beauchamp's Career* does not probe so deeply, but is better work on the surface.—I have treated my books of prose as the mother bird her fledgelings."

Perhaps the best thing he ever said of his own work occurs in his novel *Beauchamp's Career,* although being in a novel, instead of in a private letter, the style of saying it is too consciously elaborate. "Those happy tales of mystery are as much my envy as the popular naratives of the deeds of bread and cheese people, for they both create a tideway in the attentive mind; the mysterious pricking our credulous flesh to creep, the familiar urging our obese imagination to constitutional exercise. And oh, the refreshment there is in dealing with characters either contemptibly beneath us, or supernaturally above! My way is like a Rhone island in the summer

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drought, stony, unattractive and difficult between the two forceful streams of the unreal and the over-real, which delight mankind—honour to the conjurers! My people conquer nothing, win none; they are actual, yet uncommon. It is the clockwork of the brain that they are directed to set in motion, and—poor troop of actors to empty benches!—the conscience residing in thoughtfulness which they would appeal to; and if you are there impervious to them, we are lost; back I go to my wilderness, where, as you perceive, I have contracted the habit of listening to my own voice more than is good."

Meredith was a fantastic genius, often reaching the sublime, often the absurd. The "leg" business in *The Egoist* is irritatingly ridiculous, and could hardly have been survived by a lesser man; his conversations often become fantastical, and he leads us to heights where we breathe rarefied air, rather than the invigorating breeze of the uplands. His pictures of Nature are sometimes glorious, sometimes abominably overdone. The school scene with which *Lord Ormont* closes is fantastical, and amid the dialogue and incidents of *The Amazing Marriage* the reader moves in a luminous mist.

If we live long enough, it will be interesting to watch the oscillations of Meredith's reputation, and to see where he finally comes to rest. One adverse and irate critic wrote of him some twenty years ago, "The public which so long neglected him was right. The public which now reads him is a conscientious public. It has been taught to think it likes him, or ought to like him. It does not like him; and the wave of incomplete popularity, swollen by adroit advertising, will presently spend its force and leave Mr. Meredith permanently stranded on a desolate shore."

Well, he is still afloat, despite the storms of time and the torpedoes of critics. If he remains on the ocean of literature, it will be because his natural genius was so great and his own mind so interesting that there will always be a select class of experienced travellers who will enjoy voyages in his company.

We in America, who have always liked him better and understood him more sympathetically than his own countrymen, ought to remember him with pleasure, because he spoke so warmly of us. In a letter written in 1886, he said, "Americans appear to have received my work very generously. Since their most noble closing of the Civil War, I have looked to them as the hope of our civilisation. . . . Therefore I am justly flattered by their praise, if I win it; their censure, if they deal it to me, I meditate on."

Just three months before his death, he wrote, "the English, unlike the Americans, have not accepted me in the form of a poet. I had to pay for the publication of my books of verse. Indeed, the run of the novels started from American appreciation."

Of the bright array of eminent Victorian British novelists, only one remains alive—Thomas Hardy. He is three-quarters of a century old, but it is not the dignity of age that gives him his present commanding position in literature; it is the simple fact that of all living English novelists, none can possibly be considered his rival. We may indeed truthfully omit the word English; there is no writer in the world to-day whose prose fiction is of equal value. His first novel was published the year after George Eliot's death, and then for twenty-five years his works appeared with no real pause.

With a third of his life he seems to have achieved immortality. What has he done with the other two-thirds? Grown up, practised architecture, written much verse, and for the last twenty years appeared before the public as a professional poet and historical dramatist. Granville Barker had the audacity to put *The Dynasts* on the stage. His next attempt will perhaps be the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Mr. Hardy's mind is so interesting, so richly meditative, so pregnant in fancy, and his view of art so architec-

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turally orderly, that anything and everything he writes has both value and charm; but I regard these last twenty years sadly, as I think what might have been; just as I regret the twenty years that Milton spent in politics, and as I rejoice over Goethe's refusal to do so, or even to become "patriotic." Genius is the scarcest thing on earth except radium; and to see it wasted is like being adrift in an open boat and watching some one wasting fresh water.

Mr. Hardy has written fifteen novels: ten are works of genius. I except *Desperate Remedies* because of its immaturity; *The Hand of Ethelberta* because of its triviality; *The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid* because of its slenderness in content; *Jude the Obscure* because of its hysterical exaggeration; *The Well-Beloved* because of its unreality. There remain ten great contributions to English fiction, ten great novels, a few of which, like *The Return of the Native, Far from the Madding Crowd,* and *Tess,* are established classics in literature, so far as we of to-day can see. And a person who should like *The Woodlanders* best of all—though I do not, preferring *The Return of the Native*—would have no need to apologise.

Mr. Hardy adhered to the old Victorian tradition in publishing his novels serially. Of the fifteen novels, twelve appeared in successive installments in periodicals. In fact, only the first two originally appeared in book form. Has this method had anything to do with the author's skill in holding his reader in suspense? Perhaps not; though it is well to remember the fact in studying the construction of *Far From the Madding Crowd.* True it is, that although Mr. Hardy's novels are full of solidly satisfying qualities, not even Conan Doyle or Phillips Oppenheim has any more power in compelling the reader to turn the next page. The difference is that if one tells you in advance the outcome of a story by these lesser worthies, your interest is dead; who reads Oppenheim twice? Whereas Mr. Hardy's books gain in excitement every time I read them, and there is only one where a knowledge of the conclusion subtracts much from the interest—*A Laodicean;* that book is different from all the rest of the work of its author, and was written under peculiar circumstances.

Mr. Hardy is just beginning to be known in France; I think he will eventually conquer the Continent. Although his subjects are insular, his style is not, and his thoughts wander through eternity. Mr. Hardy writes as though he lived on another planet, and by means of some tremendous astronomical contrivance, were able to see earth's inhabitants life-size, and regard them with the exclusive attention of a student, himself entirely remote from their concerns. He feels as the astronomer of the Lick observatory felt, when he turned the mighty telescope on flaming San Francisco; he breathed the keen, cool air of the mountain-top; but brought close within his vision were some hundreds of thousands of people living in hell. The astronomer's heart was wrung with pity at the spectacle; pity and horror; but there was nothing he could do, except continue to look. Man's extremity is Mr. Hardy's opportunity; but it is an opportunity only for art. Pessimism will help us all, he believes, by taking forever away illusory hopes which fade into anguish; those who expect nothing cannot be disappointed. The façade of a prison, he thinks, is more cheerful to contemplate than the façade of a palace. At any rate we know it to be a prison, and enter it with submissive despair; much better so than to have it resemble a palace outside.

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THE PROSPEROUS POET

BY JOYCE KILMER

In a recent interview, Mr. Laurence Housman, who, in addition to being the brother of A. E. Housman of "Shropshire Lad" fame, is himself a poet as well as a dramatist and an artist, said that one of the war's most conspicuous effects on the intellectual life of Europe was the great increase in the amount of poetry written and published. He also said that the poet was surer of a welcome in England today than ever before. And he considered this to be a manifestation of the spiritual awakening of the English people.

Have the echoes of the war been sufficient to cause the "spiritual awakening" of the American people? Apparently they have, if spiritual events may be such material things as the records of publishers and booksellers. For poetry in the United States is actually becoming a thing which the publishers are taking seriously; books of verse are selling by the thousand and even by the ten thousand. Never before have the American people shown so active a desire to purchase books of poetry.

Of course there have always been a few poetical "best-sellers," books of verse so much in demand that even the most prosaic booksellers have treated them with almost the same respect which they accord to new novels. Rudyard Kipling's *Barrack Room Ballads* were sold in larger quantities for a longer time than perhaps any succeeding volumes of poetry, and in spite of the new and great poetical successes of the last year and a half, it is probable that Kipling is still the leader of the poetical "best-sellers." Robert W. Service, whose treatment of the wild life of our continent's great North West is not unlike what would be expected of Kipling, has written books that have been in demand in places where poetry, as such, had few friends. James Whitcomb Riley, like Eugene Field, has for a generation appealed to people who could not be called lovers of poetry, and especially since the publication of *Tales of the Mermaid Inn,* Alfred Noyes's name has been mentioned by booksellers in the tone of affectionate admiration which they usually reserve for Robert W. Chambers and Harold Bell Wright.

It is difficult to conjecture why the fact that the German troops crossed Belgian soil should make the citizens of America rush out and squander their money on poetry. But it is a fact that the popularity of poetry in America has steadily increased since August, 1914, until today we find that the sales of one recent book of poetry—the *Collected Poems* of Rupert Brooke—have reached the astounding total of twenty-five thousand.

The books of poetry which have been selling steadily for years, such as those of Kipling, Service, and James Whitcomb Riley, have been for the most part possessed of something beside the purely literary appeal. They have reflected certain picturesque or homely phases of life, they have been patriotic or sentimental, they have had some quality likely to endear them to the reader who ordinarily does not care for poetry. But the books most in demand during the present "poetry boom" are not dependent for their success on any qualities extraneous to genuine poetry.

It would seem that a possible exception to this statement is Rupert Brooke's *Collected Poems.* The romantic figure of the soldier-poet, dying at Scyros like Byron at Missalonghi, and Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen, undoubtedly appeals to the imagination. Lovely as are the five sonnets in which Brooke expressed the reaction of the youth of England to

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the tragedy of our time, they would win our hearts less surely if we knew them to be the work of Mr. Robert Bridges, or some other unadventurous gentleman. But the tragically beautiful death of a poet is not alone sufficient to make twenty-five thousand people buy his book; Rupert Brooke's *Collected Poems* was forcefully called to the world's attention by his death, but the welcome which the book received is nevertheless a manifestation of a genuine appreciation of poetry.

From a symposium of opinions as to the best book of the year printed in a recent issue of the *Publishers Weekly,* it is evident that booksellers all over the country are taking poetry very seriously indeed. A Los Angeles book merchant calls the *Spoon River Anthology* the best book of the year. The manager of the W. K. Stewart Company of Indianapolis writes at length about the poetry of the year, praising William Stanley Braithwaite's *Anthology of Magazine Verse and Year Book of American Poetry,* and saying: "Three volumes for 1915 reached with us the plane of 'Best-sellers,' and have compared favourably with fiction leaders. These three were, of course, *Spoon River Anthology,* by Masters; *North of Boston,* by Robert Frost, and the *Collected Poems* of Rupert Brooke." He also gives a list of ten other books of verse of which he has sold more than ten copies each during the year. And not so many years ago, the publisher who bought three copies of a volume of contemporary verse thought that he was acting most recklessly.

Similarly significant are the results of the New York *Evening Post* symposium. Twenty men and women of prominence replied to the question "Which of the books that you have read during the past twelve months stands out in your mind as a book of the year?" Edgar Lee Masters' *Spoon River Anthology* received more votes than any other book.

The poet whose book sold to the extent of a thousand copies during the year following its publication was once considered extraordinarily fortunate. But one thousand copies is nowadays considered as poor a record for a book of poems as for a novel. Eight or ten thousand copies of Robert Frost's *North of Boston* have been sold, at least twelve thousand copies of the *Spoon River Anthology* and, as has been said, twenty-five thousand copies of Rupert Brooke's *Collected Poems.* Even the anthologies, which have in past years sold very slowly, have profited by the new interest in poetry. Of William Stanley Braithwaite's *Anthology of Magazine Verse and Year Book of American Poetry* for 1915, more than three thousand copies have already been sold.

Every bookseller admits this "boom" in poetry. Mr. Laurence Gomme supplies some interesting figures. He says that of Rupert Brooke's *Collected Poems,* Robert Frost's *North of Boston,* Masters' *Spoon River Anthology,* Francis Ledwidge's *Songs of the Fields,* Braithwaite's *Anthology,* and Irene McLeod's *Songs to Save a Soul* he has sold one hundred to three hundred copies each.

The publishers of Ledwidge's *Songs of the Fields* had the new interest in poetry surprisingly brought to their attention. They ordered a comparatively small number of copies of the book—five hundred or a thousand—and expected not to re-order for several months. But within a week the edition was exhausted, and they are obliged to print the book themselves in order to supply the demand.

Francis Thompson said that a poet was, in the opinion of the public, like a crudely constructed rubber doll, which must be pinched in the belly before it would sing. Apparently the public must reconstruct this theory, for it cannot think of a poet as starving when it knows that he is enjoying the royalties on twenty thousand copies of his book.

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THE NEW WORLD AND THE COLLEGE WOMAN

CONTRIBUTIONS BY WOMEN COLLEGE GRADUATES WHO HAVE ADVENTURED IN THE MODERN WORK-A-DAY WORLD AND FOUND THEIR PLACES THERE

EDITED BY HELEN J. FERRIS

An ever increasing number of college women find themselves at Commencement equipped with an elaborate education and an abundant vitality together with a sense of social duty. The problem of an outlet for their activities is becoming of vital importance to educators and the world at large. Here is a large group of the best blood and brains of the land—what opportunities does our liberal age place before it? The aim of this series of papers is to answer this question practically by women who have actually and successfully solved it. The papers are edited by Miss Helen J. Ferris, a graduate of Vassar, now connected with the welfare work of John Wanamaker's New York store. Begun in the February issue.

VII—THE SCHOOL GARDEN

By M. Louise Greene

AMONG my earliest memories is one of a large garden with rows of growing green things; of an old man tenderly caring for his currants and gooseberries; and of a tiny child playing about and occasionally running up with, "Father, may I have a berry?" A little later, distinctly recalled, were long, full days when a countryside, seemingly miles in extent, was tramped by us, my father showing me the beauty of moss and lichen, teaching me the wild flowers and that one should be my treasure and the others left for the wayfarers to enjoy. Then, a break. Years of city life obliterated all that early teaching. After a while, came vacations passed in the country and, not until university days, renewed contact with a garden and its care. All these experiences furnished their quota of preparedness to that far off time when opportunity should knock at my door, after school-gardening had hailed me as by chance.

To-day, with a hundred occupations open to women, a girl in high school or in college may select her life work according to her special bent or, by process of elimination, let the decision fall where the chances seem greatest of developing her powers to produce a well-polished round peg for a definite round hole. To-day, also, the average physique of the college girl is much higher than in mine when genteel calisthenics gave place to physical culture and the athletic life. But if it happens that a girl is physically handicapped or is lacking in stamina, she may, now, find opportunities in part-time work or in outdoor occupations, wherein she can make good. Not so in my college days.

Teaching and medicine were about all that presented themselves when, as a high school girl, I looked forward to college. Quite early, I decided that a Master's degree and a professor of English literature in some college was my ambition. Such was my vision of dignity, honour, and emolument! Bothersome illness shattered my plans. Years passed before even the coveted A.B. was mine. I had aimed at the Master's. I had decided also that a *sine qua non* to my teaching English was the ability to write a good story and to have a delicate perception of the fine points of literary style. During college years, it came to me that my sense of discrimination was not suf-

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ficiently exact. Still, there was hope of improvement. But when a gifted author criticised some of my short stories that had been most welcome to the *Miscellany,* our college publication, assuring me that if I would make a daily business of practising writing for ten or fifteen years and meanwhile had sufficient for maintenance, I might hope, then, to earn my bread and butter and something more, I considered it wise to remove my contemplated professorial chair from the English to the Historical department, for in college I had specialised equally in the latter and enjoyed the work fully as much. Of creative genius I had none, but some talent for narration and description that might serve me in a field where stern truth ruled.

Meantime, I was learning the detriment and the value of St. Paul's, or my own, "thorn in the flesh," and the day of the specialist was dawning. Until the thorn should worry somewhat less, regular paid employment was out of the question. Yale opened her doors to women with excellent opportunities for historical study and research. Therein, I made some progress, some pages of printed matter, and after a mixed routine of home life, study and writing, fell into the hole which, to judge by results, I fitted. Yet I found that literature and history have their distinct contributions to my present occupation; that college mineralogy and geology, old-time class room botany, and a most excellent course in chemistry, were biding their time to become the foundations of my school garden work. My interest in the school child's newer curriculum and in those things that youngsters love to do with their hands, introduced me to it. The school garden movement was just getting under way in this country when an opportunity presented itself to hear some lectures upon the subject between trains, and when on other business bent.

A winter's reading of everything I could find upon the subject followed. Next, a vacation in camp, where Mr. Herbert Heminway gave a six weeks' course on practical school gardening, was an introduction to months of more thorough work at the Hartford School of Horticulture. Here, had been established one of the earliest and most complete school gardens, with equipment for field and greenhouse work, children's and normal classes and, for me, a season's supervision of classes of children. The subject was a joyous one. My need of outdoor life was great. The field a growing one, teachers scarce, remuneration good and excellent for those who could fill responsible positions. Since I could write no more history for awhile, why not become a good school gardener? I added a tour of inspection to such gardens as were within reach, including those of New York, Yonkers, Philadelphia, Cleveland and Guelph, Canada; Mr. Henry Parson's short course for teachers; and entered again the college class room for the new psychology of childhood that had sprang up since I left my Alma Mater. Then, looking forward to a hoped for first assistant's place in some large garden, the unexpected happened as a result of a casual conversation.

Fairview Garden, Yonkers, has been a model garden to many, and its able superintendent, Mr. Edward Mahoney, has lent willingly of his knowledge and experience to every inquirer. One day, we discussed the need of a reliable book that should set forth the ideal and complete school garden, its adaptability as a whole or in parts to differing local needs, ages and conditions of children. Some weeks later, I was asked to outline for Miss Mary Butler, of Yonkers, my idea of such a book, which, if sufficiently promising she would present to Mr. John M. Glenn of the Russell Sage Foundations, which had under consideration the publishing of such a volume. So instead of a first assistant, I became the accredited representative of the Russell Sage Foundation, visiting gardens as far west as Minneapolis and St. Paul, sending out hundreds of questions to more distant ones, and, finally, writing

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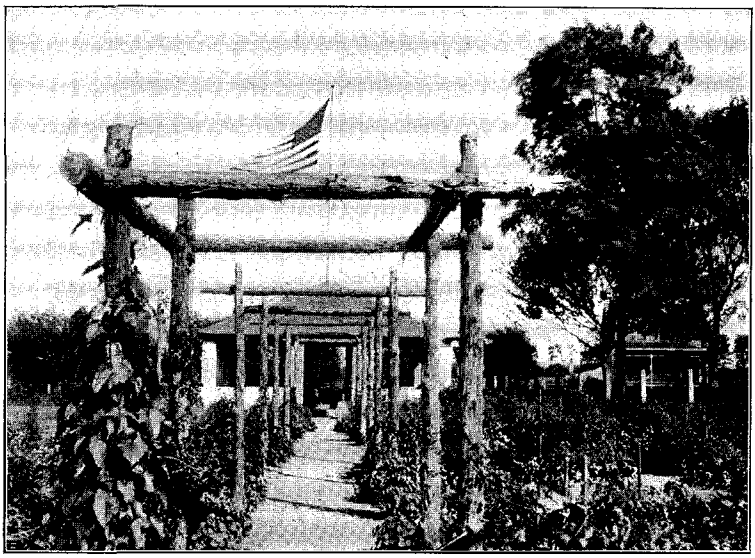

A SIMPLE PERGOLA AND CEMENT SUMMER HOUSE. (TRINITY GARDEN SCHOOL)

Among School Gardens (Russell Sage Foundations Publications, 1910). A second edition within the year, showed the awakening interest in the spreading movement. To-day, the School Garden Association of America counts its members in every State and territory, in our dependencies and in Canada.

Normal schools and universities now give courses in nature study, school gardening and elementary agriculture. There are also training classes in spe-

FLOWER SECTION, TRINITY GARDEN SCHOOL, "MOTHER'S DAY." (TRINITY PARISH VACATION COTTAGE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.)

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cial schools, such as the School of Horticulture at Ambler, Pennsylvania, or under special teachers as at the Botanical Garden of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, under Miss Ellen Eddy Shaw (also editor of the Children's Garden Department of the *Garden Magazine*).

Miss Susan Sipe, titular Nature Study instructor in the Normal School, was pioneer school gardener of Washington, and early received encouragement from the United States Department of Agriculture. More recently, Uncle Sam has reached out from the Department of the Interior through the Division of School and Home Gardens, to which he called as assistant a college woman from Cornell, Miss Ethel Gowans. This department sends out field agents to encourage schools to organise their children as home gardeners and to have a paid instructor for the work. She is also to teach nature study and sometimes the grade work. From the school as a centre and the school garden as a model, she directs the children at work, at home or upon vacant lots. Her season may be six or ten months and her salary from seventy-five dollars a month upwards. Twelve hundred dollars a year and more has been paid for similar positions, according to the extent of the work. She may be the head of a great organisation of school and home gardens as Mrs. Bok formerly was and Miss Caro Miller, or Miss Louise Klein Miller, former special student at Cornell, are. The latter was the first school garden teacher to be officially recognised by a city when made "Curator of School Gardens" in Cleveland.

PUTTING AWAY THE TOOLS. (NEW HAVEN ORPHAN ASYLUM)

Men in charge of such work are frequently known as superintendents or directors, the title I myself prefer. The term school gardener, as a title, almost as soon as recognised, sank into Nature Study teacher, garden teacher, supervisor or one of those named above, thus illustrating how the well established system or usage absorbs into itself the good, new thing. The term "school garden" characterises a definite kind and spirit of teaching rather than any cut and dried form of that teaching. Its fundamental requirements are a garden or any collection of plants in boxes or even picturesque tin cans; children to

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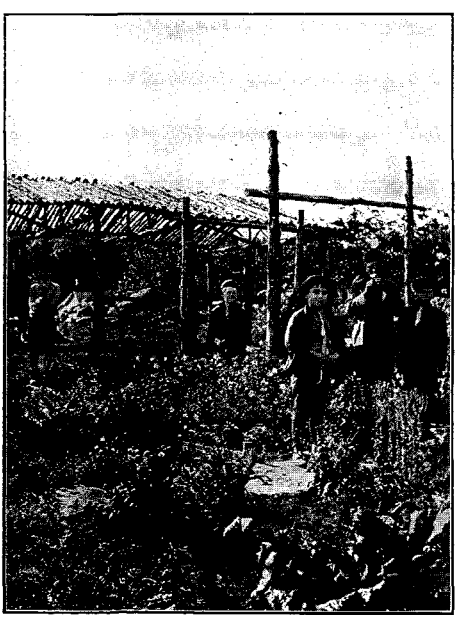
do the work of caring for them; an instructor who grasps the child's viewpoint (whether biased by pleasure or profit), who knows the ways and needs of plants and has the faculty of teaching them with incidental pointing out of their life in common with that of human beings, the lessons they may teach us in the business and moral management of our lives, and our dependence upon them,—upon agriculture as "the oldest of the arts and youngest of the sciences."

If such teaching finds welcome as a great help in making the abstract lessons of the class room become of personal interest to the normal child, much more helpful is it to the handicapped. In detention schools, it has proved a boon; in institutions for the deaf and dumb, the blind even, and the defective, a blessing. My deaf mutes love their garden for it helps them to express their pent up, almost unexpressible thoughts and feelings. It helps them and their teachers in the slow, painful mastery of the spoken word. My children of the orphan asylum learned joyously what it meant to have something of their very own and the grievous wrong of stealing, the harm of roughness. They found the happiness of sharing their labour and their treasures with each other, with a nearby hospital, and with their parents and friends on visiting days. They had also the practical knowledge of gardening, useful to the boys for whom homes were found. The children of a church vacation cottage witnessed to the value of the school garden in social welfare work. The Children's Civic Garden emphasised citizenship to the satisfaction of the Mayor, the Board of Education and Civic Federation as well as to their neighbours. Home gardens and school gardens taught more than one of my children that quiet pegging away often brings unexpected returns.



DEAF-MUTE BOYS. THE SUMMER-HOUSE THEY BUILT OF CEDAR LOGS. (MYSTIC ORAL SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF)

A SCREEN OF MORNING GLORIES. (HOME GARDENS, NEW ROCHELLE)

I have intimated the school work, the institutional, the welfare, whether one be in charge in one place or, like myself, a peripatetic instructor having one or more positions in a season and specialising in laying out and organising gardens. What is there in it financially?

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From seventy-five cents to two dollars an hour; a day's work, from two dollars to ten dollars and expenses or from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars per month according to your worth. You may have a short season with part of the year for other work, or the year with vacation in the late fall or winter. Most of the leaders add also lecture work upon their own or allied subjects, netting them from fifteen dollars for an afternoon to fifty dollars for a night. What is in it? The joy of living things and a form of teaching more like that of disciple and master or of fellow explorer in the great outdoor world while you "give a child wide interests and give them young."*

VIII—College Women in Business

By Mary A. White,

My sister and I opened the Sunshine Laundry in Brookline, Massachusetts, in 1898. Our thoughts were directed to this particular business by the laments of another sister, a college teacher, whose clothing often suffered from harsh treatment in laundering. She would exclaim, "If I wanted to go into business, I would certainly start a laundry." This set us thinking; could not we, as women, enter with genuine sympathy into the desires of other women and of particular men, too, for the utmost niceties of work? We would spare no pains to save unnecessary wear, and to do the best work, and no detail should be neglected.

In former days the housekeeper held all these matters under her own direction. But the ever-increasing scarcity of domestic helpers had forced multitudes of families into apartments, where there was little space for laundry-work, and often no one to do it. A work which supplied a real and constant need of the community was a good kind to undertake. Our business chosen, how could we best serve our apprenticeship? This problem was partly solved by visiting many public laundries, where we gained much valuable information. Laundry-owners realise that courtesy to visitors is one of their best forms of advertising, and there is something to learn from each and all.

It is amusing to recall how our ideas changed. For example, our first plan was to hire a small tenement, and to fit that up for our work; but so universal was the regret of laundrymen that they had started in too small quarters that we finally bought land in our home town, close by a parkway, and planned a building with floor space of about fifty by sixty feet; yet, we, too, have enlarged repeatedly, and our building now has nearly four times its original capacity. From the first our aim has been to have the rooms radiate sunshine and cleanliness, and our skylights and many large windows not only supply fresh air, but give the worker every opportunity to see the quality of her work.

We soon found that a marked feature of the laundry business is the fact that each week is complete in itself. People expect their clean clothes returned within the week. Failure in this regard for a few weeks would put almost any laundry out of business. But see what this may mean to the laundry. The work may have been running smoothly; then comes a week when, for no obvious reason, there is a great increase in the amount of work. Now, in one way, the additional work is welcome; yet how is it to be done? Perhaps that very week an unusual number of the workers are absent; the collars, which run through all the bundles, proclaim some defect in the new supply of starch; or the town has had a fire, and the water comes laden with iron-rust from the extra scouring of the pipes. All the same, each customer reasonably expects his work returned as usual, and our great struggle is not to disappoint him. The effort to meet such a crisis is transmuted into greater strength and courage for the next one, and there is exhilaration in "playing the game."

This weekly rounding-up we found was also one chief advantage of the busi-

*Alice Freeman Palmer.

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ness. It enabled us to know each week the profit or loss of the previous week, and it often showed also deficiencies in our system, which we could try to remedy in the new week. Ah, that word, "system"; how much it has come to mean to us in the seventeen years of our business life! To receive thirty thousand pieces in a week and guide them through all the processes with such accuracy that nearly every one reaches its owner promptly, requires a careful system and well trained workers.

How has our college education helped us through all these years, in a business which has its full share of snags and sudden upsets? It has done for us just what it has for countless others, men and women. It trained us to see quickly the best way to meet a situation. It formed the habit of separating essentials from non-essentials—one blessed result of those years of note-taking. And the human side was of no less value; the daily intercourse with our teachers, and with our fellow-students, those frankest of critics, ever ready to discuss all "things in heaven and earth," all this helped us to understand human nature as we met it later in our business. The college girl learns the value of team-work, the power of coöperation, on committees, in athletics, everywhere. She learns how essential are tact and self-control. Her note-books may go to the winds, she may, and probably will, forget much that is in them; but if she has been reasonably faithful to her opportunities, no words can measure the worth of her different attitude to life. Many are the men and women who gain this and much more in the education of life, but my sister and I are grateful to our Alma Mater, Smith, who made our business possible

IN THE SUNSHINE LAUNDRY, BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS

Perhaps our greatest test came eleven years ago, when a serious fire broke out in the laundry in the night, and at the beginning of a month of freezing weather. The steam pipes burst, the floors were burned, and most of our eighty windows were broken, but our business never stopped. We were able to send out our work, and some of our workers, to ten other laundries where help was kindly offered. The complications of insurance were settled, and the building restored to order so that in three weeks all of our hundred workers were back in their usual places. Times of unusual difficulty will come in any business, but there is no question that the world is teeming with opportunities

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for the trained woman who is not afraid of hard work, because she knows the joy of overcoming. For such an one there is abundant suggestion and hope in this familiar quotation: "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap, than his neighbour, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a well-beaten road to his door."

IX—Training for Efficiency in the Department Store

By Mrs. Lucinda W. Prince, Founder and Director of the Union School of Salesmanship, Boston, Massachusetts

Those of us who shop in Department Stores—and most of us do—have often been annoyed or disappointed in our shopping because of the inefficient salesmanship of the girl who waited upon us. And we have blamed the girl for lack of interest in her work. How many of us have ever thought that her inefficiency is due, not to lack of interest but to a lack of proper training? This occurred to me forcibly in 1905, when I was working among a group of fifty working girls in connection with the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston. I interested myself in these girls. I went into their homes and got acquainted with their families. I visited them in their stores—for most of them worked in stores. And I was dismayed to find that their chief thought toward their work was "getting a raise." The idea of trying to do better and better work did not seem to occur to them.

"I've been here three years, Mrs. Prince," a girl would often say to me, "and I've only been raised once." I then would ask her, "What are you doing to be worth more to your store?" For answer the girl would look curiously at me. As if that had any connection with getting a raise. It was then that I became convinced that education had a real contribution to make in training efficient workers for the mercantile world. I determined to work out a plan of education in this field. But first I had to get the girls with whom to work. So I went to the heads of some large department stores. My interviews were discouraging.

"No, Mrs. Prince," they would say, "workers must grow up in the business. That is the only way to train them. Besides, what do you know about selling?"

Their question was a good one, for I had never sold. I at once decided to try it. I went to work selling in a Boston store. On my first day, I sold three times the amount sold by the girl next to me, partly because I was interested in serving the public. She was interested in getting her salary. I studied my merchandise and my customers with practical results on my sales book. My selling experience gained, I was more sure than ever that there was a need for the scientific training of salespeople and that that training could not but result in benefits to the stores as well as to the salespeople themselves.

My first class was a group of girls who were unable to get any positions at all—misfits who heard about the class and who came because this course seemed a "Last Hope." The heads of the stores were still unwilling to coöperate in sending me their girls. But when, even with this poor material, results actually showed, then it was that an Advisory Committee of the Superintendents of the Boston stores was formed, to look into my plan and see what could be done. This was the beginning of active coöperation with the stores. Were you to come to the Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston to-day, you would see a most interesting school in session. Sitting in a classroom, taking notes or reciting on the lesson in Textiles, Hygiene, Selling Methods, or whatever is being presented, here is the class in Salesmanship. Part of the class is made up of girls who are employed in the Boston stores, girls who come to us for part of the day, going back to their stores to put to practical use what they have learned. Without textbooks, we teach them sales-

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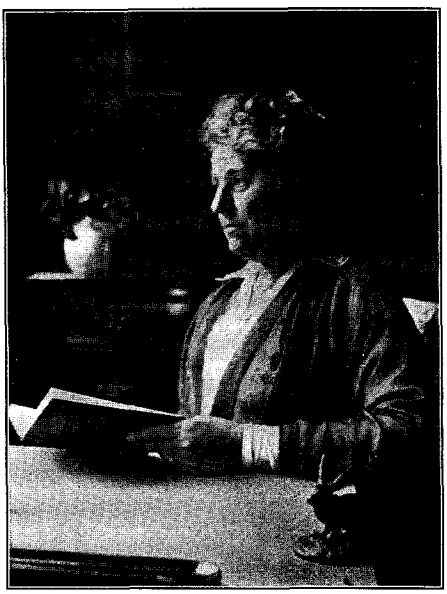
manship methods, with lessons on such topics as "Approaching the Customer," "Service to the Customer." We give a course in Colour and Design, in Arithmetic, with attention to the specific store problems where the use of arithmetic occurs, besides the courses in Applied Physical Education and the Elements of Economics. So it is that we feel that our course not only affects the working capacity and efficiency of the young women who come to us from the stores, but we know that they leave us with a broader view of life and the problems they must solve.

The other girls in the class are college graduates, who have come to the School to learn how to train store employees to be efficient workers. For we call the school the "Laboratory." Here is a class of store employees, with whom the girls may work. Here they discuss with these girls the problems which come up every day in selling. The college women actually sell, too. They go into the Boston stores during the school year, and during December, into the large stores as salesgirls in New York, Boston—wherever they can gain the necessary and valuable experience. Then they come back to the school and discuss their experiences. Work is given to them, too, in Simmons College, in Applied Psychology, Principles of Education, Textiles, and Economics.

By the end of the year's course, the college women have taken the regular courses we give to the store girls in Textiles, Selling Methods, and so forth. They have taught in class. They have studied fundamental principles in education. They have had actual selling experience. In all, they have gained a first hand and direct knowledge of work in a store. The course is not theoretical and abstract. Practise is emphasised and the understanding of experience through discussion.

Upon the completion of the course, the graduates are ready to go to work. Cleveland, Atlanta, Newark, Indianapolis, San Francisco, New York, Milwaukee, Denver, Toledo, these are some of the cities in which our graduates are working. And the stores in which they are employed are well known for their progressive methods. Even the men who send for our graduates are often unbelievers until the girls get to work. If we can really do what we say, their store can use them. But



LUCINDA W. PRINCE, WHO WRITES ON "TRAINING FOR EFFICIENCY"

they "want to be shown." This is just what our graduates do—show them. So it is that the stores are asking for our college trained women because they have the power first to make a survey of the situation in which they are to work, and second, to give suggestions in reorganisation and in the system of training the employees. The classes in service and merchandise, which the graduates organise, give the opportunity for personal work. And for the college girl who has the vision of Service, no greater field could be found. The store girl who is discouraged over home troubles can be cheered and helped. The girl who is selling gloves, but who "just loves hats" can be put in her niche.

But these graduates have found posi-

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THE DEMONSTRATION SALE, FOLLOWED BY CRITICAL CLASS DISCUSSION, IS ONE OF THE MOST HELPFUL IN THE COURSE IN SALESMANSHIP

STUDY OF COLOUR AND DESIGN. A CORNER OF THE SCHOOL ROOM ARRANGED TO BRING OUT THE EFFECT OF POOR LINES, BAD COLOUR COMBINATIONS, AND REALISTIC DECORATION

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tions not only in stores. On the list of our graduates are the names of fifteen who have "school positions." Merchants are beginning to demand that the young people who come to them from the Public Schools shall have received there some practical training in the work which they are to take up. And the Public Schools are beginning to meet this demand. In Boston, one of our graduates is "Acting Director of Salesmanship in the Public Schools." Eight others are conducting classes there in the High or Continuation Schools. The Boston stores are coöperating with the Board of Education by permitting those taking the course in the High Schools to work one day a week as "Specials" in the store.

So it has come about that in ten years, the merchants' attitude of doubt has changed to one of eagerness for help. In fact, each step in the development of our school has been the natural outgrowth of their demands. The field has spread from one city to many, from the store to the public school. And, to-day, in the School of Salesmanship in Boston, there are in a class of twenty-eight young women, five Wellesley graduates, four from Vassar, three from Smith, three from Radcliffe, with others coming from the University of California, of Washington, Michigan, Leland Stanford, Knox, fifteen colleges represented in all. Their interest in their prospective work is increasing more and more as they become familiar with the problems in retail merchandising. For they feel that to train others to find their "place in life" is indeed a high form of service.

THIS NIGHT OF STARS

BY GUSTAV DAVIDSON

Thanks for this night of stars,
Enrolled in beauty perfect without name,
And heaven's measureless calm.

Thanks for the nodding wind
(So faint with fragrances)
That fans across this cheek in whispering strain,
And leaves its message there.

Thanks for the utter holiness of peace
Investing hill and vale and glade and tree,
And lifting plains, and ever-journeying streams,
Over all which, night, flung athwart the one-half world,
Holds luminous sway.

Thanks, too, for the silence so o'ermastering:—
The summing-up of a million voices
Broadcast in the day,
And which the evening hours have gathered up,
And thus attuned.

Thanks, thanks, for all.
The virtue and the glory of this night
Hath my soul in thrall.

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FRANK HOWARD DODD—A MEMORY

THERE are many who will cherish the memory of Frank Howard Dodd, and could a memory be happier? It is a memory of continual buoyancy, of a man young at three score and eleven years, of a life to the last in its full vigour and powers, of a serene happiness in the work done in the past, and a resolute building for the achievement of the future. Almost to the end he was planning for new things. For one there was to be another edition of the New International Encyclopædia. That he whimsically suggested was to be the cap to his life's work. But would it have been? The writer doubts. Rather there would have been fresh ideas to be given form, new enterprises to be launched. So much of his happiness was in the work itself. Seventeen years the writer knew him, and from the day of the first meeting until the last, a few short weeks before his death, he can recall no change. The fire was always there. At seventy-one his ardour was as keen as it had been when as a young man of seventeen, he had come from Bloomfield, New Jersey, to embark in his father's publishing business, and incidentally to watch, from the windows of the old structure at 506 Broadway the famous march of the Seventh Regiment down to the Battery to entrain for Baltimore. In the span of intervening years he had seen much. J. C. Derby pointed to his fifty years among books, authors, and publishers. Mr. Dodd had seen his fifty-five years. There were other activities. The city that he had first known as a vast, unwieldly country town, the city with which he was always so closely identified, grew into a world metropolis. An avenue in whose future he believed, and for which he fought, was, in the last ten years of his life, transformed from a somnolent old thoroughfare, given over mainly to antique shops, into one of the city's throbbing arteries.

Mr. Dodd was born in Bloomfield, New Jersey, April twelfth, 1844. Five years before, in 1839, his father, M. W. Dodd, himself born in Bloomfield in 1813, a graduate of Princeton with the class of 1837, and later a student at the Princeton Theological Seminary, had laid the foundations of what was to be the house of Dodd, Mead and Company, when he embarked in business as a publisher of theological books at Brick Church Chapel, City Hall Square. Mr. Frank Dodd's mother was Rachel Hoe, a sister of Robert Hoe of R. Hoe and Company, and Mr. Dodd was always closely associated with his uncle until the latter's death. Of the American publishing houses that have survived, that founded by M. W. Dodd was one of the pioneers. The Harpers dated back to 1817. 1825 marked the foundation of the house of D. Appleton and Company. In 1836 the present firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons was established in a shop in Nassau Street. In 1840 Mr. Charles Scribner began his business in the same building that was occupied by Mr. Dodd. The years about 1840 marked the passing of the old Knickerbocker life with its quaint customs and its tone of land-holding aristocracy. Among M. W. Dodd's early publications were the works of Charlotte Elizabeth, Cruden's *Concordance of The Bible,* Dr. Spencer's *Pastor Sketches,* and the sermons of Dr. Spring, then and for many years after pastor of Brick Church. These were among the best selling books of their day. About this time Mr. Scribner was publishing the works of J. T. Headley, "Ik Marvel," and N. P. Willis. In an address written to be delivered at the dinner of the Booksellers Association at the Aldine Club of New York in June, 1905, Mr. Frank H. Dodd gave a picture of his early recollections of the New York publishing world. He had then been a bookseller and publisher as man and boy for more than forty years. He recalled that in his

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youth the May anniversaries of the religious societies were a great event in New York City and the strangers who flocked to town to attend them used to register their addresses in his father's store. The New York which Mr. Dodd knew as a very small boy was substantially the New York which Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie described in an article in THE BOOKMAN of last month as being the city which confronted Bayard Taylor when he came to it to try his fortune in 1848. The old town of Irving had become a middle sized city of which N. P. Willis was probably the most conspicuous literary light. Miss Lynch, who afterwards became Mrs. Botta, kept open house to talent of all sorts, and in her pleasnant salon met the lesser lights of the day, like Griswold Morris, the Sedgwicks, Grace Greenwood, Halleck, Hoffman, Mrs. Osgood, —"pleasant people mostly now forgotten," Mr. Mabie writes, "but good company, and given to music, readings, and much mild gayety. Bryant was the foremost figure among them, and late in the century his Homeric head and lithe figure were to make old age contemporary with youth in the streets of New York." Later into this world of letters came Stedman, Aldrich, Fitzjames, O'Brien, and the rest.

Before Frank Howard Dodd, a lad in his teens, entered his father's business that business had been moved from the Brick Church Chapel to 506 Broadway. Then the war came, first bringing great disturbance but later moving to a livelier activity. The sixties were long before the days of international copyright. In the absence of a law there grew up what was called "courtesy of the trade." This was a tacit understanding between publishers that anyone announcing the book of an English author by advertisement in the New York *Commercial* had established a substantial claim to it (with which no one was to interfere). It had been customary to pay an honorarium to the writer of a successful English book, who, in turn, gave such authorisation as he was able to the American publisher who had established direct relations with him and sent him advance sheets of his forthcoming books in order that he might be earlier in the market than the pirates. The tacit understanding assumed that if a book was successful the author would receive the customary remuneration. It was actually so disreputable to break over this courtesy that it was seldom violated. There were, of course, occasional complications, and when one publisher invaded what another regarded as his territory reprisals were considered to be perfectly legitimate. The publication of Froude's *Carlyle* started a curious controversy. The Scribners were the recognised American publishers of Froude; and the Harpers were the recognised American publishers of Carlyle. Each house felt itself entitled to the new book, one basing its claim upon the author and the other upon the subject.

Between the publishers and the American authors of those days the relations were like those existing between lawyer and client, or doctor and patient. No publisher would have considered approaching an author who had been discovered and published by another, with offers of better terms. If Dr. Holmes had visited New York and proposed to Mr. Appleton to publish his next book the chances are that he would have been asked, "Have you severed your relations with Ticknor & Fields?" If he said "No, but I hope to be offered better terms by you than they have been giving me," he would have been told that it was impossible to make such an offer so long as his relations with his old publisher were friendly, and the probability is that Messrs. Ticknor and Fields would have received a letter from the Appletons telling them of the interview. Mr. Dodd has told the story of such an episode.

My father had published the writings of Mrs. Charles, an English woman, whose first book was the *Schonberg Cotta Family*. This and all of her books were immensely popular. He had sent her a handsome honourarium, and she had recognised him as her American publisher. It came to his

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ears that Mr. Scribner, who had started a magazine, which was afterwards merged into the *Scribner Monthly,* had asked her to write a story to be published serially in that magazine. My father sent a message to Mr. Scribner deprecating his interference with his author. Thereupon, as I remember very well, in came Mr. Scribner one morning with his letter book under his arm and said to my father, "I understand that you feel aggrieved that I have approached Mrs. Charles and I have called to read to you my letter to her." Then he called me and asked me to hear it as well. In it he had asked her for the story, and he had said in the most emphatic way that he considered Mr. Dodd to be her authorised publisher, and that he of course would issue the book. All he desired was the serial publication which, as he thought, would help rather than hinder the sale of the book.

Have the old ideals passed away? Have the old courtesies become entirely a thing of the past? Mr. William Dean Howells has recorded an incident that bears upon that question, an incident that is associated with the subject of his Memory. It was in the dark days when financial disaster seemed to be threatening the Franklin Square Publishing house with which Mr. Howells had been so long connected. There seemed to be nothing to do but to seek a publisher elsewhere, so the novelist went to Frank H. Dodd with the first chapter of a story which became *The Kentons,* and an offer of the book, an offer which was naturally at once accepted. But the skies brightened, and it was made clear to Mr. Howells that he might continue his relations with his old publishing house on the same pleasant and profitable basis. He went to Mr. Dodd, told him frankly where he stood, and asked for a release from the agreement. "In business, which the ignorant think altogether sordid," Mr. Howells has recorded, "many delicate and generous things are done, and I could never forget the terms of this eminent publisher's compliance with my suggestion, or the wish for my profit and pleasure in the renewal of my old relations with Franklin Square which he so cordially expressed."

Mr. Dodd's career bridged the years that saw the passing of the older generation of publishers and the rise of the new. In 1870 he succeeded his father in business and with Edward S. Mead formed the firm of Dodd and Mead. Their first marked success was *Barriers Burned Away.* In the year 1871 E. P. Roe was pastor of a church at Highland Falls, near West Point, New York. At that time he had never written fiction, nor had he any definite promptings toward authorship. Early in October he was asked to preach in a church without a pastor in New York City with the understanding that he would consider a call if the congregation extended it. It was on the night of that Sunday that the burning of Chicago began. On Monday people in New York read the startling headlines in the morning papers. An impulse moved Mr. Roe to go at once to the stricken city. Out of that visit came *Barriers Burned Away.* The fashioning of the story in his mind and the task of writing out the pages occupied almost two years. Serially the tale appeared in the New York *Evangelist.* In book form it made its first appearance toward the end of 1872, and was an instantaneous success. By the following March Dodd and Mead had sold thirteen thousand copies of the book, astonishing figures for those days. Year in and year out the demand for *Barriers Burned Away* has gone on; it is still selling after more than forty years, and its total sale, in all editions, may be roughly estimated at not far from a million copies. *Barriers Burned Away* was the first of almost twenty novels by Mr. Roe, and his connection with his publisher was close until his death in 1888.

In 1876 Bleecker Van Wagenen joined the firm. In 1884 the partners decided on a step destined to be of great importance in the history of the house. They purchased an Americanised reprint of Chambers's well known encyclopædia and upon it builded the *International*

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Cyclopædia and later the *New International Encyclopædia*. In Mr. Dodd's mind through these years had grown the idea of a great American encyclopædia modelled upon the lines of Brockhaus. Slowly and patiently he devoted his efforts to perfecting the *New International Encyclopædia* in such a way as to make it worthy to rank with its great European model. Able lieutenants in the building of the *New International* were the late Daniel Coit Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, the late Harry Thurston Peck, and Professor Frank Moore Colby.

Mr. Dodd's activities as a publisher were not confined to this country. Few Americans have been so well liked in England. He was in the habit of visiting London every year or two and his circle of friends among British authors and publishers was a wide one. Sir William Robertson Nicoll, who wrote his "Recollections" of Mr. Dodd in the *British Weekly* for January twentieth last, recalled their first luncheon together, a lunch that was the beginning of what was to be a long and close friendship. It was at the National Liberal Club, and after the repast, they found a comfortable nook in the library. Sir William never forgot that day, and Mr. Dodd's talk of matters American, and his way of telling a story. Englishmen paid Mr. Dodd what they considered to be the highest form of compliment. They took him for an Englishman, which meant that they took him to their hearts. In association he had the best that literary London had to offer. He was thrown in intimate contact with the ripest literary scholarship. The talk he heard at London tables was the talk of such men as Maurice Hewlett and Austin Dobson amiably disputing over certain comparatively obscure poets of the age of Queen Anne. Miss Beatrice Harraden was always one of his and his family's closest friends. He brought out in America Ian Maclaren's vastly popular *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*. Dr. Watson and Mr. Dodd were introduced to each other by Sir William (then Doctor) Robertson Nicoll. "The two grasped hands at once and were never parted," is the way Sir William has expressed it. When Ian Maclaren came to America on his first lecturing tour he achieved a success second only to that of Dickens. In this country Mr. Dodd was his constant guide, his philosopher and friend. It was the same on the second lecture tour, and on the third tour, brought to an abrupt conclusion by Dr. Watson's death. It was natural that in the shock of calamity Mrs. Watson's first thought was to reach out for that kindly hand that years before had grasped the hand of her husband and had never let go.

There were men beside Dr. Watson to whom that initial handclasp meant a tie that was to hold while life lasted. They were the men who in the various business enterprises in which he was interested looked to him as the leader; the men who were associated with him in work for social betterment; the men who came into intimate contact with him in the Century Club of New York which he loved so well. For among all the qualities of Frank Howard Dodd there was perhaps none more dominant than his genius for friendship. And the reason that he received so much was that he gave so much. He inspired loyalty in those about him because loyalty was the keynote of his own nature; because his lieutenants knew so absolutely that when his friendship and confidence were once given they would never lightly be recalled. Expediency sways many men. Expediency did not sway him; the breaking of an association meant too much of a heart wrench. Few men go through life so considerate of the feelings of others. The grave courtesy, the bright smile, the genial optimism, the depth of his sympathy in the hour of trouble, the sincerity of its expression, were born of the true politeness of the heart. The politeness of the heart. That sums it all up so well. The man to whom it was given, as it was so richly given to Frank Howard Dodd, commands through life the best of the affection and friendship that life has to give.

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EIGHT NOVELS OF THE MONTH *

BY H. W. BOYNTON

"TWILIGHT"

A STORY that is original in both material and handling is a rare thing: Mrs. Frankau has more than once achieved it. In her earlier books it was disagreeably and as it seemed then, sensationally achieved. *Pigs in Clover* and *Baccarat* left a bad taste in the mouth. *The Sphinx's Lawyer* was far more unpalatable. These books were written out of a frank contempt for that Anglo-American prudery which has, Heaven knows, been pretty thoroughly disposed of during the past decade. Mrs. Frankau apparently did what she set out to do—showed that there is no impediment in the English tongue for dealing with matters of sex pathology. We have journeyed far along that dismal road since then, but not under her continued guidance. With *The Heart of a Child* she turned to romance,—a romance wrested, as it were, by main strength out of a mass of realistic detail. Having once turned away from naturalism, "Frank Danby" yielded herself to sentiment. The hero of *Joseph in Jeopardy* is a person of almost fantastic chastity. *Concert Pitch* is a book of Quixotry. *Twilight* is a study of the selfless devotion of a strong, primitive, masculine nature for a "temperamental" woman.

Not a strikingly novel theme, you say. That is true,—but then, there are no novel themes in romance. Original material is another matter. Ancient and familiar and well-nigh conventional as Dr. Kennedy's devotion is in its essence, it becomes a new and moving thing because it is his; it manifests itself in extraordinary ways because he himself is fresh and real. The frame of the story is uncommon: A middle-aged woman novelist, victim of neuritis, seeks refuge from London noises and London doctors in a small country-house at "Pineland." There she finds herself committed by the assiduity of her sister into the hands of a youngish Dr. Kennedy. From the first he shows himself less interested in her as patient than as tenant of "Carbies," the house in which, years before, Margaret Capel has lived. The house is unchanged, Margaret's furniture, her books, her intimate belongings remain there; he returns to it as to a shrine, in which he obscurely feels her presence. And, still more obscurely at first, he identifies her presence and personality with that of the newcomer. Margaret, too, has been a story-teller, she, too, has suffered, and depended upon him for relief from suffering. He even fancies a physical resemblance, and his thoughts of the dead woman gradually mingle with his consciousness of the living one. Still, though his talk is always returning to Margaret Capel, he does not tell her story outright. It is patched together from allusions, from letters and fragments of a diary which have been found, and from visions in which whole scenes of the little drama seem to take place before the eyes of the new tenant of "Carbies." In her opium-dulled anguish and exhaustion, she fancies herself

*Twilight. By Frank Danby. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Belfry. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company.

At the Door of the Gate. By Forrest Reid. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Accolade. By Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

John Bogardus. By George Agnew Chamberlain. New York: The Century Company.

The Man of Promise. By Willard Huntington Wright. New York: John Lane Company.

Father Payne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Seventeen: A Tale of Youth and Summer Time and the Baxter Family, Especially William. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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visited by Margaret Capel, besought by her to set down her story. And so at last it almost automatically completes itself.

Margaret Capel, it seems, was an egotist, a woman of talent who fancied herself a genius and demanded the privileges of genius. She wrote one or two mannered novels, which had the reward of their kind. She then divorced her brutal husband (what would British fiction do without that brutal husband?) and "between the nisi and the absolute" retired to "Carbies" and made the acquaintance of the two men who figure in the action proper. One is Dr. Kennedy, the uncouth young assistant of the chief practitioner in Pineland. The other is Gabriel Stanton, a youngish London publisher whom Margaret has approached with the project of a book. Stanton is whatever Kennedy is not—the formal, reserved, ultra-gentlemanly type. He conceives a highflown romantic sentiment for her, and she responds. But in the meantime, while betrothed to Stanton, she permits Kennedy to make violent love to her. Something in his rough ardour appeals to her, and she does not deny herself the luxury of his enslavement. She has, perhaps, an obscure sense that he is the better man; certainly his is the more natural manhood. She loves Stanton, but when the test comes (by a turn of plot which we need not go into here) he is ready to risk her happiness and her very life for a point of honour. It is to Kennedy that she looks, and not in vain, for her quietus. To give her peace he disregards the code of his profession, and of the civil if not the moral law. And he has to live on. The idea of sacrifice is said to be perilous ground for the novelist or the dramatist to build upon. It suffices here; and Kennedy's figure is not the less moving because the object of his sacrifice, with all her charm, is clearly unworthy of it.

"THE BELFRY"

There is a superficial analogy between the two important male figures in Miss Sinclair's new story, and the two in Mrs. Frankau's: the contrast, that is, between the man of contained and slightly colourless breeding, and the man of crude natural force. The man of breeding, Walter Furnival, tells the story; but the little bounder, Tasker Jevons, is the hero. Furnival is and remains a sober journalist of the better type, while Jevons begins with newspaper work, but ends with anything he chooses in the field of contemporary letters. Not that he is represented as a genius; he is, rather, a man of will and energy and versatility, who, like, say, Mr. Arnold Bennett, knows exactly what he is working for, and how to get it. He has "efficiency," and a deadly consciousness of it. His father is a petty official in a country parish, a common and brutal man; Jevons, after a fragmentary schooling, works for a short time in his office, then deliberately cuts loose, with the determination to "get on." He becomes compositor, proof-reader, reporter, novelist, playwright, by a succession of deliberate and well-planned manœuvres. He habitually "gives himself" a month or six months or a year to achieve such and such an advance—and achieves it. His aim is "to arrive," and he chooses writing as the quickest means available. "His talent was so adriot," says his chronicler, "that he might have chosen almost any other; chance and a happy knack and a habit of observation determined his selection of the written word." He has no sooner scored a brilliant success as a journalist, a success upon which he has coolly reckoned, than he turns to novel-writing as the second phase of his career. Merely that: his campaign is planned in cold blood for an end. His first novel is "to hit the public, rather unpleasantly, in the eye;" it will be a novel not to sell, but to get attention. The second story is "to counteract the disagreeable effects of the first." The third novel is to achieve—to be his best, and to give him a firm hold of his market. He will then write plays, and they will succeed. All these things, we are

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to believe, come to pass. Jevons becomes a famous novelist and playwright, a rich man, a man who has arrived.

But the story is not about that; it is about Jevons himself, the man who exists behind, or in spite of this success, the little bounder who is never sure of his aitches, who does outrageous things at table, who swaggers and poses, and catches himself at it, and swaggers and poses again, who admits that he is a coward and in the end shows himself a hero according to all codes. We are to look at him mainly through his wife's eyes, the charming Viola who has been so fascinated by his unlikeness to her own sort, and who in due course has so much to suffer from that unlikeness. Studies in mismating are of perennial interest: there have been a good many of them recently. The most uncompromising and in some respects the strongest of them was *The Stranger's Wedding,* by W. L. George. There, as in Mr. Reid's *At the Door of the Gate,* is a marriage between a gentleman (Mr. Reid's Richard is intrinsically that) and an incurable vulgarian. In neither of these cases is any solution possible but separation. Now Miss Sinclair appears, for the greater part of her story, to be taking us along the same road. Viola's instincts are for her own sort, and her thumb-jerking, joint-cracking Cockney does not grow more endurable with the years. Indeed, she has fairly left him, and probably for good in all senses, when Miss Sinclair suddenly takes the question into her own hands and—begs it! From the moment when the European war breaks out, or breaks in, all is wild romance. Jevons rushes to the front, Viola and the devoted Furnival rush after, to behold him performing prodigies of valour, embraced by generals, vindicated, made perfect. And therefore Viola is to be happy with him ever after! Here is a climax which ruins the integrity of the whole book. I am willing to believe that Jevons has, contrary to his own expectation, turned out a brave fellow as well as a good-hearted fellow and a clever fellow. But the question of his physical courage is not the main question, as far as his relation to his wife is concerned. Nor is that of his capacity for unselfish devotion. What has estranged her from him is his vulgarity, his impossible tastes and manners. And these she will still have to live with.

"AT THE DOOR OF THE GATE"

Yet again an American publisher produces from a clear sky the "latest novel" of a youngish writer who, it appears, has already won recognition at home. As to his earlier work neither *Who's Who* nor his publishers inform us. It is clear, however, that he is not simply a new member of the school which has been concerning itself so much with manners and with sex, and so little with character. There is a spiritual quality in this book, a moral stability, even. Its Richard, though at the outset threatens he to be one more "artistic" invertebrate, has real traits of purity and nobility, is able, at times, to think in a straight line. Can this be because he does not approach life through Oxford? Richard Seawright is a middle-class boy of Belfast. His mother is a widow, a good and sensible woman, but her natural sympathy is for her coarse and conventional elder son, rather than for the sensitive and ambitious and rather inarticulate Richard. Up to a certain point the bare outline of Richard's story is sufficiently "modern." To begin with, he aspires to be a writer, as is almost obligatory for the current hero. In the second place, he early becomes conscious of sex. Then the sex-impulse presently results in marriage with a silly, pretty girl of incurably vulgar tastes with whom there is no chance of his being happy. His real mate is Grace Mallow, a girl with whom he has been brought up and who has always adored him. She also marries, however, and it is not till that has happened that Richard discovers what she is and what she might have meant to him. The silly wife, seeing what has happened, seeing, above all, that she is

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nothing to him, tries with piteous gallantry to take herself out of his way, and indeed dies in circumstances for which he feels that his elder brother, Martin, is to blame. Martin has been his evil genius from childhood, and now Richard, in a moment of fury, causes his death, though he does not actually murder him. Though he is under no suspicion, he tells Grace what has happened. She offers to join her life to his at all costs. But he has undergone a sort of conversion, a spiritual illumination, and feels himself in some sense dedicated: "I have seen God. . . . I do not know where He will lead me; I do not know what He will do with me. But wherever I go He will be there. That is why I must go alone. I must have no ties, no one depending on me. I must be His, so that He can claim my life and death at any moment." In this fashion he meets poor Grace's mood of passionate surrender. She can only go out of his life, leaving him to his vision. Whether it is a real vision or not we may only surmise. We part with him, at least, as one who still hopes and aspires, after his sorry initiation into life, instead of (as is now fashionable) one who has nothing left to go on with but a shrug and a sigh.

"THE ACCOLADE"

The "Duke Jones" of Miss Sidgwick's recent story of that name was another heroic bounder, whose disinterested chivalry rather shone by contrast with the correct merits of the aristocratic Shovells and Ingestres, whom he is destined to befriend. In the present story, the Ingestre blood is sufficiently vindicated in the person of young "Johnny" Ingestre, who, though he appears to be the least responsible of the tribe, shows himself in the end an exemplar of its best traditions.

The Ingestres are one of those untitled English families who, we are given to understand, represent a finer and purer aristocracy than may be predicated from any mere title. That fragment of the family tree which here follows the table of contents, makes clear a relationship that remained somewhat confused in the earlier narrative. The Violet Shovell who had her place in the foreground of *Duke Jones,* and is hardly in the background here, is sole scion, in her generation, of the elder Ingestre branch. "Johnny" is of the younger line, and has a different strain in his blood. His grandfather has married an actress: she appears in this action in the long-mastered rôle of great lady; but Johnny has inherited her talent and instinct for expression. This instinct, and his father's petty domestic tyranny, result in his abandonment of the university for London and the stage. He is on the way to distinction when, some years later, his mother's health breaks down. He adores her, and for her sake gives up his career and subjects himself to the family rule as embodied in his father. This involves an early marriage with a colourless and conventional and altogether eligible girl, Ursula Thynne. Now Johnny is by nature a lover, a cuddler of women's hearts. The loss of his chosen work and his marriage to a prude do not tend to his reform. He is on the way to become a middle-aged social philanderer when he finds the thing he has been all the time half-consciously in search of—a real passion. Its object, the girl Helena, is worthy of it by virtue of her sweet womanly possibilities: she has no strength against him, she fears no fate which includes Johnny Ingestre. It is for him in the end to spare her, to subdue his own longing for happiness, for the sake of—what? Not merely honour in the abstract, not merely the family name, not merely pity for his unloved wife, or for Helena, not merely the desire for legitimate children of his name—but a feeling in which all these urgencies blend, an instinct deeper in him than the instinct of the pleasure-seeker and the insubordinate—in short, his chivalrous Ingestre self. In the steering of Helena toward a real and stable happiness, in the discovery that poor, prim Ursula secretly loves him

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with all that is in her, are presages of his own peace. It is all very English, of course. You feel the family as a personality maintaining itself, if necessary, at the expense of its members. And what breaks down the childless Ursula's self-control, and reveals her to Johnny for the first time is the news that Violet Shovell has borne a son—a presumptive heir to Johnny. But these conventions are second nature to any experienced American novel-reader. What I feel is to be really deplored is the fastidious and involved style in which Miss Sidgwick, as usual, wraps and obscures her very human story.

"JOHN BOGARDUS"

About a year ago there appeared a novel of odd character and singular flavour — *Through Stained Glass,* by George Agnew Chamberlain. The author, it appeared, had been born in Brazil of American parents, and had returned there in the consular service after an American schooling. Of recent years he has been consul at Lourenço Marquez, Portuguese East Africa. His book was a tale of many lands and atmospheres; but it chiefly concerned two persons, a father and a son, their characters, experiences, and philosophy of life. There was a good deal of spade-calling in it, a frank handling of matters of sex. But sex was not its preoccupation, in its way it was a book of dream and aspiration. There was something fresh and natural and boyishly idealistic about it—a man's book. Of *John Bogardus* I find myself wishing to say the same thing, and hesitating to say it. This book is somehow less fresh and spontaneous than the other. Its plot, when it remembers to have a plot, is a rather absurd contrivance. Again the relation of father and son is the central and abiding one. John Bogardus is son of an American university professor who, conscious of being a makeshift, determines that his only son shall be prepared to do thoroughly what he himself has only half done. The boy is sent abroad, masters the Romance languages, and picks up a good deal of knowledge in other fields, including the field of sex. There is a place awaiting him at the university, but he is still too young, and his father sends him off to travel and grow up. He adopts a little English girl, and takes her with him on a long sailing voyage, in the course of which he leaves "Janice" in good hands at Durban, and proceeds to earn his title of able seaman. He returns to America, becomes assistant professor at the paternal university, revolts against the drudgery of it, and takes to the road. The rest of the story, as a story, concerns an idyl with the coy daughter of a Yankee farmer, a romantic passion for the saintly daughter of a California missionary, and a fleshly amour with a daughter of pleasure, who is called Dora, but may be the little Janice of the past. His last day with Dora sees the outbreak of the great war. He is inspired to prophetic utterances, in print, which lead to his recall to his old university as professor of anything he chooses. Two incidents at the very end illustrate how crudely the plot is contrived. Muno-Muno, John's exotic servant, drowns himself before John's eyes in a remote spot on the coast of New Jersey; John emerges from the water after vainly trying for a rescue to find the Dean of the university waiting for him on the beach, with his proposal. And at the moment when, after his return to the university, he first enters his father's room, the old man is burning, sheet by sheet, the monograph on Draw Poker which has been the solace of his years. "I read your essay," he says humbly. "Like you, my boy, I know that to-day all frivolous ambitions are dead."

"THE MAN OF PROMISE"

Superficially, there is a rather odd surface resemblance to this story in another novel of the month. The son of the head of a Western State College goes forth to learn the world, has many adventures, intellectual (we are told)

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and erotic (we perceive), and in the end returns to his father's college as a teacher. But there the resemblance ends. *John Bogardus,* with all its crudity and dubiousness of detail, is a book of aspiration. John's return to the routine of service is a beginning, an acceptance of opportunity. With Stanford West it is the end, the visible sign of his surrender. There is a far more striking resemblance between this book and Mr. Dreiser's *The Genius.* Like the alleged hero of that dreary chronicle, Stanford West is a paltry figure from beginning to end. It is idle for his author to try to persuade us that he is a man of remarkable personality and achievement, "the ablest novelist in England," and what not. He is a wretched human insect, the slave of his momentary lusts, and if in the end we leave him pinned under his wife's thumb, we can only feel that it is the best place for him. Whether or not (as has been suggested) Mr. Dreiser had his tongue in his cheek when he painted his latest caricature of manhood, it is clear that Mr. Wright takes his portrait and his subject seriously. The idea is that poor Stanford West cannot fulfil his promise because he is always being smothered by some woman or other. For example, there is the mistress of his college days, whom he occasionally beats and drags about by the hair; if she had not been a female, he would not have been obsessed by her, and he would have taken his degree at Harvard a year earlier. As if it were not bad enough to have to keep a mistress, he possesses, at the same time, a fiancée out West, and is presently constrained to let her marry him and support him. Even then women will not let him alone, and he is continually being hampered by the necessities they thrust upon him. At intervals, when they give him time, he does, or prepares to do, great things: "His eyes were fiery and confident. When he talked, his language was exuberant, his gestures spirited. His brain overflowed with discoveries and intuitions, expectant aspirations and organised energies." But they do not give him time enough. If he leaves his wife, there is always somebody to step into her place. Occasionally they are useful to him for the moment. There is Evelyn Naesmith, for instance: "She compensated him for the absence of his wife and, in a measure, furnished him with a justification for having deserted his legal obligations. His nature was such that he required a sexual and social complement; and no woman had ever gratified his material and chemical needs with such intelligent understanding." But the handy Evelyn proves faithless, and our hero, subduing "an instinct to strangle her" sends her out of his life. Alas, the conspiracy of woman against him has by this time done its deadly work. That "gigantic ethic of culture running to ten volumes, which would cover every branch of aspiration" is given up, and the fellow knuckles under and is disposed of,—not a little to one reader's relief and satisfaction.

"FATHER PAYNE"

Is the writing person as general an object of interest as he thinks himself? I have just noticed the odd fact that six of the eight books in this group have to do with him. *Twilight* concerns two females of the species. *The Belfry, At the Door of the Gate, John Bogardus,* and *The Man of Promise,* one male apiece. *Father Payne* introduces a whole flight of authors, though they are but authors in the making. For that matter, the William Baxter of *Seventeen* is a poet to the best of his knowledge and ability; and the hero of *The Accolade* is at least an artist manqué. Do people in general really like all this pother about the fellow who scribbles, or is he simply "wished" on them?

The publishers of *Father Payne* tip us a stage wink about its authorship, and internal evidence of style and matter point pretty clearly to Mr. A. C. Benson, who has printed several books under, as it were, a nominal anonymity. No writer among his contemporaries has his limpid flow of expression. At times

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he fairly reaches the goal pointed to in one of Father Payne's utterances: "Try to say things like Newman or Ruskin—big, beautiful, profound, delicate things, with an almost childlike naïveté. That is the most exquisite kind of charm, when you find that half a dozen of the simplest words in the language have expressed a thought which holds you spellbound with its truth and loveliness." There is plenty of other evidence—reflections upon fear and death and immortality and pretty much all of Mr. Benson's favourite themes—allusions like the one about Melbourne as he is portrayed in those letters of Victoria which Mr. Benson edited. But all this is a matter of curiosity. On its own merits the book is of great interest. A novel in the generally accepted sense (if there were such a thing) it is not. There is really no narrative. An unsuccessful schoolmaster, well past middle age, unexpectedly inherits a country estate of some value. He is without ties, a man keenly interested in writing as a human thing; and he gathers about him a group of young men to whom he plays the part of mentor and friend. The book is made up largely of his conversations with them. It is talk of great charm and suggestiveness, on all sorts of themes connected with the craft of the writer, and the craft of living. By way of it, the personality of "Father" Payne is interpreted with much skill and sympathy. He is a tyrant in his way, but not a martinet; and he never loses sight of his purpose to help his protegés in bringing out the best that is in themselves, in their own way. But the whole enterprise is an expression of his own personality, and he realises, as he faces the death which challenges him rather suddenly, that it can hardly go on without him. It remains an experiment: there is, he confesses, no self-sustaining "life" in it.

The quality of a book like this can be far better suggested by quotation than by summary. Here is a mine of suggestiveness, and a clear vein of that mild inspiration which its putative author has always at his command. Indeed, one might describe Father Payne as a more robust A. C. Benson. He is full of brusque Johnsonian frankness, as when he declares that the novel he himself is indulging himself by writing is "a vomit of all the novels he ever has read." And his criticism is based always on strong common sense: "Art oughtn't to be a thing sprinkled on life, as you shake sugar out on to a pudding—it is just a power of disentangling things." As for the writing person, Father Payne thinks him of value only as he helps disentangle things—there is nothing reverend about him, unless as he makes his service a reverend thing. Short shrift here for the spineless "temperamental" hero who may be found squirming his way through so much of our current fiction.

"SEVENTEEN"

I have more than once expressed the opinion that Mr. Tarkington is a better humourist than novelist. *The Turmoil* seemed to me, and still seems to me, a rather pretentious and absurd yarn, with little integrity of action or characterisation. In the Penrod stories, on the other hand, he produced something genuine. Not since the *Real Diary of a Real Boy* (which has been too soon forgotten) has the very substance of American boyhood been so captured and held alive between covers. Penrod was not a real boy, he was something better than that—an embodiment of boyhood. We all recognised ourselves in him—that was the uproarious part of it. In *Seventeen,* the interpreter has attempted a more difficult feat, for which there have been even fewer precedents. A boy-child is a solid and comprehensible thing compared with a boy-man. It is the season between the codling and the apple which is the most difficult for everybody concerned. For a day which, with its shoddy "boy's book," seems bent upon giving youth a false glamour of dignity and heroism in its own eyes, such an interpretation as this should be good medicine. The tale of William Baxter's

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love is confessed comedy. It has, like the Penrod stories, a good many passages of pure farce; but as a whole it easily merits the higher classification, as genuinely comic, and not merely "a comic."

LIVE LONG AND BE HAPPY*

BY M. P. ALLISON

THOSE who hold the passes to that delectable region where people live long and are happy in bodily health and vigour have not always been generous in giving the freedom of its roads to all and sundry. Until within fairly recent years their conviction has been deep that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing and that therefore it was much better for the big, ignorant public to come to them when it was ill, do as it was told and ask no questions. Consequently, the public, like the big child that it is, tried to climb over back fences and slip through holes in the hedge—anything to get into that closely guarded land of health and happiness. They drank patent medicines by the barrel, they took to drugs of false and malevolent spirit, with cheerful and childlike faith they bestowed vegetables and brown paper and such innocent articles about their persons, they declared that there is no such thing as illness and that a physician is a meddlesome and useless person. Those who are entering upon middle age can remember when a man learned in medicine won only disapproval from his fellow physicians if he ventured to put into a book for popular reading some of that knowledge which they regarded as too precious and too recondite for the public mind. But they have all, even the most conservative, grown wiser, in more ways than one, and they have come to see quite plainly that if a great, busy, intelligent public is to be restrained from plunging into physical disasters without number it must have all the information about its ills that it wants, or can be taught to want. It is interesting to see how, as more and more vistas have been opened in medical science, these now willing breakers of the loaf gain confidence in their audience and send forth books that grow ever broader and deeper in their expositions of the science of health. There are still plenty of the simple talks on health, the books of advice that go little below the surface of physical phenomena. But the number is increasing every year of those that, like most of the volumes reviewed below, are notably successful in putting into a form that can be read by the average person with understanding and profit and intellectual enjoyment the discoveries and developments that underlie the whole of modern medical science. They show that the matter, reduced to its elements, is, after all, rather simple and that the passes that lead to the delectable land are not difficult.

*The New Public Health. By Hibbert Winslow Hill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

American Public Health Protection. By Henry B. Hemenway. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Who Is Insane? By Stephen Smith. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Side-Stepping Ill Health. By Edwin F. Bowers. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Psychology of Recreation. By G. T. W. Patrick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Why Be Fat? By Amelia Summerville. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Man An Adaptive Mechanism. By George W. Crile. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"THE NEW PUBLIC HEALTH"

Dr. Hill has had much to do with the safeguarding, in various ways, of the public health in Minnesota and he writes from the vantage point of one who not only knows what communities

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and individuals ought to do to protect themselves from eruptions and invasions of disease, but who has had ample experience in endeavouring to induce and compel them to do those things. His book deals with the whole subject so logically and so simply that it could hardly fail to convince and convert the most hardened offender against the principles he lays down. To those readers who have not kept abreast of the progress in sanitation during recent years the basic foundation of all his argument will be in those pages wherein he shows how revolutionary that progress has been, how it has upset all the former beliefs about protection against disease and proved that ordinary cleanliness and sanitary cleanliness are two different matters and that disease can breed in the most spick and span of surroundings. Upsetting to former ideas also is the proof the new public health principles bring that fine physique and perfect health cannot protect the body from insidious invasion of disease from the outside. "The chief advance of recent years," he says, "is that which recognises the specificity of cause and effect, both in Hygiene and in Sanitation; and meets each separate source or cause of each such trouble with a specific measure to prevent it."

It is the particular purpose of the new public health to direct its defensive and aggressive measures against these invisible and destructive agents of disease and endeavour to eliminate them. That it could be done, he is quite sure, if every community could be awakened to the realisation of their awful cost in money and in life and to a knowledge of the fact that they can be got rid of. "Each generation of Americans," he declares, "pays now for infectious diseases ten billion dollars at the least, and has the diseases, too! Why not," he asks, "pay one-tenth this sum and rid ourselves of all of them forever?" For that, the entire elimination of all infectious diseases, is the goal which Dr. Hill sets before American communities and in his book he tells them how they can reach it if they care to take so much trouble. It is an interesting book, brimful of all the newest knowledge upon the relations of the individual and the community to each other upon the questions of hygiene and sanitation, of practical advice for the application of that knowledge and of argument and facts to show how unnecessary is the suffering we undergo from these disease plagues. It is a book that ought to be read by everyone who is charged in the slightest degree with responsibility for the public health, by everyone who is intelligent enough to realise the responsibility of the individual to the community in such matters. In particular, it ought to be taken up and studied by all the women's clubs from end to end of the country.

For the women, especially the mothers, declares Dr. Hill, are chiefly responsible for the continued domination of the human race by infectious diseases. Ninety-five per cent. of these diseases, he says, are nursed at home by the mothers and in their hands rests the responsibility of freeing the race from their curse.

"AMERICAN PUBLIC HEALTH PROTECTION"

Dr. Hemenway's and Dr. Hill's books supplement each other as admirably as if their authors had written with that intention. That two books, each so complete in its own purpose, could both treat the same subject and scarcely repeat each other shows how large already is this new domain of learning which Dr. Hemenway declares to be "a new profession as well as a new science." He takes a larger, more comprehensive view of it than does Dr. Hill, but pays less attention to its practical applications. He devotes much attention to the historical development of the idea of making community health a public responsibility and to the development of the forms which that responsibility has taken in recent years. He traces also the evolution of the new science, whose birth he dates in 1898, out of the recent

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discoveries in bacteriology and shows it to be conditioned by the principles and developments of that science. He recounts the history and explains the methods of the various State and national health agencies, discusses the changes that are due to the advancement of science and devotes an interesting chapter to comparison of medical and sanitary education. He contends that it is a mistake to think, as it has long been the custom in this country, that any physician makes a competent health officer. He declares that most physicians are not fitted for sanitary work, for many reasons, and that "there is not one practitioner in five hundred who knows the rudiments of modern sanitation." Heretofore the best education for health executives, he says, has been given in schools of engineering. Dr. Hemenway makes a strong plea for the education of specialists in modern sanitation so that the supply of leaders and lieutenants will equal and stimulate what he hopes will presently be the public demand for them. He admits the present deplorable state of apathy and ignorance as to what this new science can do for the community, but he thinks that a better public understanding is already on the way. His informed, well-balanced survey of the question ought to help much in bringing about that result.

"WHO IS INSANE?"

A man so full of years as Dr. Stephen Smith—he is ninety-three years old and has won medical and public service honours commensurate with his age—who can write a book about a repellant subject so full of interest and wisdom and genial humanity is well worth attention. But his book would be a matter of consequence to the ordinary reader, even without his age and his interesting personality, because of the wise and simple way—the way that is the outcome of complete familiarity with his subject—in which he takes the age-old curse from insanity, shows it to be a curable disease, having its origin in conditions that frequently are able to be controlled and rectified. Starting with the physiological truth that "in the constitution of every human brain there are conditions tending powerfully to induce mental states known as insanity," he goes on to show how certain periods of human life, certain ways of living, tend to develop those conditions and so produce the state. He gives wholesome advice for the safeguarding of those seasons of life when insanity is most likely to appear and cautions against the ways of living that tend to produce it. He believes in work and in intellectual interests not only for the prevention of insanity but also for its cure and as remedial measures for the treatment of the feeble-minded and the criminal.

All of us expect to grow old, but few expect to undergo danger of insanity, and so Dr. Smith's chapter on old age will be of more general and direct interest than any other part of his book. When he is asked how he has preserved his own mental and physical vigour to such extreme old age he replies, "I have always kept my brain and stomach in good repair and very busy." He thinks that all the cases of men and women who have retained health and mental capacity to greater age than is usual teach an important physiological truth, namely: "That those who reach the borderland of old age and begin to suffer the sadness incident to the depression of the vital forces should strive to keep every organ of the body attuned to its normal functional activity." They show, he thinks, that if life is kept full of congenial interests, the mind active and the bodily organs in good condition good health and happiness will wait upon length of days.

"SIDE-STEPPING ILL HEALTH"

There is no thrill quite like the pleasant titillation consequent upon finding one's own pet unruly organ set down in a book for just what it is, and the explanation of why it is unruly can be warranted to arrest anybody's attention. Dr. Bowers can rest assured that he will fascinate full many a reader at

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least long enough to scan the chapter that is of personal interest. Headaches and screaming nerves and loose teeth and that little demon, a cold, and bald heads and a variety of other things are discussed in eighteen chapters with medical knowledge that is up to the minute, tolerant common sense, genial humanity, humourous turns of thought and phrase and a delightful way of poking fun with an entirely serious face at harmless little health fads. All science has in it much of the spell of romance and of the awesomeness of mystery and magic; and of both the developments and discoveries of modern medicine have their full share. The reader who is not entirely dull-minded will find ample measure of them in these explanations, simply and entertainingly written, of the causes of the bodily conditions in which originate many of the common ailments and the accounts, equally scientific and equally simple, of how they can be avoided. For the gospel the author preaches—and could there be a more altruistic gospel preached by a physician?—is that of keeping oneself well by means of knowledge and care and common sense.

"WHY BE FAT?"

Miss Summerville, known to theatre goers all over the country as a pleasing and successful actress, here tells, with notable brevity and with an economy in the use of words that can be recommended to many authors, how she reduced her own weight by a hundred pounds in one year and at the same time improved her health and her enjoyment of life. She did it, she says, by means of diet and exercise and by being patient and persevering and always very firm with herself. Walking she thinks the best exercise, but anything that keeps one active and in the open air and can be done with enthusiasm will be beneficial. Concerning some of her dicta it would be just as well to have expert medical opinion before following her advice. But her menus and recipes will be found useful by those who wish to follow her method, after they have assured themselves that the always-to-be-considered factor of individual idiosyncrasy is not opposed.

"THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RECREATION"

The chapters in this book treat, besides the long introduction and the conclusion, the psychology of play, laughter, profaniy, alcohol and war. The array of subjects is alluring and the first sight of it whets the curiosity to know what the author has to say of such a sensational alignment. Grotesque though the collection seems at first sight, Dr. Patrick finds all its members to be rooted in the same soil, and to be, also, the products of man's unconscious endeavours to live long and be happy. Going to war may not seem the most likely means of securing either of those desirabilities. But the author makes it plain that to a whole nation, or a race, or even a whole civilisation, the baptism of fire may appear, under certain conditions, the only worth while gateway to life and happiness. The chapter on war is one of the most interesting additions yet made to the literature of explanation that has grown up since the present war broke out. For it goes deeper than any of the others, down into the foundations of modern society, and finds the causes of the amazing explosion to have been neither political nor economic nor racial, but purely psychologic, the inevitable product of the high tension and swift pace of modern life and the profound need of mankind to relapse into the primeval after living for a time at so high a pitch. The principle involved, that of "relief from tension or release from some form of restraint," is, he says, the same in all these five phases of relaxation. It will, he feels sure, be useless to combat the increase of alcoholism without providing something to take the place, or lessening the need, of the relaxed nerve tension which it makes possible, just as it will be useless, also, to carry on a peace propaganda unless a harmless substitute for war can be found. Dr. Patrick, who is professor of philosophy in the State Unitversity

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of Iowa, has written an illuminating book and one that is deeply interesting, provocative of thought and full of suggestion. Those for whom the procession of life is an ever entrancing subject cannot afford to miss it.

"MAN AN ADAPTIVE MECHANISM"

A long and thrilling drama is that staged by Dr. Crile, a drama of which each one of us can feel himself the climax, the drama of man's incessant struggle with his environment, by means of which he has gradually fashioned himself into his present image. The author throws the searchlight of science upon the successive acts of that age-long drama and in its revealing rays we see, he says in the final long and graphic sentence of his book, "in the complete life cycle of the individual from conception to death, clearly here and dimly there, the mechanisms by means of which a sensitive being immersed in hostile environment effects survival,—we see man—an adaptive mechanism." Dr. Crile is a believer in the mechanistic theory of life and whether or not one accepts that somewhat depressing and always unsatisfying answer to man's great question, one can hardly find its concrete basis set forth in such four-square and solid fashion as here. This volume, however, is not in the least an argument in defense of a theory, but an endeavour to show that, accepting man as a mechanism which has adapted and is constantly adapting itself to its environment, we thereby throw much light upon the phenomena of all his physiological processes, both normal and those that have been considered abnormal. The work is the result of many years of research and his study, he says, "seems to have shown that the causation and origin of most pathologic and normal phenomena differ in no fundamental respect." The practical application to life of the principles of mechanistic adaptation which he sets forth will, he believes, have beneficial influence upon the development of preventive medicine and will make more easy to realise man's inextinguishable desire to live long and be happy.

VEILED VISION

The air is heavy with its liquid tears,
And Nature, blurred in all her outlines, weeps;
The humid mist insidiously creeps
Till circumscribed and small my world appears.

So, oft our love is big with grief, and wears
A shrouding garment, and the unseen deeps
Our vision hem; the heart its sorrow reaps,
Its love crushed down, gone every thought that cheers.

O boundless universe beyond our ken!
O love undying barred within the heart.
What may appease its cravings, ease its smart,
Or break the barriers which this earth-love pen?
Repressed or parted here our love may be,
Yet will it upward soar continually.

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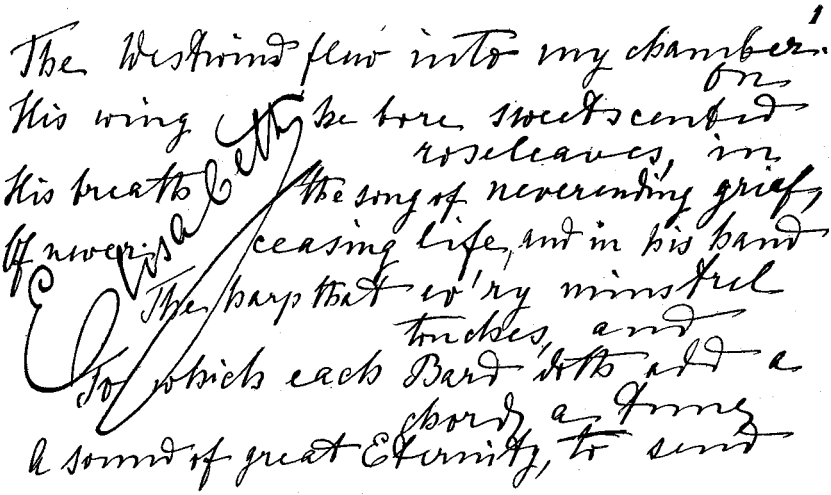

THE FIRST PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT SENT BY CARMEN SYLVA TO ARTHUR UPSON

AN INCIDIENT IN THE LIFE OF CARMEN SYLVA

BY FLORENCE BOYLSTON PELO

THE life that is dominated by action and that acknowledges incessant toil and endeavour as its supreme aim and object is the one which in all ages and climes is considered the most worthy. The life of the Crowned Poetess, the late Carmen Sylva, literally overflowed with activity and as a result her achievement was an enormous quantity of work. She was one of the most gifted of the royal women of Europe,—a pianist and organist, a painter and illuminator, a writer of distinction. She wrote with equal facility in German, French, English, and Roumanian, and her poems, stories, essays, and novels have been translated into all the European languages and into Armenian. She was beloved because of her good works, which were as varied as they were extensive.

The sentiment which dominated the life of Carmen Sylva was that of maternal love, and after the death of her only child, she adopted her people, and was loved by them in return, as the most tender and devoted of mothers. Under a poetic form the Queen told the story of her life, and in her poetry she expressed the best of her heart and soul. She wrote, not because of vanity or ambition, nor to relate her own suffering, but rather to tell *of* suffering,—that general affliction which Anatole France tells us is the very corner stone of life. Of her poems she says, "Les enfants de mon imagination sont rarement gais," and yet they offer the strange example of a sad poet who inspires confidence and faith and a fresh and inspiring optimism. Carmen Sylva may not be regarded as the poetic idol of the intellectual élite, but there is no mistaking her point of view. Her poems are pervaded by sanity and simplicity and they express the deepest personal thought and feeling. In thinking of this gifted woman as a poet one forgets the royal crown and sees her as the friend and consoler of the unhappy and afflicted. Not all poets are human; Carmen Sylva was human.

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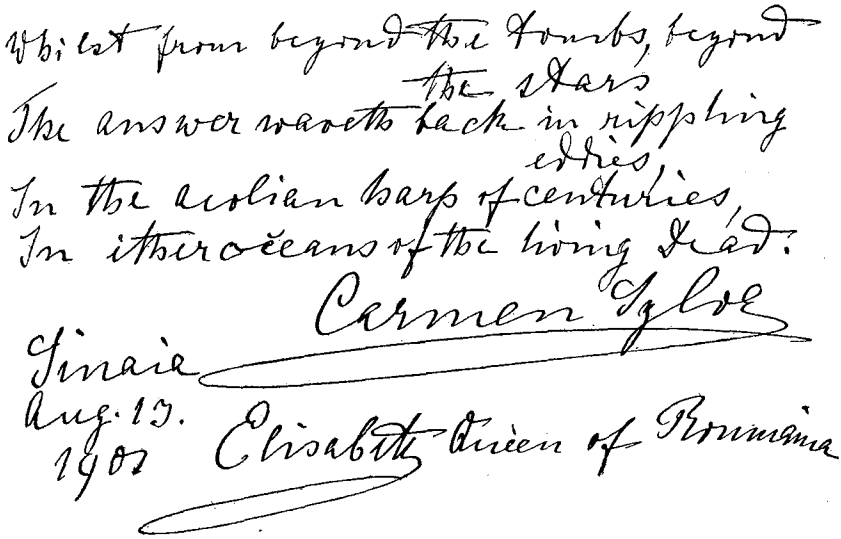

THE LAST PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT

In a character so full of lovableness and sweetness as that of the Dowager Queen of Roumania, there would naturally be also an abounding sympathy and comprehension. The following episode testifies to the possession of these qualities, together with a marked understanding and appreciation of the fellow-craftsman, and of the difficulties which beset the path of all writers.

Sixteen years ago, Arthur Upson, the gifted poet whose untimely death so touched the hearts of all who treasure fine poetry, issued his first volume of slender verse. With the ambition and temerity of youth he sent a copy of his work to this gracious lady, whose nobility of soul as well as of worldly station had fired his youthful imagination. With that kindness of heart for which she was distinguished Carmen Sylva wrote to the poet and thanked him for his book. She did more than that. She set down in her letter words of encouragement and appreciation of which at that moment he stood in great need. She even went so far as to advise him to write more poems,—to publish another volume of verse.

Emboldened by her friendliness the poet replied that he would do so if she would write an introduction for it. She did so, and it was written upon her royal note paper, and signed "Carmen Sylva, Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania." And this is what she wrote as the foreword of a book of poems that was to be called *Westwind Songs:*

The Westwind flew into my chamber. On his wing he bore sweet-scented rose-leaves, in his Breath the Song of never-ending Grief, of never-ceasing Life; and in his Hand the Harp which every Minstrel touches, and to which each Bard doth add a Chord, a Tune, a Sound of great Eternity to send into Eternity again.

The Westwind said: Come, sing with me, for thou hast wept! Come, sing with me and touch my Harp; for here I bring a Brothersoul to thee, with all the Song in it as Chidder's Song returning when Centuries revolved and Centuries came back to sing the same unwavering Song in India as in Hiawatha's Home—the Song of human Tears.

It is so old that e'en the Westwind can't remember how oft did Chidder wend his way to Earth in all the thousand times five hundred Years that he returneth but to find the same—the burning Hearts, the bloodhot Tears, the Thoughts one Bard

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leaves to the other Bards when Worlds have gone and other Tongues are spoken—when in other Tongues the Westwind's Song must sweep o'er Oceans and o'er Continents, and say whate'er is understood by all the People and by their Children's Children.

It must sing that Death and Life are One, that Souls are One, and that it is eternal Bliss to wander in Mary Arden's Garden where the Virgin was not yet told that she must be the Mother to worldwide Genius—then to shut yourself into a World of Books and Books and Books. You open these with throbbing Heart and trembling Fingers, but to find in them the Thought that filled your Brain, the Echo of the Questions we have asked, the Sob of Pain, that we have sobbed in Nights, dark, stormy Silence.

From Hiawatha's Tent to Shakespeare's Tavern the Westwind blows and scatters Roseleaves into my silent Mountain-home, Karpathian's wild Recesses, there to sing the Song eternal, Bard to Bard and Soul to Soul; whilst from beyond the Tombs, beyond the Stars, the Answer waveth back in rippling Eddies in the Æolian Harp of Centuries, in ether Oceans of the living Dead.

CARMEN SYLVA,
Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania.

Sinaia, August 13, 1901.

The photographs represent the first and last pages of the original autograph manuscript that the Queen sent to Arthur Upson, and they are here reproduced for the first time.

WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME

BY ALICE AMES WINTER

THERE is one curious tingling sensation that a man can never know—the sensation of hearing himself discussed as a complicated, perennially baffling subhuman animal. Whether one goes back to the ancients: "when a woman is born it is a deficit of nature, and contrary to her intentions, as is the case when a person is born blind or lame, or with any natural defect, and as we frequently see in fruit trees that never ripen. In like manner a woman may be called a fortuitous animal and produced by accident;" or lingers over that Church Council of the sixth century when fifty-nine bishops discussed whether a woman had a soul and could properly be designated *Homo;* or sees oneself caged and labelled exhibit three or twenty then in the *Atlantic Monthly,* the effect is all one, as if one's spiritual car suddenly struck off from smooth asphalt onto the roughest cobble stones. From Andromache and Antigone down, we've all met it, apologised a bit, and then gone on, loving, aspiring, bearing burdens, curious as to the meaning of things, almost as if we had undisputed possession of brains and souls. Nowadays, we are sometimes inclined to be vociferous about it.

I think the realisation that we women do not need to pause for that apology before we move into the real affairs of life, together with the consciousness of the sisterhood of woman, has affected us of this generation much as the doctrines of human freedom and the brotherhood of man stirred the acknowledged *Homo Sapiens* of Voltaire's time. Women are becoming to other women a passion and a satisfaction. The traditional catty attitude of one to another is at least slinking in corners ashamed of itself and feeling itself hopelesssly old fashioned

The joy of the Day's Work to me is to be in the midst of that dawning and moving consciousness, to touch hands and look into the eyes of every kind of other woman. The Woman's Club movement has lured me because it is so wonderful an expression of the new feminine democracy (and women even more than men need to get rid of the

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sense of separateness and small clan distinctions), because it includes women of every type, city women and country women, women of weath and women who are doing their own work or other people's work, college women, and women who in middle life are struggling to get the things they missed in their girlhood, and because the backbone of its strength is the every day, faithful maternal type of women who looms big in the mass rather than in the individual.

Club life means to the two million women who are in it three things. It means this new sense of their own solidarity and potential effectiveness; it means that champagne-like effervescence of the inner life that comes from companionship based on an intellectual give and take; it means the gathering together of women's energies into a stream that sweeps into the civic, educational and moral affairs of the big world. It begins in college. The new slogans spell it, freedom, self-government, social service, even the rabid discussions, with all the fervour of immaturity, of individual responsibility, of injustice, of class and money powers, of socialism, all the waves of thought that never leapt the walls of the older conventional education for young women.

I think the club has appealed to me as an expression of this new life of women because it is the advocate of no ism and of no one purpose. Rather it correlates all the activities, just as it holds in a common bond the radical and the conservative—those who push forward too recklessly and those who lag in doubt or sloth. But it is interesting to see how the old fashioned study club, the "self-culture club," slips inevitably into a working body. Not long after its members begin to think together, they are moved to act together.

True there are moments that give one pause, as when a little woman writes a request for "an Outline of the Theology of the Bible," on which she has to prepare a paper, or when one learns of the club whose afternoon programme includes *The Sacred Books of the East, How to Know the Wild Flowers,* and *The Care of Hardwood Floors.* But these are as nothing to the exultation and exaltation that come as in town and country one finds and is privileged to help these women who are fighting for a kind of glorified home, a home that shall include not only their own children, but every other woman's children, not only their own four walls, but cities and States full of homes: the housekeeper's struggle for clean streets to walk on, clean air to breathe, clean water and milk to drink, clean food to eat, clean books to read, clean plays and movies to see, clean moral atmosphere for boys and girls to grow in. In every big city and little one, in every village and in the group of country women who drive the wagon to their meeting, it is going on. Through the club these women learn that their problem and their efforts are not solitary but part of an inspiring nation-wide, upward surge. Oklahoma writes to Maine for new ideas, and New Jersey to California, a kind of spiritual "Come over into Macedonia, and help us." I go to a very small town to meet a handful of workworn women who have decided to study Browning—but no sooner do they get together than they open a rest room where the farmers' wives coming in to shop can leave their babies or come back to eat lunch in warmth and comfort, or they start a country pageant to occupy the energies of their young people and lure them away from the bold ugly vices of little places. They can do it because there are twenty of them. And, on the other side, is the group who cry, "While you are talking of all this work, do not forget that some of us are starving for beauty." She who can help to show them how to find or do is a happy woman. Often, with wisdom born of facing life simply, they sho wher. My hat is off to the ordinary woman bearing ordinary burdens, without self-consciousness, and yet with the light of purpose on her face. There is one in particular who always rises in my mental vision as a type of what it all means. Tall,

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almost gaunt, coming from a small town, the mother of boys and girls who have been put through the State University, she looks always as if she had just taken the bread out of the oven and put the pies in a row to cool. But the eyes are deep set and glowing and the services that began in neighbourliness have extended beyond the town to cover the State. Shrewd good sense, integrity, public spirit characterise every judgment. And the Woman's Club has been the force that pushed her on and out. The more I see of them the deeper grows my love and reverence. This is what the Day's Work has meant to me.

Together with the development of the Woman's Club, which seems to set women apart, there has grown an opposite development. There is an eagerness of welcome, almost startling at times, on the part of men who, too, are labouring for that cleanliness that approaches Godliness. Every woman who is in work knows those stereotyped beginnings, "We want you women to come down and help us,"—or "Here's something for the Woman's Club to do"—that herald a beckoning summons. It is anything but sex antagonism. Sex difference becomes a bond and not a barrier, as men add the crown of good comradeship to the miracle of love, in a chivalry before which the scraping adulation of the Middle Ages is as tinsel—a chivalry which helps woman to give play to all that is best in her. The right hand and the left hand each lets the other know what it can do, and both combine to do it. This the day's work has meant to many of us.

The Nineteenth Century seemed to be dominated by a kind of obsession of youth—literature for the young person, morals for the young person, society for the young person. "So they were married and lived happily ever after" was the orthodox ending. Ring down the curtain, slam the book shut. The Club movement has ended this for women. She has learned—as men knew on their own part long ago, as novel and play are learning—that "So they were married" is only the beginninng, that the Creator is not so poor an author that He puts all the interest into the first chapter and lets the life story peter out through the last forty or fifty years. The stepping into years of discretion means ringing up the curtain on the real heart and soul interest. It is no small thing to put fervour, and new sense of being fully alive into the hearts of everyday women of middle age. This is the meaning of club-day work. When a number of us who were delegates to a council meeting at Portland found ourselves in a special car named the "Wyandotte," the suggestion on the part of the railroad that we were a lot of old hens caused unbecoming hilarity instead of becoming shamed. We formed at once "The Honourable Order of Wyandottes" with the motto "Cackles that count"—"Two eggs with but a single yolk, two whites that beat as one"—one of them wrote to me afterward. But a group of middle-aged women off together on a lark, effervescent as school girls, full of jokes and laughter, and yet with a substratum of earnestness of purpose, of tender kindliness born of the experiences of wifehood or motherhood as well as public work, this is surely a new thing in the world. Shades of Pericles and Cotton Mather!

The sharing in all this kind of thing can hardly be called by so grandiloquent a name as a career. That is the delight of it. It flows around and through the ordinary woman-life. To change the metaphor, it puts plums in our cake. It links all of us small people with something inspiringly bigger than ourselves. And, after all, what the day's work really means is this sense of playing the game—some game—with zest. One wants to feel that one is stretching one's spirit as a healthy body stretches its muscles. Most of all, one must fight toward the future and not against it, putting in one's best licks for the thing that seems good and effective, but all the time with a profound consciousness that honest, open minded effort is all that is required of one. What the result will

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be, whether this particular aim shall succeed or fail, is on the knees of the gods, and need not greatly trouble us who labour. So to keep hard at it, with joy and without worry, is what the day's work means to me.

THE BOOK BEHIND THE BARS

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

"A BOOK should help us either to enjoy life or to endure it," says Samuel Johnson.

It would be interesting to study the desire and the choice—in the matter of books—of men and women at a period of their existence when endurance of life only is possible. For as a rule the law does not plan to make life particularly enjoyable to those who fall under its ban. What do men and women read in prison? What sort of book and what sort of writer makes the strongest appeal to those whom society sequestrates? to those who have more leisure than liberty? The possibilities of this question prompted an investigation in typical penal institutions of New York State, the result of which, here given, would doubtless hold good for prisons anywhere in the United States. Some variations there may be in States where prison life is not the shut-in existence it is still in New York State, but apart from that there cannot be much difference.

Certain differentiations of taste and purpose in reading are conditioned by the differing type of prison. Life-timers or prisoners sentenced for a term of years would look on books, as indeed they would look on life in general, with a different mental attitude from that of the men and women in county jails, penitentiary, or workhouse where they are serving short terms only or even merely awaiting sentence. There is one point of difference that is important. This is that we do not find in the penitentiary or the workhouse or the county jail, men or women of the same grade of education and intelligence that we can find in the long-term prisons. The reason is simple. Men of influence means or friends do not await sentence in jail, they are out on bail. And they are not numbered as often among those who commit the lighter offences, hardly to be called crimes, which are generally the result of ignorance or inefficiency. But neither means influence nor friends can always help a man from evading the spoken sentence of punishment for a heavier crime. So that it is in our State prisons that we find a number of men, and some few women, of education and a definite knowledge and love for books and reading. They are not the majority of course, they are even a small minority. But they do influence the library lists and their advice often influences the choice of reading in those of lesser education. The result of this is that we do find more purposeful reading in the State prisons, more non-fiction reading, and more deliberate choice in reading of fiction than we find in county jails, penitentiary or kindred institutions. There is a greater understanding of the fact that a book can help us enjoy life as well as merely endure it.

But there is one great bond of interest between the two sorts of prisons. One strong literary preference they have in common—and that is an outspoken liking for Jack London. There seems to be no other modern writer who can dispute the palm of prison popularity with Jack London. Conan Doyle (with Sherlock Holmes) runs him a close second in the men's ward of the short-term institutions, and in the State prisons, Balzac and—Ouida (a delightful combination!) are strong favourites. The Western tales of other writers are liked, the animal stories of still others,

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and, in a lesser degree than either of these, the sea stories of others. But when it is Jack London's work, Western tales, animal stories or sea tales, are all alike popular—anything as long as it is Jack London. His books are called for again and again until one copy after another is worn out with reading. Even in the women's ward his popularity is marked.

The psychology of this is interesting. Jack London is the poet of the great open spaces—he brings the ozone of far horizons and wide skies to those who stare at grey walls and iron bars day after day. And yet other writers do this—other writers like Rex Beach, for instance, or John Fox, Jr., with his charming mountain stories, both of whom are strong favourites in all prisons. It is not this alone that makes Jack London so popular. It must be that there is something in his outlook on life that appeals to the man who has taken a chance—and lost.

Kipling, whom admirers of Jack London outside the prison walls usually like as well as they do the American writer, is comparatively little read in the prisons. His *Jungle Books* are liked, but the other volumes stand idle on the shelves. "Our men here are patriotic Americans," said the prisoner-librarian of one big, short-term institution, "Jack London comes nearer home to them. So many of them have led lives such as he describes." Another writer favoured of Jack London admirers in the outer world, Joseph Conrad, is little known and less read behind the bars.

In all sorts of prisons fiction is in greatest demand. But in the long-term institutions there is a more definite choice of instructive non-fiction works. There is, for instance, an interest just now in books about the South and Central American countries, a desire for information as to life and business conditions in our Southern Hemisphere. Many men from commercial positions, who feel that they must take up life anew in some far-away place where social disgrace can be more easily lived down, are turning southward now in their thoughts. The same desire for a new existence among men of lesser education and narrower outlook shows itself in a call for books on farming and poultry raising. The Back-to-the-Land movement seems to appeal strongly to the man or boy who has gone under in the vortex of city life.

In short-term prisons the greatest call for non-fiction works is for books on electricity and mechanics. In both sorts of prisons fiction seems to be read largely to entertain, not from any purpose of instruction or a better understanding of life. Everywhere stories of Western life, of exploration, hunting and adventure are eagerly sought, in narrative of actual happenings or in works of fiction. The women seem to like intimate biography of historical personages as much as they do imaginary love stories, the sort of fiction they most call for.

To come back to our State prisons, the following, quoted from a letter written by the Chaplain of a big up-State institution, is interesting:

> I find no difference in literary desire between first and third termers—unless the latter read more and better literature if anything. Victor Hugo is first in demand, Balzac, Dumas, and Dickens about even. Modern writers, of course, are clamoured for, Brand Whitlock, Chambers, London, McCutcheon, Oppenheim, Jules Verne, Wister, Doyle, Connor, are all wanted. Familiar as I am with good reading and with the habits of the public along literary lines, I know that our men as a whole read much more, and as good if not better books than the outside male population. We have the best collection of Yiddish literature of any prison in the country, thanks to Mr. Jacob Schiff.

The last sentence of the Chaplain's letter points to a rather interesting development in our State institutions fed from New York City, a growing demand for Jewish literature. The other prisons find themselves unable to supply the demand among the inmates for works of this kind.

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The Chaplain of another big institution (the library is always under the supervision of the Chaplain) writes that we must remember that in most prisons only thirty per cent. of the inmates are normal mentally. The others are either insane or on the verge of insanity, or defective, under-normal, in mind. For this reason he states that a number of the inmates in his institution read boys' books. Of those who are normal the greatest demand, in works of fiction, seems to be for books by London, Beach, Oppenheim, Harold Bell Wright, Stewart Edward White, and John Fox, Jr. O. Henry is read by a few and Stevenson, at least with *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island,* is also in demand. In our best known State prison (best known at least to dwellers in New York City), Balzac and Ouida are strong favourites —second to Jack London, of course.

"Every man who comes here—with very few exceptions, reads *Les Misèrables,* of course," says the Chaplain. "Those who do not call for it have already read it outside of prison." There is not so much call for other books by Victor Hugo and Dickens seems to interest only in *Oliver Twist.* Leblanc seems to interest more with his detective stories than does Conan Doyle although, to quote our kindly Chaplain again, "detective and crime stories seem like 'phony stuff' to us here. Our men know too much of the real thing."

Here again stories of the open seem to please; Rex Beach, with almost any of his books, Ralph Connor, with *Black Rock* and *The Sky Pilot,* Owen Wister, with *The Virginian,* White and Stevenson, are much called for. Scott and Cooper are in slight demand. The classics, in fact, are very little read except by foreigners anxious to complete their knowledge of the English language and literature, or by Americans who are using their enforced leisure to complete a defective education. William Dean Howells and Henry James, some of whose works are in the library of all sorts of prisons, find little favour in the eyes of the inmates. Although one of the Chaplains on Blackwells' Island possesses a volume of Henry James which was given him as a souvenir of esteem by a man leaving the Tombs.

German and French books are much read in the long-term prisons and there is a growing demand which cannot be filled as the books are not there, for Italian and Jewish works. This growing foreign element also lessens the demand for English classics. They want *modern* books, in fiction as in non-fiction. The recent interesting developments at Sing-Sing prison have given the inmates so many distractions, so much that is useful and absorbing mentally, that the demand for books has lessened greatly. A growing call for short stories means that the only time the men now have to read is an hour at bedtime. The magazines and newspapers supply a great many for all their literary wants now that they have so much else to occupy their minds. But on the other hand, the many classes which they have opportunities of joining have stimulated an increased interest in non-fiction books.

The libraries in the State prisons are part of the prison establishment, having nothing to do with outside libraries of any kind. They are supplied by purchase from a small annual appropriation in each prison or by donations. The libraries are under the general supervision of the Chaplains, but the working librarians are inmates of the prison. In city prisons, county jails, penitentiary, workhouse and the like, a different arrangement has been made. The few books that could be found in these institions had been donated haphazard as chance might allow. Some active spirits in the Prison Association of New York realised the need, and a Jail Library Committee was formed which now supplies books purposefully, usually in connection with the New York City Public Library and its various branches. In some cases the prison libraries belong to the Travelling Library department and are under the direct supervision of librarians visiting the prisons every few days. In other cases the prison library is in

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charge of inmates acting as librarians under the supervision of the warden or chaplain. In these institutions the proportion of women prisoners more largely equals that of the men than it does in the long-term prisons. We can therefore gauge more clearly the taste of the women. In prison as out, women are mainly fiction readers. While the men do call for works on science, particularly mechanics or electricity, the women care very little for anything except stories. Occasionally biography or chatty historical narrative will be liked.

Miss Elizabeth Renninger, chief of the Travelling Library department of the Queens Borough Public Library, under whose care the Queens City Prison and one or two other institutions are supplied with books, is deeply interested in the question of reading for prison inmates and can talk about it fascinatingly. Out of the first set of several hundred books supplied the prisons the *Prisoner of Zenda* was a strong favourite. This is interesting, in that the popularity of this book has waned a little, now that libraries are an established part of prison life. In other words, it was checked off by would-be readers who were attracted by its title. In fact all the titles in the first list of books sent to the prison, titles which were checked off as first choice by men and women who had never read the books they asked for,—all of the titles most called for were those which somehow seemed to the inmates to have some connection with their own life. A book which went out again and again on its title was *Thinking Black,* a story of African missionary life by Dr. Crawford. It has nothing whatever to do with prison life but the inmates of the institution seemed to think it had. Dimly it seemed to them from its name to be a book that would deal with dark thoughts and how to shake them off. Another interesting fact noted by Miss Renninger is the popularity among the women of R. W. Kaufmann's *The House of Bondage.* This book may have been chosen from its title as appearing to have something to do with prison life, but the girls who read it recommend it to one another and it is out continually. Its popularity among that particular sort of woman could hardly be due to the morbid curiosity with which this book would be read, say in a young women's boarding-school. For most of the women in the short-term prisons have had considerable experience of the life described in that book and take their knowledge of it from life, not from fiction. But from whatever reason that particular book is in continual demand in the short-terms prisons in and around the city.

It shares its popularity, however, with works of widely different character. The mountaineer novels of John Fox, Jr., *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* and *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine;* Kate Douglas Wiggin's *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* and Mrs. Abbott's *Molly Make-Believe* are prime favourites. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett and Kate Langley Bosher, also Mrs. Cutting, are much in demand. Marion Crawford with *Arethusa* and *In the Palace of the King* is much wanted. Gene Stratton-Porter with *Freckles* and *The Girl of the Limberlost* is a prime favourite in both men and women's wards, and strange to relate Locke's *Simon the Jester* holds its own well with books of a totally different character.

It is in all the short-term institutions that detective stories go very well. *Sherlock Holmes* has many friends. *The Mystery* is continually called for under the impression that it is a detective story. Stories of the open, stories of country life are popular. There seem to be as many readers in the prisons as outside who grow fond of a certain author's peculiarities and ask for his or her works, not merely for books of a certain character. George Barr McCutcheon seems to be popular only with *Brewster's Millions.* And in the short term prisons, in the county jails, as in the long-term institutions, wherever his books are to be had, Jack London is read.

In one big institution on the Island,

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a bright little girl serving for the time of her incarceration as librarian, talked wonderfully well about what the women like and asked for. "So many of them were born in the country," she said, "that I think that's why they like the pretty little love stories of country life. They want to get away from what lies immediately back of them." I found the *House with the Green Shutters* on her list and could not resist the question as to how that grewsome story was liked. "They ask for it," she answered, "then they bring it back and say to me 'What did you give me a thing like that for? Do you want me to kill myself? I'm blue enough without reading such a story.'" The women like animal stories, too, but they don't care so much for the Western tales.

In the minor institutions the women are the greatest readers. There is very little work for them to do, particularly for the coloured women, who do not seem to be so apt at sewing and who furnish the larger proportion of the women prisoners. They will read a book a day sometimes, but have very little choice and take what is recommended them, saying usually they want a "good story." While questioning the bright little girl whom I have just mentioned, a white-haired woman, looking worn with her years of struggle, came up to return a Daskam story and timidly asked for *The Forest Lovers,* by Maurice Hewlett. When I questioned her why she wanted it, she said shyly that somebody had told her it was a "very fine story."

In a number of prisons served from the public library there is a constant demand from both men and women for Marie Corelli's works. It seems to be one of the few definite literary likings which the inmates of the short-term prisons or the jails bring with them from their life in the world beyond the bars. But our Public Library does not encourage the reading of Marie Corelli, so that the wishes in this respect have to go unfulfilled. In the Island institutions for women, "The Duchess" is an author frequently asked for, but here again the library does not encourage this taste and they have to go without.

HENRY JAMES AS A CRITIC

BY ANNIE MACDONELL

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WHEN Mr. James writes fiction you scent the critic, and when he writes criticism you feel the novelist underneath. He is a student of human nature and of its manifestations rather than a dramatist of these; only, of course, he has the pliancy, the lightness, the geniality, the imagination which popular opinion refuses to the student. I mean no disparagement of his methods in fiction in saying that they are mainly those of the critic. They are used by him with exquisite results. I am not sure that he is the more likely to be a first-rate judge of literary matter, much of which is very different stuff from flesh and blood and human motives, beauties and failings. But the general critical attitude of patient watching and waiting comes more naturally to him than to most novelists. Less, therefore, than in other writers who practise the two arts, do you find in him a change of method corresponding to the change of occupation. That which serves him in the art of his first choice serves him in the particular section of the other art where he is also first-rate. In the world of humanity and in the world of books he is in search of the same things, men and women. Of course, in so well-equipped a writer you find attention paid to style in its

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more outward sense, but disquisitions on such matters you get from others more abundantly, more systematically, and of a finer quality. The title of one of his critical volumes, *Partial Portraits,* exactly hits his aims, his interests, his powers, and his own modesty, in critical work. It is always the man or woman underneath the books whom he is seeking, when he writes of their books seriously. He has not always written seriously. Perhaps, in proportion to the bulk of his miscellaneous writing, he has reprinted too much good-natured comment on what approves itself to him little enough. Such essays are best left out of account. And in speaking of others, it is honest to say, though it may take the ground from under our feet, that some of them are nearly twenty years old, and Mr. James has had time to revise his judgments. His later studies show, however, that there has been a distinct continuity in his attitude. This attitude must be largely instinctive; but he must have reasoned the matter out for himself as well. He has little belief, for instance, in writers of real talent being influenced by contemporary opinion. "Criticism," he says, "does not much concern the artist himself," and, again, "literature lives essentially, in the sacred depths of its being, upon example." To this, however, he joins a high standard for the critic, who is serving the general cause of right thinking, and who, if he be worthy, represents "the knight who has knelt through his long vigil, and who has the piety of his office. For there is something sacrificial in his function, inasmuch as he offers himself as a general touchstone. To lend himself, to project himself, and steep himself, to feel and feel until he understands, and to understand so well that he can say, to have perception at the pitch of passion, and expression as embracing as the air, to be infinitely curious and incorrigibly patient." Such are the high demands he makes of those who would speak seriously on the outcome of other men's brains.

His own vigils have been especially devoted then to interpreting the personality of writers, by which, of course, I do not mean the narration of personal facts. This is the one salient feature of his critical method. The other are subordinate. "Make your writer a present of his own conditions," is an admirable maxim, which he is too warmly human to attend to with strict consistency; but from his genial position—"There is, in spite of a thousand narrow dogmatisms, nothing in the world that any one is under the least obligation to like"—I don't think he ever budges. His special quality and habit, subtlety and fine analysis, help him often in the understanding of imaginative writers; but to a repetition of such qualities in others he prefers strength and breadth. Perhaps—it is mostly in his less serious, his less conscientious work—he is too much given to letting people off. His reasoned, argumentative disapproval of the de Goncourts is about as far as he ever reaches in severity. Punctiliously fair as a rule, when he misrepresents there is a temperamental reason for it; it is never mere injustice. The fault of his judgment of Baudelaire, is that he should have formulated one at all. It is not possible to speak profitably of what only repels one.

By his method of portraiture he has reached his best successes. Emerson is treated as if he were the character in one of Mr. James's masterly single-figure stories. Mérimée, Maupassant, De Musset, Balzac, Hawthorne are men when he has done with them, not volumes, nor styles, nor tendencies. One of his articles on Turgenieff is, considering who wrote it, a bit of rough journalism; yet no one else has suggested the essential qualities of the great Russian, a man "living in a spacious upper air, with the long Slav poetical ancestry in the background," his "windows open into distances," with an "air of knowing strange and far-off things." The picture of De Musset is as good, and yet it is so by an effort, for De Musset is not all sympathetic to his critic, who will not approve, and will not condemn, but

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judges him, not by words and conduct, and literally, divining his to be a case where the truth cannot be known unless looked at through a haze of poetry. this subtlety or charity, call it what you like, helps him on numerous occasions, notably in his explanation of what is called George Sand's fickle caprice, that she actually outlived her experiences, and had successive new births.

His method has its weaknesses. It tends to forcing the prominent features, to hardening the lines, to omitting what might tell against the direct expression of what the painter finds especially expressible. It is just to Mérimée, and it is just to Maupassant—in perhaps the best of all the essays, where Mr. James appears as the perfect translator. It is just to all the clear-cut persons. It is unjust to Gautier, to the very qualities in him that call for interpretation, and it does not fit Balzac's case very well. Here one may speak of a general misconception concerning Mr. James. At a time when modern French writers were not very widely read, he spoke of them familiarly. Then, although an American, Britons found little trace of the mental accent they detected in most of his countrymen. Neither did he seem of British mould. He was at home in several countries. His touch was light, he was swift in expression. All these things have given him a reputation for a cosmopolitanism which he does not possess and does not aim at possessing. His habit of mind is what, for want of a better word, I should call decidedly Teutonic. Not only has he a serious base, but he likes seriousness to be expressed in set terms and not merely implied. Again and again he makes the highest claims for English writers as superior interpreters of character, because "they know their way about the conscience." He looks on morality as "simply a part of the essential richness of inspiration." He will listen courteously to many things, but his enthusiasm is for those that "as a race we like best—the fascination of faith, the acceptance of life, the respect for its mysteries, the endurance of its changes, the beauty of action, the seriousness, above all, of the great human passion." His sturdy racial preferences are like a tonic to-day, when we are so afraid of being insular. But it must be said that in his criticism—there alone, and the inconsistency is remarkable—he makes the very English mistake of denying seriousness and some other kindred qualities, when they are only implied and not expressed. His astounding judgments—they were handsomely discounted by him, however—that Balzac was "as little as possible of a poet," because he took as material the sordid and the worldly, and that he was "morally and intellectually superficial," because he introduced cheap and inaccurate learning into his colossal work, must be put down to this habit of mind, which sends him still further astray when he deals with Gautier. "Gautier's poverty of ideas was great," he says. "His power was all material." The fact is that Gautier had the misfortune to be too fastidious an artist to write a commentary on his own visions. In his travel books he wrote reflections which his critic very justly calls Philistine. He did not know and would not learn the language of reflection. He dreamt his ideas into beautiful shapes. Mr. James has made a portrait of the French mind which is very appreciative, very fine, very forcible. Having drawn the picture, the matter is settled for his. But there is, maybe, a little more of the life of the spirit in Loti and his countrymen than he admits. It is an old contest. Some like the fable and cannot abide the moral, but these do not, therefore, deny or destroy it. We like the fable; but we have a national craving for the moral.

And if Gautier, Hawthorne, and Balzac leave work for other critics when Mr. James has done with them, he has given us a version of them marvellously true, within certain limits. There is no fumbling. Such as they appear to him, they appear to us. What he intends he performs. Indeed we are much tempted to adopt his versions definitely.

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Our additions, modifications, and shadings, which we indicate by smudges, we sometimes discover to be already suggested in his finely-wrought plan. Over and over again a phrase of his will recur to us, and sum up all the expressible truth on a subject, or lead inevitably to it. He says of Emerson that he had "the equanimity of a result," of the *Comédie Humaine* that "it has a thousand faults, but it is a monumental excuse." He shows that Maupassant was not a pedantic artist, omitting the moral sense for art's sake, but a straightforward frank man who hadn't got it, and speaks of the same writer's "bird's-eye contempt" of mankind. He lays his finger on the real weakness of the De Goncourts, that these *raffinés* had not, after all, "mastered the whole gamut of the aristocratic sense." He calls to you to note the "aromatic odour of the book-room about Lowell." He says of Flaubert, "If he is impossible as a companion, he is deeply refreshing as a reference; and all that his reputation asks of you is an occasional tap of the knuckle at these firm thin plates of gold which constitute the leaves of his book." In these, and in scores of other instances, he is not merely the fine literary artist fastidiously carving and colouring. You feel he has, with more faithfulness than most, been keeping his vigils and fulfilling the vow he made, that in judging the works of another man's mind he would be "infinitely curious and incorrigibly patient."

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Psychology

Psychology of Relaxation. By George Thomas White Patrick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

The work shows how play, laughter, profanity, the use of alcohol, and even war, furnish relaxation to the higher nerve centres when they are overtaxed by the demands of civilisation.

The Riddle of Personality. By H. Addington Bruce. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.50 net.

A new and revised edition of a work first published in 1908.

Philosophy

Social Progress and the Darwinian Theory. A Study of Force as a Factor in Human Relations. By George Nasmyth. With an Introduction by Norman Angell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

A general study of the social applications of the Darwinian theory, special attention being devoted to the question of war. The book is divided into three parts:—"The Philosophy of Force," "Mutual Aid as a Factor of Social Progress," and "Justice as a Prime Social Need."

Religion

Crises in the History of the Papacy. A Study of Twenty Famous Popes Whose Careers and Whose Influence Were Important in the Development of the Church and in the History of the World. By Joseph McCabe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistle of St. James. By James Hardy Ropes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00 net.

A new volume in *The International Critical Commentary on the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.*

The Doctrine of the Atonement. By J. K. Mozley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents net.

A study of the subject, with notes, a bibliography and an index.

Why Men Pray. By Charles Lewis Slattery. New York: The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

Convictions concerning prayer, set forth in six chapters. The author is the Rector of Grace Church, New York City.

Sociology, Economics

The Child in Human Progress. By George Henry Payne. With a Foreword by A. Jacobi. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A history of the social, domestic and economic status of the child.

The Harim and the Purdah: Studies of Oriental Women. By Elizabeth Cooper (Mrs. Clayton Sedgwick Cooper). New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

The author discusses in an intimate way the home life, social life, and customs of the women of the Far East.

Japan and America. A Contrast. By Carl Crow. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.50 net.

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A study of the social and economic conditions of Japan in contrast with those of America. The author lived for many years in the Far East.

Marxian Socialism and Religion. A Study of the Relation of the Marxian Theories to the Fundamental Principles of Religion. By John Spargo. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00 net.

In his preface the author states that he has tried to "show that there is nothing in the Marxian theories, or in any of their necessary implications, which the essential principles of religion either explicity or implicity oppose or deny."

Principles of Labour Legislation. By John R. Commons and John B. Andrews. Prepared in Co-operation with the American Bureau of Industrial Research. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.00 net.

A critical and constructive study, and an exposition of conditions which made legislation necessary. In *Harper's Citizen's Series.*

What Could Germany Do for Ireland? By James K. McGuire. With an Introduction by Thomas Addis Emmet. New York: Wolfe Tone Company. Frontispiece. $1.00 net.

The author claims that there is no industrial or commercial future for Ireland under the domination of England, and offers as a remedy the introduction of German methods and influence.

Political Economy

America and the Canal Title, or, An examination, sifting and interpretation of the data bearing on the wresting of the Province of Panama from the Republic of Colombia by the Roosevelt Administration in 1903 in order to secure title to the Canal Zone. By Joseph G. Freehoff. New York: Published by the Author. $1.50 net.

American Government and Majority Rule. A Study in American Political Development. By Edward Elliott. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $1.25 net.

The author in his preface says that the purpose of this work is "to point out the fact that the people of the United States have been hindered in the attainment of democracy, or the rule of the majority, by the form of government through which they have been compelled to act."

The National Issues of 1916. By Charles N. Fowler. Published by Author. Frontispiece. $1.50.

Written for "the information and the preparation of the voter." The book contains "The Flag and the Nation," "Lincoln and Nationality," "A Tariff Commission," "An American Banking System," and "An American Merchant Marine."

European War Books

The Aftermath of Battle. With the Red Cross in France. By Edward D. Toland. With a Preface by Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

Pages from the diary of a young American, jotted down day by day in the war hospitals of France.

Australasia Triumphant! With the Australians and New Zealanders in the Great War on Land and Sea. By A. St. John Adcock. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Company, Ltd.

An account of the experiences the Australians have passed through since August, 1914, and the effect that the war has had on their national life.

The Blackest Page of Modern History. Events in Armenia in 1915. The Facts and the Responsibilities. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents net.

A short review, and an appeal on behalf of the Armenian race.

The Diplomacy of the Great War. By Arthur Bullard. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

An attempt to contribute to an understanding of the European War by revealing something of the diplomacy that has preceded it. The work is divided into four parts: "The Struggle of a Generation," "The New Elements of Diplomacy," "The Liquidation of This War," and "The United States and Europe."

Fear God and Take Your Own Part. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net.

A discussion of national and international affairs, with special emphasis on the question of preparedness. The work is based primarily on articles written for the *Metropolitan Magazine* during the past fourteen months.

The First Hundred Thousand. By "The Junior Sub." (Ian Hay.) Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50 net.

Stories of some of the experiences of the men in the trenches. The characters are fictitious, but the incidents described are real.

The Heel of War. By George B. McClellan. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company. $1.00 net.

The result of the author's observations during six months spent in Europe. The papers comprising the book originally appeared as a series of articles in the New York *Times.*

Italy and the Unholy Alliance. By W. O. Pitt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Frontispiece. $1.00 net.

A review of Italian political and national affairs during the last hundred

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years, with especial emphasis upon the causes for Italy's participation in the war.

Justice in War-Time. By Bertrand Russell. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. $1.00.
Essays on the various phases and problems of the war.

Revelations of an International Spy. By I. T. T. Lincoln. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
A narrative of the author's experiences during some years of diplomatic espionage.

Rights and Duties of Neutrals: A Discussion of Principles and Practices. By Daniel Chauncey Brewer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.
A discussion of some of the issues ensuing from the relations of neutral and belligerent nations. The author strongly advocates adequate national preparedness.

Roadside Glimpses of the Great War. By Arthur Sweetser. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.25.
An account of the author's experiences on a journey made by bicycle from the Belgian border to Paris.

The Truth About Louvain. By René Chambry. With a Preface by M. Le Pasteur Giran. New York: George H. Doran Company. 25 cents net.
A narrative composed of statements of eyewitnesses.

Education

Why We Punctuate or, Reason Versus Rule in the Use of Marks. By William Livingston Klein. Minneapolis: The Lancet Publishing Company. $1.25 net.
A new edition.

Hygiene

The New Public Health. By Hibbert Winslow Hill. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.
A presentation of some of the problems of public health and suggestions for their solutions.

Why Be Fat? Rules for Weight-Reduction and the Preservation of Youth and Health. By Amelia Summerville. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 80 cents net.
Methods and diet which the author herself found beneficial.

Agriculture

A-B-C of Vegetable Gardening. By Eben E. Rexford. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents net.
Advice to amateurs in the planning and care of a vegetable garden.

Business

The Efficient Secretary. By Ellen Lane Spencer. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.00 net.
A handbook of practical information, suggestions and helps.

Holders of Railroad Bonds and Notes: Their Rights and Remedies. Treating Particularly of the Receivership and of the Reorganisation of the Road, of the Foreclosure of the Mortgage and of the Other Proceedings to Realise on the Security. By Louis Heft. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.00 net.
The aim of the author in this work is to help "to a better understanding of the nature of railroad securities and of the rights and remedies they confer on their holders, and that such knowledge may help to safeguard investments."

Architecture

The Colonial House. By Joseph Everett Chandler. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.
A study of the development of Colonial architecture. The work is illustrated with plans and with photographs of interiors and exteriors of the various types, and is designed especially for those intending to build Colonial homes.

Art

Impressions of the Art at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. By Christian Brinton. With a Chapter on the San Diego Exposition and an Introductory Essay on "The Modern Spirit in Contemporary Painting." New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.
A critical survey. The chapter headings are: "The Panama-California Exposition," "The Panama-Pacific Exposition," "Sculpture—Native and Foreign," "American Painting," "Foreign Painting—Part One," "Foreign Painting—Part Two." There is a bibliography and an index of artists.

The Philosophy of Painting: A Study of the Development of the Art from Prehistoric to Modern Times. By Ralcy Husted Bell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Games, Amusements

Neglected Points of Auction Bridge. By Carl Ehlermann, Jr. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents net.
In this handbook the subtleties which are most frequently neglected by bridge players and bridge editors are set forth and analysed, and the way of playing certain situations is shown.

General Literature, Essays

The Covent-Garden Journal. By Sir Alexander Drawcansir, Knt. Censor of Great Britain. (Henry Fielding.) Edited by Gerard Edward Jensen. In two volumes. New Haven: Yale University Press. Illustrated. $5.00 net.

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A collection of Henry Fielding's contributions to the Covent-Garden Journal. An introduction deals with the origin and general character of the Journal, and with Fielding's methods and style.

The Crimes of England. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00 net.

A collection of satirical essays on political, historical, social and literary subjects.

Fishing with a Worm. By Bliss Perry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents net.

An essay which was originally printed in the *Atlantic Monthly,* and is now published separately in a booklet.

Imaginations and Reveries. By A. E. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A collection of essays and tales on a variety of subjects. Many of the essays are devoted to the art and literature of Ireland.

On the Scope and Nature of University Education. By Cardinal John Henry Newman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 35 cents net.

With an introduction by Wilfred Ward, and a bibliography. A new volume in *Everyman's Library.*

The Peace of Europe: The Fruits of Solitude, and Other Writings by William Penn. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 35 cents net.

With an introduction by Joseph Besse, giving a sketch of the author's life, and a bibliography. A new volume in *Everyman's Library.*

Travel and Description

Adventures in Mexico. By George Frederick Ruxton. New York: Outing Publishing Company. $1.00 net.

In the *Outing Adventure Library,* edited by Horace Kephart. An account of the author's trip through Mexico from Vera Cruz to the northern boundary at the time of the Mexican War.

Lodges in the Wilderness. By W. C. Scully. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

Descriptions of journeys taken by the author in Africa when he was Special Magistrate for the Northern Border of Cape Colony.

The Surrey Hills. By F. E. Green. New York: Fredrick Warne & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

Descriptions of the Surrey Hills with emphasis upon their historical and literary associations.

Through South America's Southland. With an Account of the Roosevelt Scientific Expedition to South America. By J. A. Zahm (H. J. Mozans). New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $3.50 net.

The third in the author's series of travel books, *Following the Conquistadors.* Following the Roosevelt itinerary as a basis, the author gives the romance, the history, and the present-day status of Brazil, the Argentine, Chile, Paraguay, and Uruguay.

Poetry, Drama

"——— and Other Poets." By Louis Untermeyer. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25 net.

A collection of parodies on the work of conspicuous poets.

The Clash of Thrones. A Series of Sonnets on the European War. By Henry Frank. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 50 cents net.

A collection of verses on the various phases of the war.

Confessional, and Other American Plays. By Percival Wilde. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.20 net.

Five one-act plays, written for production as well as for reading. The titles are "Confessional," "The Villain in the Piece," "According to Darwin," "A Question of Morality," and "The Beautiful Story."

The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann. (Authorised Edition.) Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. Volume VI. Later Dramas in Prose. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50 net.

This volume contains an Introduction by the editor and three plays, "The Maidens of the Mount," "Griselda," and "Gabriel Schilling's Flight."

European Characters in French Drama of the Eighteenth Century. By Harry Kurz. New York: Columbia University Press.

A study of European characters as they were depicted by French dramatists. The work covers plays written or presented between 1714 and 1789, all forms of French drama except tragedy, and plays presenting characters belonging to all the European nations except Greece and Turkey.

Good Friday and Other Poems. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The first part of the book is a dramatic poem depicting the events which led up to and immediately followed the Crucifixion. A collection of sonnets forms the second part.

His One Tune, and a Few Others. By J. E. Sanford. Fredonia, New York: Press of Waldo R. Hart. $1.00 net.

A collection of miscellaneous verses.

Lady Inger of Ostraat: Love's Comedy: and The League of Youth. By Henrik Ibsen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 35 cents net.

In *Everyman's Library.* Translated,

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and with an introduction, by R. Farquharson Sharp.

The Listeners and Other Poems. By Walter De La Mare. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.20 net.

A collection of short poems, some of which have been reprinted from various English magazines.

The Man Against the Sky. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00 net.

A collection of miscellaneous poems, many of which have appeared in various American periodicals.

Plays. By Granville Barker. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.00 net.

Four volumes comprising *The Voysey Inheritance: A Play in Five Acts; The Marying of Ann Leete: A Play in Four Acts; Waste: A Play in Four Acts;* and *Prunella: or, Love in a Dutch Garden* (in collaboration with Laurence Housman).

Plays of the Natural and the Supernatural. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Company. $1.25 net.

A collection of one-act plays. The titles are: "The Girl in the Coffin," "The Blue Sphere," "Laughing Gas," "In the Dark," "The Spring Recital," "The Light in the Window," and "'Old Ragpicker.'"

Russian Lyrics: Songs of Cossack, Lover, Patriot and Peasant. Done Into English Verse by Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi. New York: Duffield & Company.

Selections from the work of notable Russian poets. There is an appendix containing "Brief Biographical Notes."

Songs of the Streets and Byways. By William Herschell. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A collection of miscellaneous verses reprinted from the Indianapolis *News*.

Tides of Commerce: School and College Verse. By William Cary Sanger, Jr. New York: Country Life Press. 75 cents.

A collection of verse showing the poetic and romantic side of the railroad, the steamship, the telegraph, etc.

The Unchastened Woman. A Modern Comedy in Three Acts. By Louis Kaufman Anspacher. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

A picture of a worldly modern woman. The scenes are laid in New York City.

Versiculi. By Malcolm Clayton Burke. New York: Published by Author. $1.00 net.

A miscellaneous collection of short poems.

Fiction

The Abyss. By Nathan Kussy. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The life story of a Jewish lad in the underworld, of his association with beggars, criminals and outcasts of society, and of his never ceasing struggle to escape from his environment.

The Accolade. By Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1.35 net.

This novel deals with another group of the family of Ingestre whose history is recorded in the author's earlier books, *A Lady of Leisure* and *Duke Jones*.

At the Door of the Gate. By Forrest Reid. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.35 net.

The story deals primarily with the relations of two brothers, one the petted favourite, the other the abler, more honest, but misunderstood hero of the book.

The Belfry. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35 net.

A story of English life, portraying a group of curiously assorted characters, and reaching its climax in the scenes of the European War.

The Beloved Traitor. By Frank L. Packard. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The love story of a young sculptor. The scenes are laid in Paris, on the Breton shore, and in America.

The Bet and Other Tales. By Anton Tchekhov. Translated by S. Koteliansky and J. M. Murry. Boston: John W. Luce & Company. $1.25 net.

A collection of new short stories, reflecting various phases of Russian life.

The Black Eagle Mystery. By Geraldine Bonner. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.

The story revolves about the death of a successful copper broker whose office is in "The Black Eagle" building. The young and lively telephone operator in the building plays a large part in the solving of the mystery.

The Bloom of Youth. By Dorothy Foster Gilman. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1.25 net.

The story of a modern college girl, her problems, and her friends.

Cam Clarke. By John H. Walsh. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

The story of a boy, his life in the West, his escapades and his companions.

The Coast of Adventure. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.

A tale of adventure and hair-breadth escapes in Central America.

Collected Tales. By Barry Pain. Volume One. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.25 net.

Short stories selected from the work of the author published during the past twenty-five years. The second and concluding volume is in preparation.

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The Conquest. By Sidney L. Nyburg. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25 net.

The story of the career of a successful American lawyer.

Drusilla with a Million. By Elizabeth Cooper. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

The story of an inmate of an Old Ladies' Home who is suddenly left a million dollars.

Edwin Drood: and Master Humphrey's Clock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 35 cents net.

In *Everyman's Library*. There is an introduction by Gilbert K. Chesterton, and a bibliography.

Emmeline. By Elsie Singmaster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The story of a young girl's part in the Civil War. The scenes are laid in and near Gettysburg.

The Golden Lamp. By Phoebe Gray. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1.25 net.

The solving of the mystery of the two baby boys left on a doorstep, the cleaning up of a saloon-ridden town, and the romance of a brave woman, are the themes about which this story is built.

Gossamer. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

The story concerns the world-wide financial activities of a British banker of German parentage who, when the war breaks out, finds his affairs seriously interfered with.

The Heart of Thunder Mountain. By Eldrid A. Bingham. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35 net.

A story of Western ranch life. The heroine is a young woman from the East.

The Immortal Gymnasts. By Marie Cher. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.

A fantasy of modern life in which Pantaloon, Columbine and Harlequin assume mortal forms and bring happiness to two pairs of lovers.

The Imprisoned Splendor. By Angela Morgan. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company. $1.35 net.

A collection of short stories reprinted from various magazines.

The Individual. By Muriel Hine. (Mrs. Sidney Coxon.) New York: John Lane Company. $1.25 net.

Describing the courtship, marriage and subsequent ambitions of Orde Traverner, a brilliant young surgeon and leader of the present day Eugenics faction. The story centers about the question: "Must the individual be sacrificed in the interests of the race?"

The Hunted Woman. By James Oliver Curwood. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A tale of romance and adventure with scenes set in the wilderness of northwestern Canada.

John Bogardus. By George Agnew Chamberlain. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The hero breaks away from the conventional life as assistant professor in his father's university, and takes to the road, tramping and working his way around the world, meeting romance and adventure in many forms.

Journeys With Jerry the Jarvey. By Alexis Roche. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.35 net.

A collection of humourous and whimsical stories told by an Irish jaunting-car driver.

The Man of Promise. By Willard Huntinton Wright. New York: John Lane Company. $1.35 net.

A study of a man's life from youth to middle age, and an account of his struggles against the antagonistic influences in his career. The interest in the story centers about the many women who have a part in his life.

A Man's Reach. By Sally Nelson Robins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The hero, Randolph Turberville, is the son of an old Virginian family. The story tells of his downfall, and of his regeneration through the influence of the women he loves.

Nothing a Year. By Charles Belmont Davis. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.30 net.

The story of an ambitious woman's life in New York.

The Oakleyites. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.

A picture of social life in a quaint English town not far from London. The centre of interest is a middle-aged woman and her love affair.

The Ocean Sleuth. By Maurice Drake. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.35 net.

A story of mystery, romance and adventure, which centers around an absconding financier.

The Outlaw. By Jackson Gregory. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A story of life in the West, the interest centering about the love of a wild and reckless cowpuncher for a dainty, well-bred girl from the East.

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The Passionate Elopement. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

A new edition of one of the author's earlier works.

Rich Man, Poor Man. By Maximilian Foster. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.

The heroine is Bab Wynne, protegé of the landlady of a New York boarding-house; and the story is of her transition, through unusual circumstances, to a luxurious home in Fifth Avenue, and of her problem in deciding whether she will marry the rich man who loves her, or the poor man whom she loves.

Samaritan Mary. By Sumner Locke. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

A country girl and a city man, the victims of an automobile accident, are carried into the home of "Mary," who nurses them back to health. They and their families, and the village neighbours furnish the characters, the plot and the romance.

The Shadow Riders. By Isabel Paterson. New York: John Lane Company. $1.35 net.

A story of western Canada, concerned with the love affairs of a man, of a woman, and of a girl.

The Shepherd of the North. By Richard Aumerle Maher. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35.

The hero is a big-hearted American bishop, and the story tells of his work among the people of the Adirondack country, and particularly of the part he plays in the fight that is waged against an encroaching railroad.

The Side of the Angels. By Basil King. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The contrasting love stories of two men and two women. The scenes are laid in an old New England village and changing social conditions are pictured.

Some Elderly People and Their Young Friends. By S. Macnaughton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.35 net.

A comedy of English life setting forth the romances of two generations, and contrasting the ideas of the middle-aged folk with those of the younger ones on such subjects as love, marriage and the "votes-for-women" movement.

A Tall Ship on Other Naval Occasions. By "Bartimeus." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00 net.

Short tales of life in the British navy under war-time conditions. The titles are: "Crab-Pots," "The Drum," "A Captain's Forenoon," "The Seven-Bell Boat," "The King's Pardon," "An Off-Shore Wind," "The Day," "The Mummers," "Chummy-Ships," and "The Higher Claim."

Those About Trench. By Edwin Herbert Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35.

A story of romance and strange adventures centering about Dr. Isham Trench, pediatrician, of Chicago, and his queer group of American and Oriental students. The plot takes the reader from Chicago to Peshawar, India, through Afghanistan and Bokhara to Tashkent, and across Austria into the mountains of Servia.

Twilight. By Frank Danby. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35 net.

A tragic love story revealed through visions under morphia and fragmentary confessions of a deluded doctor.

The Unpretenders. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Company. $1.20 net.

A group of stories about "plain people." The titles are: "Anne—Just a Plain Woman," "Timothy—Only a Writer," "Gladys-Marie—Merely a Maid," "Sheila—Simply a Society Person," "Warner—What Else But a Wag," "Chalmers—Clearly a Clubman," "Pix—Purely a Philanthropist," "Richard—No More than King," "Lucia—A Mere Wife," "Roger—Plainly an Idler."

Ursule Mirouet. By Honoré de Balzac. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 35 cents net.

In *Everyman's Library*. With an introduction by George Saintsbury, and a bibliography.

The Vindication. By Harriet Comstock. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The story centers about Dr. Hill and his adopted son and daughter, and the unravelling of the mystery of their birth. The scenes are in a small French Canadian community.

With a Diploma, and The Whirlwind. By V. I. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko. Translated from the Russian, with an Introduction, by W. J. Stanton Pyper. Boston: John W. Luce & Company. $1.25 net.

Two short novels of contrasting social environment, the scene of one laid in a remote country estate of Little Russia, the land of the Cossacks; the other in the fashionable circle of St. Petersburg society.

A Woman of Feeling. By Louise Maunsell Field. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25 net.

A picture of brilliant New York society as seen through the eyes of a young, pretty and unsophisticated girl.

Juvenile Books

Hollyhock House. A Story for Girls. By Marion Ames Taggart. Garden City:

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Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The story of three sisters whose mother, an artist, had left them when they were small children to give her time to her art. Their home life and affairs and the winning back of their mother form the theme.

Jackanapes: Daddy Darwin's Dovecot: and The Story of a Short Life. By Mrs. J. H. Ewing. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. 35 cents net.

In *Everyman's Library*. There is an introduction by the author's sister, Mrs. Horatia K. F. Eden, and a bibliography.

Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances, and Other Tales. By Mrs. J. H. Ewing. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 35 cents net.

In *Everyman's Library*. The volume contains "Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances," "Melchior's Dream," "The Blackbird's Nest," "Friedrich's Ballad," and "Monsieur the Viscount's Friend." There is an introduction and a bibliography.

The Nürnberg Stove. By Louisa de la Ramé (Ouida). Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

A new edition of a children's classic, brought out in the *Stories All Children Love Series*.

Phantastes: A Faerie Romance. By George MacDonald. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 35 cents net.

In *Everyman's Library*. The book has an introduction by Greville MacDonald, and a bibliography.

The Steadfast Princess: A Play for Young People. By Cornelia L. Meigs. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

The Drama League prize play. The story has to do with a Princess, who in spite of many temptations and obstacles, remains true to her ideals and to the people over whom she rules, and is at last happily rewarded.

History

The Century of the Renaissance. By Louis Batiffol. Translated from the French by Elsie Finnimore Buckley. With an Introduction by John Edward Courtenay Bodley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The first volume issued in *The National History of France* series, edited by Frantz Funck-Brentano, which is to be published in six volumes. A narrative of events from the death of Louis XI. in 1483 to that of Henri IV. in 1610.

A Short History of the English People. By John Richard Green. In Two Volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 70 cents net.

In *Everyman's Library*. With an introduction and notes by L. Cecil Jane, and a survey of the period 1815-1914 by R. P. Farley.

Spanish Exploration in the Southwest. 1542-1706. Edited by Herbert Eugene Bolton. With three Maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00 net.

Compiled from diaries, letters and documents of the time. In the *Original Narratives of Early American History* series, reproduced under the auspices of the American Historical Association.

A Thousand Years of Russian History. By Sonia E. Howe. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A review of Russian history dealing with civic and national life, as well as with the political annals of the Empire and its rules, and a connected series of pictures of the Russian nation at various stages of its growth.

Biography

Delane of The Times. By Edward Cook. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Frontispiece. $1.75 net.

The first volume to be issued in the *Makers of the Nineteenth Century* series, edited by Basil Williams. John Thadeus Delane was editor of the London *Times* from 1841 to 1877. The book contains many anecdotes and letters of the period.

William Branch Giles: A Study in the Politics of Virginia and the Nation from 1790 to 1830. By Dice Robins Anderson. Menasha, Wisconsin: George Banta Publishing Company.

A biography, with an index and a bibliography.

The Life of the First Duke of Newcastle, and Other Writings. By Margaret, Duchess. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 35 cents net.

In *Everyman's Library*. With an introduction, preface and a bibliography. The contents are "Life of the Duke of Newcastle," "Memories of the Duchess," and "Certain Sociable Letters."

Notes of a Busy Life. By Joseph Benson Foraker. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. Illustrated. Two volumes. $5.00 net.

The autobiography of ex-Senator Foraker. With the exception of a brief sketch of his boyhood and of his experiences in the Union Army, the work is devoted to his political career.

Old Familiar Faces. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

A posthumous collection of biographical

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of February and the first of March:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York (Uptown)..	Mrs. Balfame	The Belfry
New York (Downtown)	The Real Adventure	Clipped Wings
Albany, N. Y.....	The Real Adventure	Mrs. Balfame
Atlanta, Ga.....	His Harvest	The Promise
Birmingham, Ala.....	Life and Gabriella	The Real Adventure
Boston, Mass.....	Held to Answer	Destiny
Boston, Mass.....	The Real Adventure	The Belfry
Buffalo, N. Y.....	The Real Adventure	Destiny
Chicago, Ill.....	Held to Answer	The Real Adventure
Chicago, Ill.....	The Real Adventure	Held to Answer
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	The Real Adventure	Held to Answer
Cleveland, O.....	Life and Gabriella	The Real Adventure
Denver, Colo.....	Held to Answer	Life and Gabriella
Des Moines, Ia.....	Dear Enemy	Life and Gabriella
Detroit, Mich.....	Held to Answer	The Real Adventure
Indianapolis, Ind.....	The Real Adventure	Life and Gabriella
Jacksonville, Fla.....	The Real Adventure	Prudence of the Parsonage
Kansas City, Mo.....	Felix O'Day	The Real Adventure
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Real Adventure	Ramona
Louisville, Ky.....	Life and Gabriella	The Real Adventure
Memphis, Tenn.....	Felix O'Day	Held to Answer
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Michael O'Halloran	Clipped Wings
Minneapolis, Minn....	Held to Answer	Life and Gabriella
New Haven, Conn.....	The Side of the Angels	Mrs. Balfame
New Orleans, La.....	Life and Gabriella	Mr. Marx's Secret
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Held to Answer	The Side of the Angels
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Persuasive Peggy	Life and Gabriella
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	The Side of the Angels	Life and Gabriella
Portland, Me.....	Life and Gabriella	Held to Answer
Providence, R. I.....	Held to Answer	The Black Eagle Mystery
Rochester, N. Y.....	Life and Gabriella	The Real Adventure
St. Louis, Mo.....	Dear Enemy	Michael O'Halloran
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Real Adventure	Within the Tides
St. Paul, Minn.....	Held to Answer	Clipped Wings
San Antonio, Tex.....	Life and Gabriella	The Side of the Angels
San Francisco, Cal....	Life and Gabriella	Within the Tides
Seattle, Wash.....	Held to Answer	Life and Gabriella
Tacoma, Wash.....	Dear Enemy	Clipped Wings
Toledo, Ohio.....	Life and Gabriella	The Side of the Angels
Utica, N. Y.....	The Rainbow Trail	Held to Answer
Washington, D. C.....	Prudence of the Parsonage	Life and Gabriella
Washington, D. C.....	The Promise	Life and Gabriella
Worcester, Mass.....	Life and Gabriella	The Real Adventure

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Real Adventure	Fantomas	The Side of the Angels	The Man of Promise
Rich Man, Poor Man	Thankful's Inheritance	The Black Eagle Mystery	The Outlaw
Held to Answer	The Side of the Angels	Life and Gabriella	The Vindication
Life and Gabriella	The Real Adventure	Persuasive Peggy	Mildew Manse
Held to Answer	On Trial	Dear Enemy	Pollyanna Grows Up
The Side of the Angels	The Real Adventure	The Bloom of Youth	Dear Enemy
The Yellow Dove	Research Magnificent	Held to Answer	Clipped Wings
Dear Enemy	Life and Gabriella	Clipped Wings	The Coast of Adventure
Pollyanna Grows Up	The Heart of the Sunset	Michael O'Halloran	Mr. Bingle
Michael O'Halloran	Dear Enemy	Life and Gabriella	Prudence of the Parsonage
Life and Gabriella	The Promise	The Gray Dawn	A Man's Reach
Held to Answer	Clipped Wings	The Bent Twig	A Man's Reach
Mr. Marx's Secret	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up	Jerusalem
Speaking of Operations	Still Jim	Prudence of the Parsonage	The Real Adventure
The Side of the Angels	Mrs. Balfame	Dear Enemy	Beltane the Smith
The Bent Twig	The Strangers' Wedding	These Twain	The Accolade
Then I'll Come Back to You	The Money Master	"K"	Beltane the Smith
Life and Gabriella	Held to Answer	Speaking of Operations	Dear Enemy
Life and Gabriella	Clipped Wings	The Bent Twig	Research Magnificent
The Heart of the Sunset	Felix O'Day	The Bent Twig	Clipped Wings
Life and Gabriella	The Real Adventure	Then I'll Come Back to You	Speaking of Operations
A Far Country	Dear Enemy	The Boy With Wings	Held to Answer
The Strangers' Wedding	The Real Adventure	Clipped Wings	The Gray Dawn
Within the Tides	Held to Answer	The Real Adventure	Rich Man, Poor Man
The Story of Julia Page	Felix O'Day	Dear Enemy	Clipped Wings
Life and Gabriella	Mildew Manse	The Alibi	The Real Adventure
Dear Enemy	Michael O'Halloran	"K"	The Real Adventure
Ruggles of Red Gap	Pollyanna	The Real Adventure	Destiny
Dear Enemy	The Side of the Angels	Felix O'Day	Prudence of the Parsonage
Dear Enemy	The Real Adventure	Curved Blades	Persuasive Peggy
Mrs. Balfame	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Story of Julia Page	Then I'll Come Back to You
Prudence of the Parsonage	Mr. Marx's Secret	"K"	The Story of Julia Page
Dear Enemy	These Twain	Patience Worth	Life and Gabriella
Life and Gabriella	The Real Adventure	Beltane the Smith	The Money Master
Dear Enemy	Held to Answer	The Freelands	Clipped Wings
Dear Enemy	Felicity Crofton	Held to Answer	Clipped Wings
The Rim of the Desert	The Harbour of Doubt	The Story of Julia Page	The Harbour
The Money Master	The Lost Prince	Pollyanna Grows Up	Mr. Bingle
The Real Adventure	The Bent Twig	Held to Answer	Mrs. Balfame
Life and Gabriella	David Penstephen	Dear Enemy	Felix O'Day
A Man's Reach	The Bent Twig	Clipped Wings	The Song of the Lark
Mr. Marx's Secret	Fantomas	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Generation Between
Persuasive Peggy	Mildew Manse	Dear Enemy	The Side of the Angels

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The Pentecost of Calamity. Wister.
Ordeal By Battle. Oliver.
The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke.
A Hilltop on the Marne. Aldrich.
Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.
Fear God and Take Your Own Part. Roosevelt.
Spoon River Anthology. Masters.
The Life of John Hay. Thayer.
Poems. Masefield.
My Year of the Great War. Palmer.
When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
"Speaking of Operations." Cobb.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 230 and 231) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
" " "	2d	"	"	"	"	8
" " "	3d	"	"	"	"	7
" " "	4th	"	"	"	"	6
" " "	5th	"	"	"	"	5
" " "	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Life and Gabriella. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	248
2. The Real Adventure. Webster. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	236
3. Held to Answer. MacFarlane. (Little, Brown.) $1.35	188
4. Dear Enemy. Webster. (The Century Co.) $1.30	125
5. Clipped Wings. Hughes. (Harper.) $1.35 / The Side of the Angels. King. (Harper.) $1.35	79

(Continued from page 229)

sketches of friends of the author. Included in the work are George Borrow, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Alfred, Lord Tennyson; Christina Georgina Rossetti, Dr. Gordon Hake, John Leicester Warren, Lord de Tabley; William Morris, and Francis Hindes Groome.

Theodore Roosevelt: The Logic of His Career. By Charles G. Washburn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A personal impression of Theodore Roosevelt from the time of his entrance into college in 1876 to the present. The appendix contains his address, "The Right of the People to Rule," delivered at Carnegie Hall, New York City, on March 20, 1912.

Nature Books

Our Early Wild Flowers. A Study of the Herbaceous Plants Blooming in Early Spring in the Northern States. By Harriet L. Keeler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A practical pocket guide, illustrated in colour and in black and white.

General Works, Miscellaneous

Curiosities in Proverbs. A Collection of Unusual Adages, Maxims, Aphorisms, Phrases and Other Popular Dicta from Many Lands. Classified and Arranged with Annotations by Dwight Edwards Marvin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.

This work contains a chapter on the folk sayings of the world, with special reference to their origin, growth and variety, and their importance in revealing the ideals and moral standards of the people who use them. There is an alphabetical and topical index.

Great Russia: Her Promise and Achievement. By Charles Sarolea. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.

A survey of the country and its people. The book is divided into four parts under the headings: "The Geographical Foundations of Russian Politics," "What the World Owes to Russia," "The Great Russian Triumvirate," and "Russian Problems."

"1001 Places to Sell Manuscripts." Compiled by William R. Kane. The American Writer's Year Book and Directory to Markets for Manuscripts. Ridgewood, New Jersey: The Editor Company. $1.62 postpaid.

A new and enlarged edition.

Patience Worth. A Psychic Mystery. Edited by Casper S. Yost. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.40 net.

Communications consisting of poems, conversations, plays and allegories, received through the medium of the ouija board, and an account of the manner in which they were transmitted to Mrs. John H Curran of St. Louis.

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